

May 21, 1979

THE

One Dollar

NEW YORKER

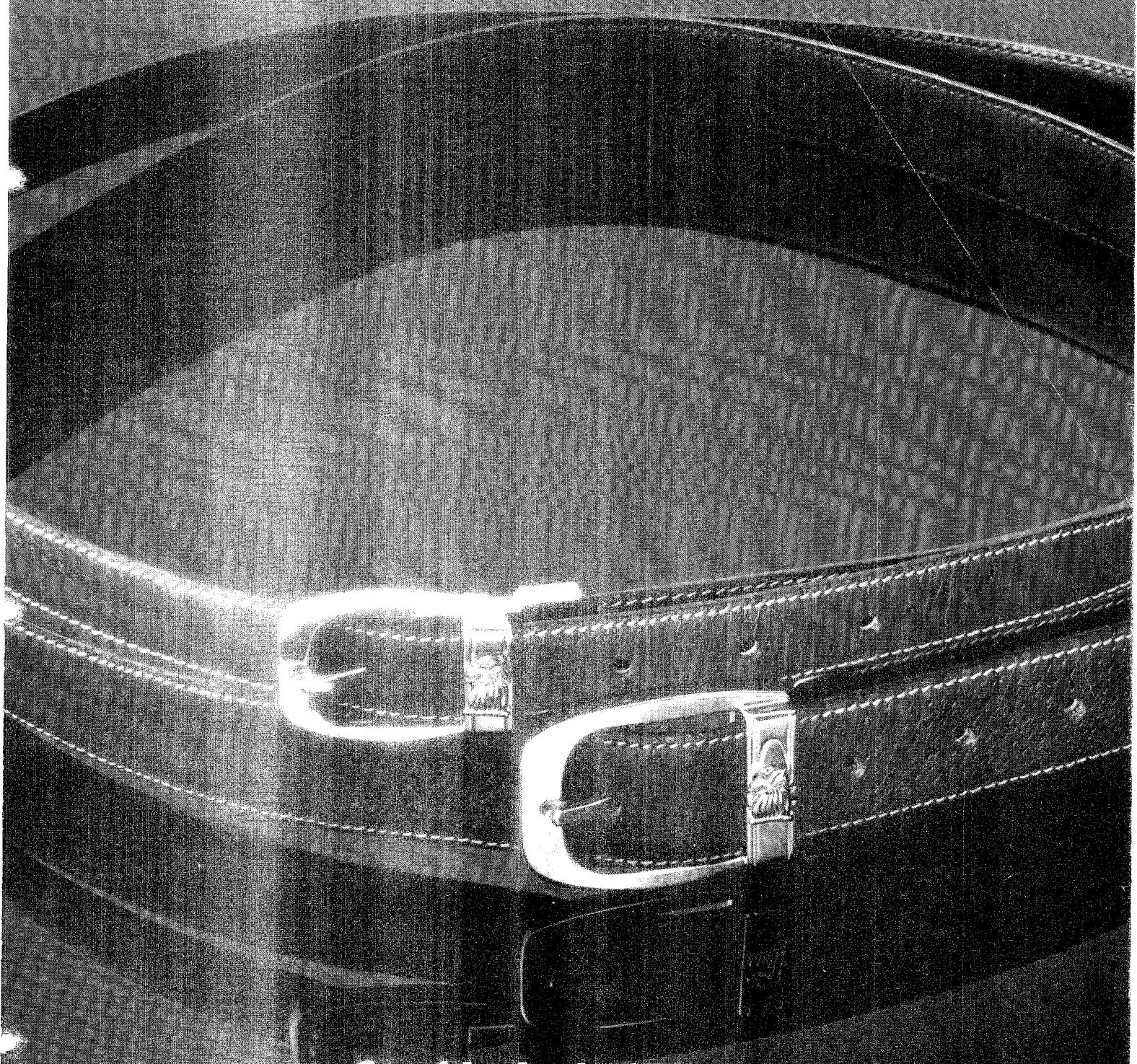


LIGHT
A CRYSTAL
FIRE.

The light of
the stars.
The light of
the sun.
The light of
Waterford crystal.
A legend,
blown by mouth,
cut wholly by hand,
with heart.
(Shown: Sheila,
an Irish beauty.)

Photo: Pesin

WATERFORD®



Consider both sides.

Before you buy our Mark Cross reversible belt, consider both sides. Glistening black calf on one.

Sporty brown pigskin on the other.

And Mark Cross quality through and through. Our reversible belts for men and women are as practical as they are handsome. So one will do instead of two. Now how did that happen?



645 Fifth Avenue,
N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Atlanta Dal Harbour Boston Costa Mesa Houston San Francisco Troy, Michigan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AWAKE AND SING!—This revival of Clifford Odets' classic play about a Jewish family in the Bronx during the Depression is unsatisfactory, partly because of the casting of several of the principal roles. It is almost redeemed, though, by the fine performances of Patricia Mauerci as the daughter of the family, and of Peter Silbert as her hapless husband. Stephen Rosenfield directed. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

BEDROOM FARCE—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. A superlative cast is well directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/9/79.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by Lanford Wilson, **TALLEY'S FOLLY**, with Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins, is the fifth in this season's series. Mr. Wilson's play is part of a planned cycle that already includes "The 5th of July," presented here last year. (5/14/79) Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10; on Friday, May 18, at 10, and Friday, May 25, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3. . . . The sixth late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is **LIFE AND/OR DEATH**, a triple bill by Herb Gardner. Tuesdays through Thursdays. Closes Thursday, May 24. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Avenue S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

DEVOUR THE SNOW—Jon De Vries gives a remarkably strong emotional performance as a slandered survivor of the Donner Party in this courtroom melodrama by Abe Polsky. The production, under Terry Schreiber's direction, is very good. With Edward Seamon, Berkeley Harris, Berit Lagerwall, and Gloria Maddox, among others. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

DISPATCHES—A misguided effort by Elizabeth Swados to base a musical on Michael Herr's volume of reports from Vietnam. (4/30/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79 and 4/30/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical **ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER**, with a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, and music by Burton Lane. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. This music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EYES ON THE HAREM—An eccentric, deeply ironic, and sporadically effective work by Maria Irene Fornés about the unspeakably cruel treatment that Turkish women (and, incidentally, Turkish men) suffered during the hundreds of years of the Ottoman Empire. Imaginative scenery and costumes by Larry Brodsky and Frank Krenz, respectively. (5/7/79) (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 4. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

FESTIVAL—Michael Rupert, Bill Hutton, and Maureen McNamara in a musical with a book and lyrics by Stephen Downs and Randal Martin, music by Mr. Downs, and additional material by Bruce Vilanch. Opens Wednesday, May 16. (City Center Downstairs, 135 W. 55th St. 246-8997. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays

at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

GETTING OUT—The two heroines of Marsha Norman's affecting and accomplished first play (presented here last fall by the Phoenix Theatre) are a young woman who has been released from prison on parole and her younger disruptive, delinquent self. They are very well acted by Susan Kingsley and Pamela Reed, under the direction of Jon Jory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, May 16, at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

G. R. POINT—Michael Moriarty and an exemplary cast tell a simple and affecting story about the horror of Army life in Vietnam. (4/30/79) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JUST A LITTLE BIT LESS THAN NORMAL—A play by Nigel Baldwin, imported from London. Opens Wednesday, May 16, and will run through Sunday, June 3. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

KNOCKOUT—Danny Aiello and Edward O'Neill

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN	25
"WELCOMING BACK THE CRUMPS" Allen Shepherd	31
"THE CAP OF CLEMENTIS" Milan Kundera	32
"TAPESTRY" (POEM) John Ashbery	34
"MONTAUK POINT" (POEM) Robert Long	40
ANNALS OF FINANCE (JUAN MARCH—PART I) John Brooks	42
THE THEATRE Brendan Gill	105
OFF BROADWAY Edith Oliver	105
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION Whitney Balliett	108
MUSICAL EVENTS Andrew Porter	120
"25TH ANNIVERSARY" (POEM) Linda Pastan	130
DANCING Arlene Croce	131
THE CURRENT CINEMA B.G.	138
BOOKS John Updike	141
BRIEFLY NOTED	144

COVER: Paul Degen

DRAWINGS: Dana Fradon, Arnie Levin, Charles Addams, Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Edward Koren, Henry Martin, Ed Fisher, Frank Modell, Mort Gerberg, Eldon Dedini, George Booth, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Jack Ziegler, Douglas Florian, Michael Maslin, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, Lou Myers, Al Ross, J. B. Handelsman

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800

EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bose, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LV, No. 14, May 21, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, \$24.00; two years, \$40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, \$28.00. Other foreign, \$32.00.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

While the styling of Technics most advanced belt-drive turntables makes a big impression on your friends, their prices make a small impression on your bank balance.

But don't think that means you'll only get Technics reputation. You'll also get Technics performance. Wow and flutter is a mere 0.045% WRMS, while rumble is a low -70dB (DIN B).

That puts belt-drive performance up near our famous direct-drive turntables. And this is what did it: Technics frequency-generator, servo-controlled DC motor. With the reliability of an IC design, it automatically detects and then corrects even the slightest deviation in turntable speed.

To eliminate any performance problems that mechanical speed switching may cause, Technics eliminated the mechanical speed switch. Now switching is done electronically. But there's even more.

Once you've experienced the convenience of Technics front-panel controls, you'll wonder why you ever put up with anything less. Not only is everything within easy reach, but every function can be operated with the dust cover closed.

Each Technics belt-drive turntable has a low-mass, low-friction, S-shaped, gimbal-suspension tubular tonearm. An anti-skate force control. And viscous-damped cueing in both directions.

With all that, what more could you want in a turntable? How about an illuminated stroboscope. Variable pitch control for each speed. And a hinged, detachable dust cover.

Technics belt-drive turntables: the SL-210 manual, the SL-220 semi-automatic, the SL-230 fully automatic with Memo-Repeat (shown below), and the SL-235 changer with Memo-Repeat. Take a good look and a good listen. Either way you'll be impressed. So will your friends.

**Technics front-panel controls will
impress your friends.
Our performance will impress you.**



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

perform splendidly in this old-fashioned and not very plausible melodrama about life among the Italian-Americans in Hoboken. The author is Louis La Russo II. (5/14/79) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAST DAYS AT THE DIXIE GIRL CAFÉ—A play by Rob-in Swicord. Opens Wednesday, May 16. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Opening-night curtain at 6:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 17, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, May 27.)

MURDER AT THE HOWARD JOHNSON'S—A comedy by Ron Clark and Sam Bobrick, with Tony Roberts, Bob Dishy, and Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Marshall W. Mason. Previews Wednesday, May 16. Opens officially on Thursday, May 17. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MY OLD FRIENDS—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ON MOUNT CHIMBORAZO—A German play by Tankred Dorst and Ursula Ehler, translated by Peter Sander. Opens Wednesday, May 16, and will run through Saturday, May 26. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturday, May 19, at 2, and Sunday, May 20, at 3.)

PETER ALLEN-UP IN ONE—Mr. Allen and Lenora Nemetz in a musical entertainment. Directed by Craig Zadan. Previews Friday, May 18, through Tuesday, May 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 23, at 6:30. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays and Friday, May 18, at 8; and Saturdays and Friday, May 25, at 7 and 10.)

THE PRICE—This revival of Arthur Miller's play is far better than its original production. Fritz Weaver, Joseph Buloff, Mitchell Ryan, and Scotty Bloch are the distinguished performers; John Stix directed. (4/30/79) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30, and Sunday at 3. Closes at the Harold Clurman on Saturday, May 19, and will reopen on Sunday, June 24 at a theatre to be announced.)

SARAVÁ—Can a woman find happiness with two concurrent husbands, especially if one is a ghost? Not according to this oversized and overheated musical, which stars Tovah Feldshuh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SPOKESONG—A sunny-minded young proprietor of a bicycle shop in Belfast falls in love with



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

a stern woman who teaches school, is taken advantage of by an unpleasant brother, and is given advice by a droll figure who twinkles about on a unicycle. Written by Stewart Parker, and starring John Lithgow and Joseph Maher. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 20.)

SWEENEY TODD—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

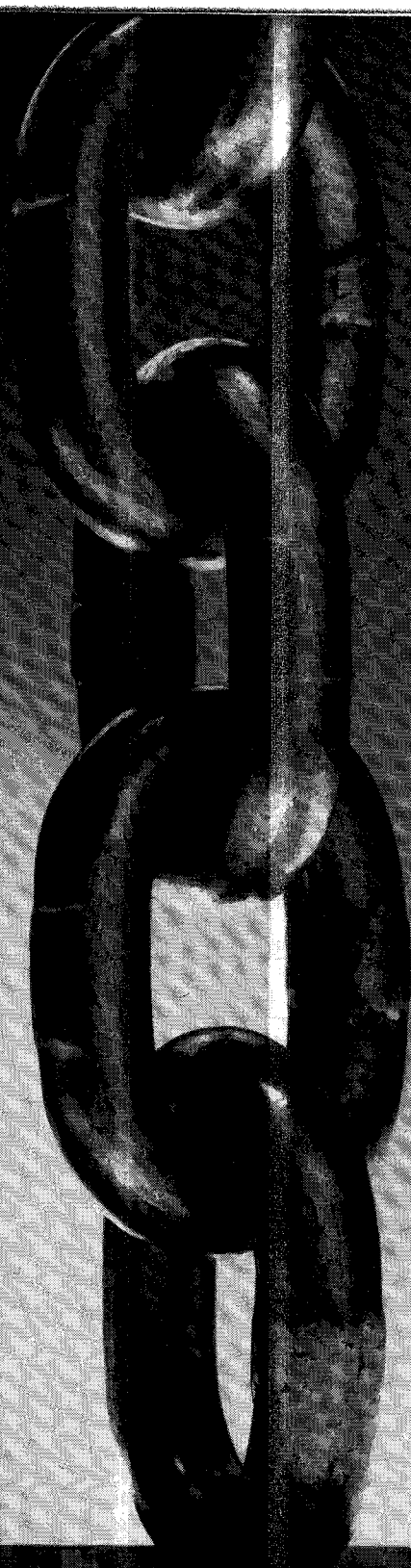
WAKE UP, IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED—Keith Carradine and Ellen Greene head the cast in this concert of contemporary music conceived, written, and directed by Carson Kievan. Opens Wednesday, May 16. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

WHOOPEE!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 20.)

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY?—A brilliant performance by Tom Conti in a play by Brian Clark about a young man who believes he has the right to choose death over life. A grim-sounding topic, but the playwright has invested it with humor and warmth. (4/30/79) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and

Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Master-son wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,920 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleeker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs at the head of a largely black cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A nightclub singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleeker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUCCI!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edi-



Derrick for men.

After Shave and Eau de Toilette created to capture a woman's imagination.

Orlane, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Paris.

For a limited time only, you can purchase our handsome two-suit travel bag, a \$25.00 value for only \$10.00 with any purchase of Derrick. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, Saks Fifth Avenue.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performances on Thursday, May 17, and Saturday, May 19, will be cancelled, and the evening performance on Thursday, May 24, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BLACK THEATRE FESTIVAL U.S.A./AN ARTS REVIVAL AT LINCOLN CENTER—A month-long festival celebrating black theatre, dance, and music. **MITZI E. NEWHOUSE THEATRE.** Wednesday, May 16, at 2:30 and 8: The Billie Holiday Theatre, from Brooklyn, presenting "Innocent Black and the 5 Brothers," a theatre piece by A. Marcus Hemphill... ♪ Saturday, May 19, at 2:30 and 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 8: Workshops for Careers in the Arts, from Washington, D.C., presenting "Puttin' on the Mask," an Ethiopian entertainment... ♪ Tuesday, May 22, at 8, and Wednesday, May 23, at 2:30 and 8: Repertory, Inc., from Washington, D.C., presenting "Five on the Black Hand Side," a comedy by Charlie Russell... ♪ Friday, May 25, at 8, and Saturday, May 26, at 2:30 and 8: the Kuumba Workshop, from Chicago, presenting "The Amen Corner," by James Baldwin... **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER.** Sunday, May 20, at 4:30: A concert, "Sophisticated," with Mary Lou Williams and the Duke Ellington Orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington. (For information about tickets, call 787-9310.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 16: "Swan Lake," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Symphony in C"... ♪ Thursday evening, May 17: "In G Major," "Orpheus," and "The Four Seasons"... ♪ Friday evening, May 18: "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and "Harlequinade"... ♪ Saturday matinee, May 19: "Agon," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto"... ♪ Saturday evening, May 19: "La Source," "Agon," and "Symphony in C"... ♪ Sunday matinee, May 20: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade"... ♪ Sunday evening, May 20: "Mother Goose Suite," "Orpheus," and "Symphony in C"... ♪ Tuesday evening, May 22: "Bourmonville Divertissements," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto"... ♪ Wednesday evening, May 23: "Interplay," "La Source," and "Union Jack"... ♪ Thursday evening, May 24: "La Source," "Orpheus," and "The Four Temperaments"... ♪ Friday evening, May 25: "Watermill" and "Union Jack"... ♪ Saturday matinee, May 26: "In the Night," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto"... ♪ Saturday evening, May 26: "Watermill," "Interplay," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State The-

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

atre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 1.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 16: "La Bayadère," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes"... ♪ Thursday evening, May 17: "La Bayadère," "Three Preludes," "Undertow," and "The Tiller in the Fields"... ♪ Friday evening, May 18, and Saturday matinee, May 19: "Sphinx" and "La Sylphide"... ♪ Saturday evening, May 19: "La Sylphide" and "Theme and Variations"... ♪ Monday through Wednesday evenings, May 21-23: "Swan Lake"... ♪ Thursday evening, May 24: "Theme and Variations," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Contredances," and "Fall River Legend"... ♪ Friday evening, May 25: "Contredances," "Other Dances," "Miss Julie," and "Fancy Free"... ♪ Saturday matinee, May 26: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Voluntaries," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free"... ♪ Saturday evening, May 26: "Shadowplay," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Etudes." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2. Through Saturday, June 9.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, May 16: "Gazelle," "Butterfly," and "District Storyville"... ♪ Thursday evening, May 17: "Masekela Langage," "Tilt," and "Revelations"... ♪ Friday evening, May 18: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Flowers," and "Suite Otis"... ♪ Saturday matinee, May 19: "Butterfly," "The Time Before the Time After," "Sunrise... Sunset," and "Suite Otis"... ♪ Saturday evening, May 19: "Night Creature," "Journey," "Tilt," and "District Storyville"... ♪ Sunday matinee, May 20: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Flowers," and "Revelations"... ♪ Sunday evening, May 20: "Tilt," "Fire Sermon," and "District Storyville." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2.)

DANCEMOBILE WEST SIDE FEST—Final performances of a series of programs of jazz-modern and African dances by eighteen companies. Wednesday, May 16: Cleo Parker Robinson Dance Ensemble and Sounds in Motion... ♪ Thursday, May 17: Bottom of the Bucket, But... and La Rocque Bey Dance Company... ♪ Friday, May 18: Joan Miller Dance Players and Charles Moore and Dances & Drums of Africa... ♪ Saturday, May 19: Eleo Pomare Dance Company and Soweto Soundz. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 860-8640.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances of mostly modern dance. **DANIEL NAGRIN:** Wednesday, May 16; Friday, May 18; and Sunday, May 20, at 8... **ZE' EVA COHEN SOLO DANCE REPERTORY:** Thursday, May 17, and Saturday, May 19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS—A program of contemporary dance. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Thursday, May 17, at 7, and Friday through Sunday, May 18-20, at 8. For tickets, call 777-0033, between 1 and 5.)

MIDI GARTH DANCE THEATRE—"Open Space," "Koto Song—78," "This Day's Madness," and other dances. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, May 20, at 4. For tickets, call 534-6909.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned (by drummer Rashied Ali) jazz club/loft on a dark, brooding SoHo back street. Trumpeter Charles McGee leads a quartet through Saturday, May 19; Tuesday through Saturday, May 22-26, singer Jay Clayton will perform with a quintet. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Long white gloves, a microphone wrapped in a white handkerchief, and **HILDEGARDE** (who else?) are in evidence here through Saturday, May 19. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Trumpeter **GENE ROLANO's** quartet is on hand through Friday, May 18; on Thursday, May 24, electric violinist **MICHAEL URBANIAK**, his vocalist wife, **URSULA DUBZIAK**, and their quintet will come in to play tunes built on jazz, rock, and Polish folk motifs. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: On Wednesday, May 16, the **ROCHES**—Maggie, Terre, and Suzy—a sweet-harmony trio, sing opposite a local-folkie colleague, George Gerdes, whose main appeal is his funny, off-the-wall between-song patter; Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, have been reserved for the **L.A. FOUR**—bassist **RAY BROWN**, guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA**, saxophonist **BUD SHANK**, and drummer **JEFF HAMILTON**. On Sunday, May 20, sitarist **COLLIN WALCOTT**, trumpeter **DON CHERRY**, and percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS** will perform. They call themselves **Codona**—a name formed from the first two letters of the three musicians' first names. (It would be **Wachva** if they had used the first two letters of their *last* names.) Singer and guitarist **MARY MC CASLIN** will be onstage on Tuesday, May 22; and on Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, Passport, a German jazz-rock quintet, will be present. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** is musician for the week ending Saturday, May 19. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfá, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining... ♪ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** nightly, except Sundays, from nine-fifty-five to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A pioneer punk-rock club and still one of the most important outlets for the current energetic wave of new-wave rock. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-

4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are now given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** works with a trio through Saturday, May 19, in this New Orleans-style restaurant. On Monday, May 21, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact, will arrive with a trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two Tuesdays through Saturdays.

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—**DARDANELLE** has followed Arthur Siegel into this smallish, square, tartan-carpeted room, and the changeover couldn't be much smoother. Like Mr. Siegel, Dardanelle has a relaxed, living-room (but wholly professional) delivery, and both sing with perfect articulation. And although Dardanelle doesn't give an in-depth discourse on the history of popular music as Mr. Siegel did, she does play solo (and accompanying) piano very well. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, May 20, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head a quintet, from about eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A bizarre, narrow entrance—it has corrugated-metal walls like a factory's and a heavy embossed-metal floor that makes one think of a battleship deck—leads to a comfortable-verging-on-plush downstairs reformed-disco jazz room. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** is in charge of a quartet—bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and vibraphonist Steve Nelson—through Saturday, May 19; Tuesday through Saturday, May 22-26, **MOSE ALLISON**, the simultaneously rural and urbane blues and jazz singer, will be performing with his trio. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—On Monday, May 21, pianist **BEN ARONOV** and his trio will get together at about ten. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumel Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. Guitarist **AL GAFA** leads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Emme Kemp alternates with the Gafa trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave and old-wave rock, and dancing to both. Visiting Hurrah is like attending a large, relaxed party in SoHo where one doesn't know the other guests. Some of the bands: Root Boy Slim and the Sex Change Band, together with the Tickets, on Wednesday, May 16; Suicide plus the Misfits, on Thursday, May 17; Destroy All Monsters (from Detroit), on Friday, May 18; and Kenny and the Kasuals, on Monday, May 21. Live music nightly after eleven; taped music from nine. Dancing.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere: a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture are some of the amenities. One just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the bandstand. The guest artist on Friday and Saturday, May 18-19, will be pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS**; and on

Friday and Saturday, May 25-26, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will sit in. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; Sundays, from eight-thirty. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. **BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** form the piano-bass team in residence Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid blues, country, and rock music. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **JOHNNY HARTMAN** is singing here with a backing crew Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; and Saturdays at eleven-thirty and one. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. Part of the lineup: the Senders and the Bees, on Friday, May 18; on Monday, May 21, Chemicals Made from Dirt and the Droogs; on Sunday, May 20, Annie and the Asexuals, the Shivers, and the Cellmates; and on Tuesday, May 22, the Vores and the Offenders. New-wave rock nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Joya Sherrill is singing the praises of Harold Arlen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in musicians such as drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his quartet (Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19). Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown hangout with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mon-

days and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Lots of folkies right now: **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT** and **MIMI FARINA** share the stage on Wednesday, May 16, and Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19, the **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVUE** will move in with **HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM**, **JOHN HERALD**, and other singers and guitarists from the Catskills. Wednesday through Saturday, May 23-26, the rhythm-and-blues team of **SAM AND DAVE** will be performing here. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. **SY OLIVER** directs a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is playing piano and singing in her clear, unadorned, diminutive voice through Saturday, May 19. She begins at nine. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. The 24th Street Band plays jazzy rhythm-and-blues music Thursday through Saturday, May 17-19; Thursday through Saturday, May 24-26, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will lead a sextet. Various other groups appear the rest of the time. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE (formerly the Americana Hotel), Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find pianist **EARL (FATHA) HINES** and his little group playing Mondays through Saturdays. Music at nine and eleven.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Electric-pianist Mike Nock's quartet is present through Saturday, May 19; on Tuesday, May 22, saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** will copilot a quartet for five nights. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Pianist Hugh Lawson leads a quartet on Wednesday, May 16; Thursday through Sunday, May 17-20, will be devoted to vocals and jazz yodelling by **LEON THOMAS**; percussionist Azzedin Weston will perform with his combo on Monday, May 21; Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23, will be given over to guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER**; and on Thursday, May 24, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will move in with a quartet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, New Orleans-style pianist **PROFESSOR LONGHAIR** and his septet perform Friday through Sunday, May 18-20; the following Friday through Sunday, May 25-27, will be given over to flutist Herbie Mann. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Sundays at seven, Bob January directs a dance band in the Top of the Gate, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Marathon pianist **KEITH JARRETT**, who likes to stir around—he stands up and does a few limbering-up head rolls while he's soloing—leads a quartet that features Norwegian saxophonist **JAN GARBAREK**. Through Sunday, May 20. On Tuesday, May 22, tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will bring in his quintet for a couple of weeks. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE'S** Ellington-minded combo plays through Sunday, May 20; on Wednesday, May 23, saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will take over. Mondays are turned over to pianist **JOE ALBANY**. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

MARTHA SCHLAMME—In "A Woman Without a Man Is..." an evening of song and poetry. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 355-7025. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BOBBY HACKETT MEMORIAL CONCERT—Ernie Hackett, Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, Dick Sudhalter, Benny Morton, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

ENRICO RAYA TRIO and BILL CONNORS—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, May 18, at 11.

JACK DEJOHNETTE, COLIN WALCOTT, NANA VASCONCELOS, and PETER WARREN—Public Theatre. Saturday, May 19, at 11.

PATTI SMITH GROUP—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

INSTANT FUNK, MILLIE JACKSON, and CHARISMA—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.

CHEAP TRICK and THE ROCKETS—Palladium. Thursday and Friday, May 24-25, at 8.

HANK THOMPSON and HIS BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS and the CENTRAL PARK SHEIKS—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 25, at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 522-4152.

ROBERT GORDON—Palladium. Saturday, May 26, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ROBERT DE NIRO—Oils and monotypes of figures and interiors. Through Friday, May 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas." Through Wednesday, May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Nine paintings and works on paper in his Ocean Park series. Through May 31. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Pencil drawings, with occasional touches of color, reflecting the good life—in Paris, Nice, New York, at the races, in grand salons, fine restaurants. Through June 9. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

SAM FRANCIS—Lyrical abstractions, streaked with dribbled color, make up a showing of works on paper done by this artist between 1948 and 1959. Through June 5. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

GREGORY GILLESPIE—Very detailed landscapes, as well as still-lives and portraits. Through June 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—An arrangement of fragmented cast stone fitted together on a bed of stone tiles. The tone is sombre, and so are the arrangements. Through Saturday, May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JOHN KEARNEY—Car-bumper sculptures, many of them animal figures. Through Saturday, May 19. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Five shaped canvases, around ten feet long, that look like the tip ends of airplane wings; they are in solid colors—blue, white, and grays. The show is running concurrently with one at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Friday, May 25. (Blum Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils. Through Saturday, May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

PIOTR KOWALSKI—A seven-foot revolving mirror built like a revolving door shows the viewer how he looks to others (no reversed image), and a recording apparatus repeats his utterances as they sound to others and also in reverse, which sounds stranger than one might imagine. Through Saturday, May 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

JOSIAH LANCASTER—Representational paintings of doorways and cobblestone streets in Paris. Through Saturday, May 26. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

GEORGES MATHIEU—Oils and gouaches by a contemporary French abstractionist whose last show here was in 1960. Through Friday, May 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CATHERINE MURPHY—In the past four years, this artist, who works very slowly and with a quality of realism that is entirely her own, has turned out eleven paintings, ten drawings, and three lithographs, all of which are in this show. Through Saturday, May 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Sculptured creatures from a strange, sleek middle world, half mechanical and half flesh and blood, plus related drawings. This show, which closes June 2, will be the last exhibition at this location for the gallery; its lease expires in August, and the landlord, Sotheby Parke Bernet, is taking over the space. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MARK RENDLEMAN—Photo-Realist studies of rock formations exposed in cliffsides or in stream beds. One painting, called "Earthquake," shows the ruler-straight lines of cleavage running through a wall of boulders. Through May 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St. Closes at 4.)

SHALOM OF SAFED—Paintings and lithographs illustrating Old Testament scenes by a self-taught artist who is also showing works at the Jewish Museum. Through June 15. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Paintings and small sculptural pieces done during the thirties by this mainstream abstract artist. Through Saturday, May 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

REUBEN TAM—Paintings of Monhegan Island promontories at sunset, in gales, and in the moonlight. Through Saturday, May 19. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—Works on paper from his entire career: watercolors, gouaches, drawings, and prints. The artist's retrospective will be on view at the Guggenheim Museum starting Friday, May 18; this show opens Thursday, May 17. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM TUCKER—Two exhibits of large-scale

steel sculptures and the drawings for them: a single work at the Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.; and five pieces in SoHo at 98 Prince St. Both through May 29.

SHAKER ART—Fifty-eight drawings, dated 1830 to 1860, by Shaker artists, including Hannah Cohoon, who is best known for the widely imitated "Tree of Life." Also, Shaker furniture and a few paintings (of the same period) drawn from the gallery's collection. A benefit show. Through Friday, May 25. (Hirsch & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Fifteen works in clay (by such artists as Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and Kenneth Noland) produced at Syracuse University's Clay Institute. Through June 26. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Prize paintings from the twenties are on view, including works by Picasso, Léger, Rouault, and Sou-tine, plus a recently acquired small Calder mobile of fishes made of flattened brass wire. Through June 16.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ROBERT ARNESON—This California portraitist has divided his more-than-life-size ceramic busts into two categories: heroes and clowns. In the first category he includes Elvis Presley, "Vince" van Gogh, and "Mother" Dürer. In the second, the artist includes only himself. Through June 8. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ANNE ARNOLD/ANNE DUNN—Stoneware dogs (some glazed) of several breeds, all of them dog-size. Through June 6./Sheaves of wild flowers done with colored inks and perked up with Pointillist dots that form a backdrop for some of the individual blossoms. Through May 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

FRANK AUERBACH—Semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes, dashed off swiftly in ink, charcoal, bright-colored chalk, and pencil as studies for paintings. The artist, German-born, lives in England. Through Saturday, May 26. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

LEONID BERMAN (1896-1975)—Paintings. Through June 15. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JAMES BISHOP—Small drawings and a couple of paintings on a single theme—windows. Through Saturday, May 26. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

BERNARD BUFFET—The first showing here in a dozen years of the angular paintings of this well-known French artist. The impasto has subsided a bit with the passing of time, but the heavy black outlines are as distinctive as ever. Through Saturday, May 26. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Recent works in oil, acrylic, and tempera. Through June 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Painted variations on a theme by Francis Picabia, showing a dancing couple; here, the styles are largely Latin, the scenes shifting from Spanish Harlem to old San Juan. Through Saturday, May 26. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

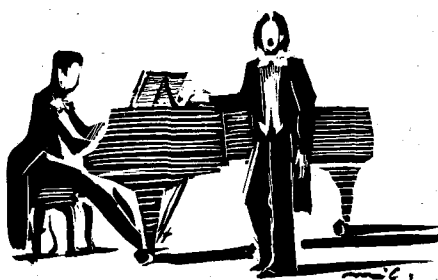
JANET CULBERTSON—Five large drawings (six feet by eight) of animals and scenes from nature. Also smaller drawings of rock formations. Through Friday, May 25. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays.)

ALAN EAKER—Wall pieces in which six or eight interconnected rectangular empty black frames seem to be angling out into the room. Except for one small section, though, which does protrude an inch or so, it is all a trick of perspective. Through June 2. (Gedler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

ALICE FORMAN—Large oil paintings in which colorful plants in decorative vases are set forth on rich Oriental fabrics. Through Saturday, May 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD FRANCISCO—Decorative wall pieces in the form of small boxlike wooden frameworks, stoutly braced with studs and diagonals and interior supports and touched up with bright spray-can automobile enamel. Through Saturday, May 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

MARY FRANK—A new group of her characteristic fragmented reclining-figure sculptures, plus a





GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE 7'2" AND UNDER.

If you've always thought a little car meant a lot of crowding, you've obviously never looked into a Volkswagen Rabbit.

There happens to be so much room in a Rabbit that all 7'2" of Wilt Chamberlain can fit comfortably into the driver's seat.

With space left over.

Because the Rabbit has even more headroom than a Rolls-Royce.

As well as more room for people and things than practically every other imported car in its class. Including every Datsun. Every Toyota. Every Honda, Mazda, and Renault.

Not to mention every small Ford and Chevy.

And, of course, what's all the more impressive about the room you get in

a Rabbit is that it comes surrounded by the Rabbit itself. The car that, according to Car and Driver Magazine, "...does more useful and rewarding things than any other small car in the world..."

So how can you go wrong?

With the Rabbit you not only get the comfort of driving the most copied car in America.

You also get the comfort of driving a very comfortable car.

Because it may look like a Rabbit on the outside.

But it's a Rabbit on the inside.

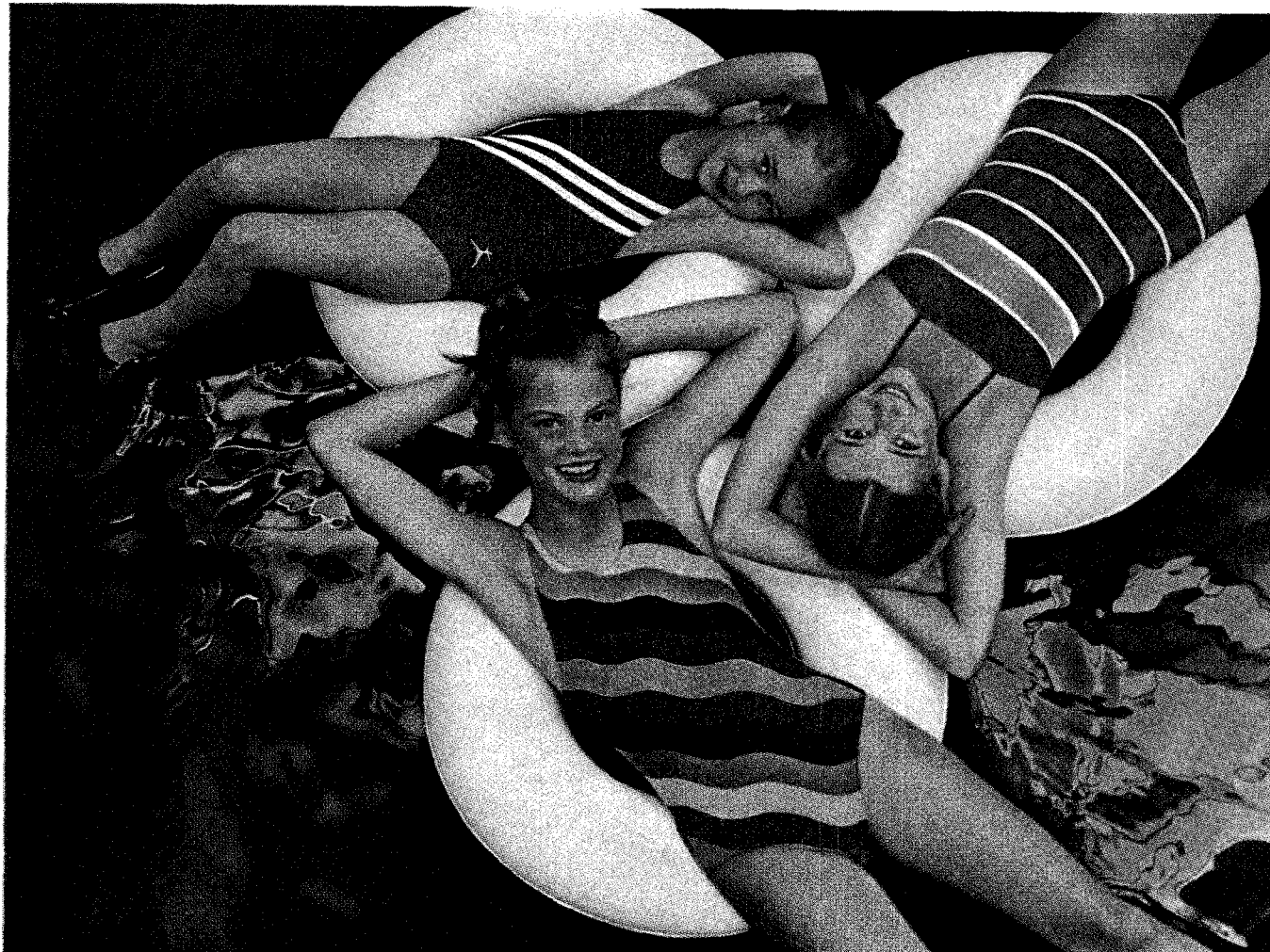
VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING

1978 Coty Award winner



DANSKIN KIDS SWIM RINGS AROUND THE REST. IN SPLASHY PRINTS, SHIMMERY FREESTYLES, SLEEK RACING STRIPES AND THE NEW DANSKIN SIGNATURE COLLECTION. DANSKIN SWIMWEAR FOR GIRLS, FROM TODDLERS TO SIZE 14. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. OR SEND 50¢ FOR CATALOG NY5, DANSKIN, INC., 1114 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

DANSKIN®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

new series of works in porcelain, which look like glorified fossils, and some new drawings on ceramic tablets. Through June 8. (Zabris-
kie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Recent works on paper. Through June 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

IOANNIS GLYKOKOKALOS—Solemn canvases in which a cross appears against a rich surface combining wax and oil and metal powders, all applied and scraped off repeatedly. The artist, born on the island of Lesbos, studied as a child with a Byzantine icon master. Through Saturday, May 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL GRAVES—Architectural artwork, ranging from formal oil paintings to doodles, and including the rendering of a combination bridge and cultural center designed by this artist and proposed for construction across the Red River to connect Fargo, North Dakota, with Moorhead, Minnesota—a multi-layered structure that will contain two museums and a concert hall. Through June 9. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

DEWITT HARDY—Watercolors of small-town scenes in Maine, a few portraits, and a series of expertly drawn nude figures. Through Wednesday, May 23. (Rehn, in a new location at 14 E. 60th St. Opens at noon.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH (1903-75)—Marble carvings and bronzes. Through June 29. (Marlbrough, 40 W. 57th St.)

CLINTON HILL—Abstract compositions in which successive coats of fibre glass and acrylic are applied to canvas. Also works in which acrylic dyes are stencilled into handmade paper while it is still in the pulp stage. Through Thursday, May 24. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRUCE KURLAND—Tiny, meticulously finished paintings of berries and fiddleback ferns and birds, plus a few somewhat larger works of gulls and bird skeletons, and some detailed working drawings done with a hard pencil. Through June 2. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Preparatory works for a Civil War mural that the artist has designed for the National Military Park, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Through June 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MARCIA MARCUS—Paintings, some of them of the artist herself seen against a Masada fortification or alongside a Greek ruin. Through June 1. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE-ANNE ROBERTS—Semi-abstract paintings of seashores and nude figures, which are sometimes melded into one composition, plus pencil figure drawings. Through May 31. (Yssa, a new gallery at 123 E. 57th St.)

DEE SHAPIRO—Recent pattern paintings. Through Saturday, May 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAVID SHARPE—Large, fresh-looking landscapes by an artist who uses conventional signs of his own invention for geographical features—river courses, escarpments, cultivated land, rolling hills, and so on. Through Saturday, May 19. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

TONY SMITH—There are two works in this show, one consisting of ten freestanding geometric forms, about five feet high and painted black. It is titled "Ten Elements." The other, called "Throwback," which looks as if it might have been made up of the elements all hitched together (but wasn't), is the sort of thing he was doing some time ago. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

SYD SOLOMON—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through June 9. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

PETER VOGEL / WILLIAM P. GOTTLIEB—Delicate wire constructions strung with electronic components that sound off musically when a viewer draws near enough to cast a shadow on them. Some are wall pieces and others are mounted on pedestals. Photographs of most of the leading figures in the golden age of jazz—Armstrong, Ellington, Calloway, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, and so on. Through June 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

TOM WESSELMANN—Enormously blown-up studies of women's faces and breasts, and a couple of additions to his Great American Nudes. Through June 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD YARDE—A collection of large watercolors from the Apartment Series, in which we are permitted homey glimpses into the past of this

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Boston-born artist. Through Friday, May 18. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

SIET ZUYDERLAND—The artist was so captivated by a red wall he saw while he was riding on a Chicago subway (above ground) that he has re-created the wall in a large painting and built a staircase leading up to it. Through June 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Two group shows—works in many mediums, chiefly by the gallery regulars (through June 9), and photographs by five artists (through June 2). . . . **GLADSTONE-VILLANI**, 38 E. 57th St.: Watercolor still-lives by Sondra Freckleton, Jon Carsman, and ten other artists. Through June 22. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Arp, Laurens, and Léger. Through June 23. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The works (usually one each) of forty-four American artists, starting with Charles Willson Peale's 1792 portrait of David Gelston and ending with a new painting by Jack Levine. In between: Demuth, Luks, Marin, Baskin, among others. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Fourteen artists (Jack Beal, Ellen Lanyon, Lucas Samaras among them) showing pastels. Through June 16.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ED BAYNARD—Still-lives. Through May 31. (Miliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

JACK BOSSON—Lyrical abstractions. Through Saturday, May 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

WALTER DE MARIA—"The Broken Kilometer" is the title of a work composed of five hundred solid cylindrical brass rods that would measure a kilometer if they were placed end to end. They are not. Through June 2. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Open daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

GEORGE GREENAMYER / CRIS CRISTOFARO—Huge welded-iron vehicles standing on great wheels and looking like prehistoric ancestors of the locomotive. The largest is twenty-six feet long and eight and a half feet high. Abstract wall constructions, some of them with collage additions. Through May 31. (Neill, 138 Greene St.)

HANS HAACKE / NANCY HOLT—Ironie advertisements for well-known institutions which do nothing to put the product in the best light. Drawings and photographs of a circular stone structure designed by this artist for the Washington State University campus. Through May 29. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

GORDON HART—New works by this abstract artist include a group of eight canvases done in black and white and a touch of gold, and an impressive diptych in which gold leaf is laid on by the age-old method that Giotto used. Through June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

PETER HUTCHINSON—The months of the year are marked off in twelve series of color photographs. Through June 16. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

RON KLEEMANN—Photo-Realist paintings of a huge, gleaming truck cab; an Indianapolis Speedway wrecker; and a rock group (the Bay City Rollers) descending from a private plane. Through Saturday, May 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

MARION LERNER LEVINE—Still-lives in watercolor.



Through May 30. (Prince Street Gallery, 106 Prince St. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Large, clean compositions in bright, clean colors; some of the works make references to other artists—Léger, for example—but they are all vintage Lichtenstein, down to the last Benday dot. Through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Cataclysms by the yard, painted with a sort of naive expressionist touch. One large work, "Day of the Locust," depicts the fictional disaster that hit Los Angeles; another is entitled "The Grand Bayonet Charge of the Legionnaires in the Sahara." Through May 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

ROSS NEHER—Paintings in which vertical slats of the same color are extended across a wide canvas like a picket fence. Through Saturday, May 26. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

WILLIAM NICHOLS / IDELLE WEBER—Paintings in which huge tangles of vegetation—weeds, flowers, vines—are reproduced with full attention to every stem, every blade of grass, every shadow. Gutter detritus—beer cans, discarded appliances, wrapping paper, busted wheels—painted with similar exactitude but in more vivid colors. Through Saturday, May 19. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

ROBERT SIEVERT—Boats and docks on Staten Island are the subjects of semi-abstract paintings. Through May 31. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT STACKHOUSE / CASPAR HENSELMANN—Two vast, shallow wooden boat hulls—one seventy-two feet long and the other thirty-seven—inspired by Viking funeral ships. An environment, built of standard metal scaffolding (rented for the occasion), in which the viewer seems to be in the middle of a big construction job. Through Saturday, May 26. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

KES ZAPKUS—Abstract paintings. Through June 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FELDMAN**, 420 West Broadway: An exhibit of conceptual works by Chris Burden, Les Levine, and Thomas Shannon. Through Saturday, May 26. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Seventeen artists are participating in an all-drawing show. Through June 9. (Opens at 11:30.)

SCULPTURE—Geometric wall pieces with architectural overtones by Larry Brown; and what look like antiquated hand tools (saws, chisels, augers, carding forks), exactly reproduced in wood by Alan Kessler. Through Saturday, May 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

CARL ANDRE—Two installations: one a solid square made up of a hundred and twenty-one Douglas fir timbers a foot square and three feet tall, and the other two widely separated rows of thirty similar timbers each. They are juxtaposed on different levels of the Hammaröjöld Plaza, at Second Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. Through July 28.

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract Expressionist paintings, and a single sculpture. Through June 6. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JAPAN TODAY—Ongoing exhibits include the following: **JAPAN HOUSE**, 333 E. 47th St.: A show of nearly a hundred items used by tea masters of the past four hundred and fifty years, together with the tea ceremony itself, which customarily lasts forty minutes and can be observed, by reservation (inquire at the entrance), every day at 11:30 and 2:30. (Hours: Daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.) . . . **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.: A show centered on Japanese technology which includes a catalogue of kimono patterns from 1696 and a 1978 videotape unit. . . . An exhibit called "Three Centuries of Japanese Prints." (Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway: A show of Japanese prints and paintings of birds and flowers. . . . A display of the museum's collection of Japanese ceramics, which date from the Stone Age to the present. (Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two hundred photographs of contemporary Japan by nineteen photographers. (Hours: Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

SUSTAINED VISIONS—Works by three individualistic artists: Gaylen Hansen, who paints characters from his own mythology; Claire Moore, who writes on her canvases as much as she draws on them; and Salvatore Scarpitta, who makes things out of wood (full-scale racing cars, sleds, and abstract collages). Through June 23. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

FOLK ART—A two-part show: patriotic quilts that were made between 1866 and 1945, generally with a flag motif; and nautical collage paintings that were done by R. Johnson, who is thought to have worked from the thirties through the fifties. Through June 27. (Seaport Gallery, 213-15 Water St. Daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARCEL BARDON—Color pictures of Singapore, Japan, California, and the beaches of Cape Cod by a theoretical physicist who gets to travel a lot. Through Saturday, May 19. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

ALVIN LANGDON COBURN (1882-1966)—Nearly a hundred photographs. Half of them were made during his association with the Photo-Secessionists, and the other half in the nineteen-fifties (the latter are semi-abstracts). Through June 9. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

ROBERT AND FRANCES FLAHERTY—Photogravures of the native actors in Flaherty's "Nanook of the North," of 1922, and original photographs of the people in the Aran Islands by Mrs. Flaherty. Through June 23. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SCOTT HYDE/BETTY HAHN—Impressionistic color prints. Photographs of flowers that have been altered by applications of paint, pastels, and chalk. Through June 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER (1852-1934)—A hundred prints, most of them platinum portraits, by the renowned Pictorialist are on exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

BOYD WEBB—Color prints by a British photographer showing here for the first time. Through Saturday, May 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MAX YAVNO—Photographs, most of them made in New York and California in the forties. Through June 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the LIGHT, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Five interior designers have converted the gallery space here into five model rooms for a show that might be billed "How to Decorate Your Home, Office, or Resort-Spa with Photographs." Through June 2. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Nineteenth-century photographs by Hill and Adamson, Talbot, Hippolyte Bayard, and others. Through July 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: A survey of two hundred photographs of New York City which ranges from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. Through June 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Treasures from the Kremlin," an exhibit of about a hundred objects made by Russian craftsmen from the twelfth century to the twentieth. Among the works are icons, arms and armor, and coronation regalia; one highlight is Fabergé's fourteen-inch-high stylized representation of the Kremlin, in gold, silver, and enamel. Starts Saturday, May 19. . . . A show of Ellsworth Kelly's recent works, including eight monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases, a series of black-and-white paintings, and wall and floor sculptures. Through June 24. A complementary show is at the Blum Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. . . . Drawings: sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection (through June 17); and fifty seventeenth-century Italian drawings from the museum's collection (through July 8). . . . Rembrandt

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of sculptures from the museum's own collection which date back no further than fifteen years. You can expect to see, either in the galleries or in the garden, examples by Chamberlain, Judd, LeWitt, Caro, Serra, Hesse, Aycock, Shapiro, Dubuffet, Beuys, Christo, and many others. Starts Friday, May 18. . . . Two shows of illustrated books: "The Donkey and the Darling" has lithographs by Larry Rivers and a text by Terry Southern; "The Blue Guitar" consists of twenty etchings by David Hockney, who was inspired by Wallace Stevens' poem "Man with Blue Guitar." Through July 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Rufino Tamayo. (Also on view are some pre-Columbian and popular Mexican works that served as inspiration to him.) Starts Friday, May 18. A complementary show, starting Thursday, May 17, will be at the Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. . . . A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. Through Aug. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective show of Cy Twombly, containing forty-five abstractionist paintings and forty drawings dated 1954 to 1977. Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Constructions by four artists: Christo, Joseph Cornell, Lucas Samaras, and H. C. Westermann. Through Wednesday, May 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the nineteenth-century artist Elihu Vedder. Through July 8. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Works by Gertrude Käsebier. Through July 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 99th St.—A show of art and artifacts from Pompeii. For information about tickets and hours, call 999-7777.

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—"New Handmade Furniture," an exhibit of more than forty chairs, tables, and some less conventional objects, made from a variety of woods. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of seventy-three Indian miniature paintings, dating

from 1600 to 1660, whose subjects are birds and flowers, landscapes, historical events, and figures. Through June 10. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of sixty-three drawings by Fragonard, together with the Frick's own series of Fragonard's oils, "The Progress of Love." Through June 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and a stained-glass triptych by Shalom of Safed. A complementary show is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Michelangelo and His World," a show of forty-one drawings by the artist on loan from the British Museum. Also, Renaissance drawings and documents, among them letters by Michelangelo and drawings by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Parmigianino. Through July 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of paintings and frakturs that date from 1773 to 1894. Through June 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of Hale Woodruff's paintings, ranging from early landscapes of Paris to recent abstract works. . . . Abstract drawings, paintings, constructions, and prints by, among others, Howardena Pindell, Al Loving, and William T. Williams. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through June 24.

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

GERTRUDE STEIN TO MUSIC—"Many Many Women," a composition by Petr Kotik set to the Stein text, will be performed by six vocalists and six instrumentalists of the S.E.M. Ensemble (under the direction of Mr. Kotik). (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, May 19, from 6 to midnight. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

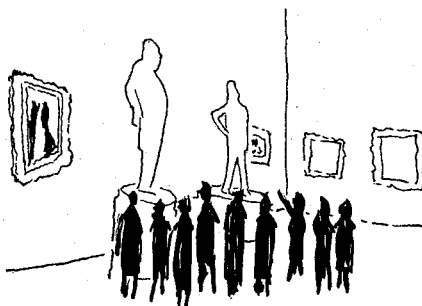
ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Installations by William Leavitt (through June 9) and Michael Zwack (through Saturday, May 19).

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Richard Hayman (sound performance), Tuesday, May 22, at 8:30; Judith Barry (film), Thursday, May 24, at 8:30; Susan Gladding Martits and Robin Perl showing booklike works, through Saturday, May 26.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ron Clark (two-part videotape), Thursday, May 17, at 8:30 and 10:30; Robert Longo (performance), Saturday, May 19, at 8:30; Grethe Holby and dancers, Wednesday through Saturday, May 23-26, at 8:30.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—A group exhibition called the "Altered Photograph," which features works related to photography, and a large number of individual exhibits are on view through June 10.

U.S. CUSTOM HOUSE, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.—Joining the Regi-



nald Marsh murals and the Daniel Chester French statues are sixteen new works (generally conceptual in nature) also created expressly for this building space. Plus dance, music, and other business—performance art—Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30 and Sundays at 3. Through June 17.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—The "Music in May" series of sixteen concerts, ending Sunday, June 3. Final programs for classic and baroque orchestra on Thursday, May 17, at 8, Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist; Friday, May 18, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with Julius Baker and Renée Siebert, flute, and Lee Luvisi, piano); Saturday, May 19, at 8, Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist (with Joseph Robinson, oboe); and Sunday, May 20, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with violinists Gabriel Banat, Allan Schiller, and William Barbini, and pianists Lydia Artymiw, Stephanie Brown, and Cecile Licad)... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts in a series of eight for full orchestra Thursday through Sunday, May 24-27, at 8, an Italian-Viennese program (with Maralin Niska, soprano, and Jon Garrison, tenor).

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Wednesday, May 16, and Friday, May 18, at 8: A varied program; no soloists... ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" in concert form, with, among others, Hildegard Behrens, soprano; Peter Hofmann, tenor; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

ORCHESTRE DE PARIS—At Carnegie Hall—Daniel Barenboim directing two all-Berlioz programs, with the Choeur de l'Orchestre de Paris. Sunday, May 20, at 8: "The Damnation of Faust," with Jessye Norman, soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Pali Marinov, baritone; and Jules Bastin, bass... ¶ Monday, May 21, at 8: The Requiem, with Mr. Burrows.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy directing the final concert of the season here, with Irene Gubrud, soprano, and the All-Philadelphia Boys Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

FEDERAL MUSIC SOCIETY—John Baldon conducting an orchestra of twenty-two in a program performed on antique musical instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Antonia Brico conducting the final concert of the season, a program of Music for Theatre and the Movies. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, May 20, at 2.)

SENIOR CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Emil Kahn conducting, with Alexander Markov, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 2:30.)

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffaell Adler conducting, with Robert Routh, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 23, at 7:30.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside directing the second of two concerts, this one with Betty Allen, narrator; the Westchester Choral Society; and the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

NEW YORK MOTET CHOIR—Stephen Sturk directing an all-Monteverdi program. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, May 19, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

MUSICA RESERVATA—Margherita Hastings directing "An Evening of Mostly Monteverdi." (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Tuesday, May 22, at 7:30. Tickets at the box office on the evening of the concert.)

RECITALS

ISAAC STERN, JAIME LAREDO, LEONARD ROSE, AND DAVID GOLUB—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

PARNASSUS—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 16, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.

(Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

NEW YORK VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE—A vocal quartet in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Licia Albanese, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The final concert of the season, performed by Robert Black, piano; Ronald Anderson, trumpet; and an ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 17, at 8.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The last in a series of recitals will be played by Les Filles de Ste.-Colombe. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, May 20, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

CRITERION CONCERTS—The last in a series of concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by Stuart Diamond, lyricist; Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Michael McFrederick, keyboard; the Metropolitan Brass Quartet; and Robert Kogan, conductor. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St. Sunday, May 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

MARIAN THOMPSON—Soprano, in the second of two benefit concerts, this one a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 20, at 5:45.)

TRIO SONORO—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8060. Sunday, May 20, at 8.)

ALFRED HART—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

ENA BRONSTEIN AND PHILIP LORENZ—Duo piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

GABRIEL BANAT—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8060. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

NEW YORK CONSORT OF VIOLS—Music and readings from Shakespeare's time, with Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and James Selby, actor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 23, at 8.)

MORDECAI SHEHORI—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

MANNES BENEFIT CONCERT—The American String Quartet; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Artur Balsam, piano; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Vera Zorina, narrator; and songs by E. Y. Harburg. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 24, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

MANHATTAN OPERA SINGERS—Lois Albright directing a varied program including arias, duets, and other selections from operas and operettas, as well as art songs, with Barbara Marshall, soprano; Miss Albright and George Schick, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 19, at 8.)

MUSIC WITH JENS NYGAARD—Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Jane Bryden, soprano; Mr. Nygaard conducting a chamber ensemble and acting as piano soloist; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 21, at 8.)

MUSIC OF TOD MACHOVER—The performers include Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; David Starobin, guitar; Carol Wincenc, flute; and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 22, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, May 16, at 8... METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 18, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 19-20, at 2:05... ¶ Chicago, Tuesday through Thursday, May 22-24, at 8:05... ¶ Pitts-

burgh, Friday, May 25, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 26, at 4:05.

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup playoffs: Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, May 17, at 7:35; Saturday, May 19, at 9:05; and, if necessary, Thursday, May 24, at 7:35.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Roseben, Saturday, May 19... ¶ BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, May 23, through Monday, July 30. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 23; the DeWitt Clinton, Friday, May 25; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 26... ¶ ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 1:30, from Thursday, May 24, through Saturday, Sept. 15... ¶ MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, May 25, through Monday, Sept. 3... ¶ PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 19.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Coventry City, England, Wednesday, May 16, at 9... ¶ Cosmos vs. Tulsa, Sunday, May 20, at 2:30. (For information about tickets for both matches, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 2... ¶ SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 17... ¶ MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

YACHTING—Olympic Pretrials Regatta. (Newport. Thursday through Monday, May 24-28.)

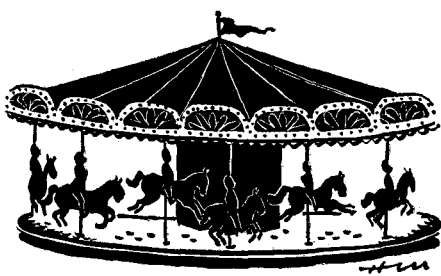
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—An evening of poetry, music, and drama, directed by Ntozake Shange, and presenting the works of June Jordan and Bernice Reagon. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Monday, May 21, at 7:30.)

PARK AVENUE ANTIQUES SHOW—A benefit show of furniture, porcelains, folk art, books and manuscripts, jewelry, and other items assembled by East Coast and other dealers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 24-26, from 1 to 10; and Sunday, May 27, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 26, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 16, at 2: Drawings by Gustav Klimt, from the collection of Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan... ¶ Wednesday, May 16, at 2: German Expressionist and other paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from several owners... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 16-17, at 8: Impressionist, modern, and contemporary paintings and sculptures; from many collectors. Admission by card only; for information call 472-3463... ¶ Thursday, May 17, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from a number of owners... ¶ Friday, May 18, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many sources... ¶ Saturday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Egyptian and other antiquities, from a number of owners... ¶ Tuesday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Medieval, Renaissance, and later works of art, among them tapestries and Italian majolica; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 18... ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 10:15: Books and autograph letters, from several sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 18... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, May 23-24, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 19... ¶ Wednesday through Friday, May 23-25, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese and other Asian works of art, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 19... ¶ CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 18, at 2:30: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many owners... ¶ Friday, May 18, at 8: Contemporary art, from various sources. Admission by card only; for information call 826-2870... ¶ Wednesday, May 23, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 17... ¶ Thursday, May 24, at 10:30 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco works of art, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 19.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-0925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 20: "The Age of the Medici."
May 21: Theatre closed.
May 22-24: "The Memory of Justice."
From May 25: "The Serpent's Egg."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 24: "The Silent Partner."
From May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 17: "The Last Wave" and "Bread and Chocolate."
May 18-24: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert; and "Which Way Is Up?"
From May 25: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 17: "The Great Train Robbery."
May 18-24: "Agatha."
From May 25: "The China Syndrome."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through May 17: "Firepower."
From May 18: "Battlestar Galactica."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 24: "Last Embrace."
From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Manhattan."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 24: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens."
From May 25: "The Innocent."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"A Little Romance."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (750-2262)
Through May 24: "An Almost Perfect Affair."
From May 25: To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through May 24: "The Innocent."
From May 25: "Hair."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Manhattan."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 22: "Edvard Munch."
From May 23: To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Saint Jack."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through May 17: "The American Game."
From May 18: "Winter Kills."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Teresa the Thief."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through May 24: "Dawn of the Dead."
From May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 24: "Last Embrace."
From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

LOEWS NEW YORK I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Champ."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through May 24: "Norma Rae." (The theatre will be closed all day on Thursday, May 17.)
From May 25: "The Alien."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through May 17: "The China Syndrome."
From May 18: "Hanover Street."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 17: "Old Boyfriends."
May 18-24: "Hardcore."
From May 25: "The China Syndrome."

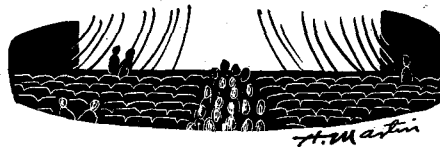
TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"The Deer Hunter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dawn of the Dead."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 24: "Firepower."
From May 25: "The Alien."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 24: "Love at First Bite."
From May 25: "Grease."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 17: "The Silent Partner." From May 18: "Battlestar Galactica."
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "The Exorcist." From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through May 24: "The Deer Hunter."
From May 25: "Hair."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 17: "Love at First Bite." From May 18: "Winter Kills."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Picnic at Hanging Rock." From May 25: "The Innocent."
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "The French Detective." From May 18: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 3: "Norma Rae."
Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens." From May 25: "Dawn of the Dead."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through May 17: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."
From May 18: "Love at First Bite."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 24: "Hair."
From May 25: "The Prisoner of Zenda."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Deer Hunter."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Manhattan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through May 24: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."
From May 25: "The Toy."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 24: "Last Embrace."
From May 25: "Hair."

CINEMA STUDIO I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fedora."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 17: "Despair."
From May 18: "Death of a Bureaucrat."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through May 24: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man."
From May 25: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 24: "Love at First Bite." From May 25: "Hair."
Theatre 2: "The Exorcist."
Theatre 3: Through May 24: "The Silent Partner." From May 25: "The China Syndrome."
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"The Deer Hunter."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 24: "Dawn of the Dead."
From May 25: "Love at First Bite" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through May 17: "Superman."
May 18-24: Theatre closed.
From May 25: "The Alien." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through May 20: "Last Embrace." (†)
From May 21: "Superman."

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 24: "Blazing Saddles." From May 25: "The Exorcist." (†)
Theatre 3: Through May 17: "The French Detective." (†) From May 18: "Last Embrace." (†)
Theatre 4: Through May 24: "Coming Home." From May 25: "The China Syndrome." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 17: "Norma Rae." (†)
From May 18: "Love at First Bite." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Champ." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through May 24: "Firepower." (†)
From May 25: "Grease." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through May 17: "The China Syndrome." (†)
From May 18: "Hanover Street." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through May 17: "Love at First Bite." (†)
From May 18 (tentative): "Winter Kills." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 17: "Dawn of the Dead." (†)
From May 18: "Battlestar Galactica." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through May 17: "The Silent Partner." (†)
May 18-24: "The Dark."
From May 25: "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Deer Hunter." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through May 24: "The Exorcist." (†)
From May 25: "Beyond the Door, Part 2."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 16: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.
May 17: "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris; and "Il Grido" (1957), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair.
May 18-19: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, about the last concert of the rock group The Band; and "American Hot Wax" (1978), directed by Floyd Mutrux, with Tim McIntire.
May 20-21: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan; with James Dean and Julie Harris; and "Splendor in the Grass." (†)
May 22: "Odd Obsession" (†); and "Nanami—Inferno of First Love" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Susumu Hani.
May 23: "La Musica" (1966), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Robert Hossein and Delphine Seyrig; and "Destroy, She Said" (1970), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Catherine Sellers and Michel Lonsdale.
May 24: "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne; and "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.
May 25-26: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 16: "Champagne" (1928), a silent film,

Reproduced from the original unretouched photograph.
Polaroid® SX 70 and OneStep®
© 1979 Polaroid Corporation



years. Because
unique dyes
in the film make it
fade resist-
ing, this picture
from Polaroid OneStep
will be the touch-
stone for colors be-
cause it's A R O I D



"I believe in fragrances that go beyond fashion—that capture the essence of a certain way of living, a kind of timeless style."

RALPH LAUREN



POLO
FOR
MEN.

LAUREN
FOR
WOMEN.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ours alone: the super tropical wrap-up in silken polyester island print. Designed by Tori Richard with deep kimono sleeves, a long self sash. In blue and navy on white or brown and turquoise on white, P-S-M-L sizes 48.00. At Home Salon



2001 Broadway, Oakland, CA 94612. Add 1.75 postage. I. Magnin charge orders phone toll-free. In Calif: (800) 772-3933. Elsewhere (800) 227-1125. Photograph: Skrebneski

I. magnin

California Seattle Portland
Phoenix Chicago White Flint

directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Betty Balfour and Gordon Harker; and "Young and Innocent" (1937); "The Girl Was Young" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

May 17: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

May 18: "The Searchers" (1956), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; and "Rio Bravo" (1959), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Wayne, Dean Martin, Ricky Nelson, Walter Brennan, and Angie Dickinson.

May 19: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "The Seventh Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bengt Ekerot, Nils Poppe, and Bibi Andersson.

May 20: "And Now My Love" (†) and "Jules and Jim" (†)

May 21: "Fashions of 1934" (†) and "Wonder Bar" (†)

May 22: "The Invitation" (†) and "A Report on the Party and the Guests" (†)

May 23: "Stage Fright" (†); and "The Skin Game" (1931), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Edmund Gwenn, Jill Edmond, and John Longden.

May 24: "If..." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Zero for Conduct" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Vigo.

May 25: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophüls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France; and "Night and Fog" (1955), directed by Alain Resnais, a documentary short about Nazi concentration camps.

May 26: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 17: "Desperate Living" (1977) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters.

May 18-19: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Play It Again, Sam" (1972), directed by Herbert Ross, with Woody Allen.

May 20-21: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway.

May 22: "Death on the Nile" (1978), directed by John Guillermin, with Peter Ustinov as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot; and "Murder on the Orient Express" (1974), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Albert Finney as Poirot.

May 23-24: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Night Porter" (†)

May 25-26: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978), directed by Ralph Bakshi, an animated film of the J. R. R. Tolkien stories; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

May 16: "Ziegfeld Girl" (1941), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey; and "Little Nellie Kelly" (1940), directed by Norman Taurog, with Judy Garland, George Murphy, and Charles Winninger.

May 17-19: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor; and "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (1938), directed by George B. Seitz, with Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Ann Rutherford, and Cecelia Parker.

May 20-21: "Babes in Arms" (†); and "Words and Music" (1948), directed by Norman Taurog, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney.

May 22-23: "Presenting Lili Mars" (†) and "Everybody Sing" (†)

May 24-26: "The Harvey Girls" (†); and "The Clock" (1945), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Garland, Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Moyna Macgill.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 16: "Klute" (1971), directed by Alan J. Pakula, with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland; and "The Last of Sheila" (1973), directed by Herbert Ross, with Richard Benjamin, Dyan Cannon, James Coburn, Joan Hackett, James Mason, Ian McShane, and Raquel Welch.

May 17-19: "Psycho" (1960), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh; and "Sisters" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, and Bill Finley.

May 20-22: "In Old Chicago" (†); and "Roxie Hart" (1942), directed by William Wellman, with Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, Iris Adrian, and Lynne Overman.

May 23-26: "All About Eve" (†) and "Unfaithfully Yours" (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through May 17: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "The Chase" (1966), directed by Arthur Penn, with Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, E. G. Marshall, and Angie Dickinson.

May 18-19: "Fellini's Casanova" (1977), directed by Fellini, with Donald Sutherland.

May 20: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, and Edna Purviance.

May 21: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari; and "Viva Maria!" (†)

May 22: "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film of the Orwell novel; and "Triumph of the Will" (1936), directed by Leni Riefenstahl, a documentary on the Sixth Nazi Party Congress in 1934.

May 23: "La Grande Illusion" (†); and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.

May 24: "Swiss Miss" (1938), directed by John G. Blystone, with Laurel and Hardy; and "Way Out West" (†)

May 25-26: "The Last Detail" (1974), directed by Hal Ashby, with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 16: "Rain" (1932), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Joan Crawford, Walter Huston, William Gargan, and Beulah Bondi; and "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

May 17: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Outlaw" (1947), directed by Howard Hughes, with Jane Russell, Jack Buettel, Walter Huston, and Thomas Mitchell.

May 18: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Jessie Royce Landis, and Martin Landau.

May 19: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964) and "Help!" (1965), both films directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles.

May 20: "The Misfits" (†); and "Some Like It Hot" (1959), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

May 21: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Edward

- Ellis, and Helen Vinson; and "The Life of Emile Zola." (†)
- May 22: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.
- May 23: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Journey Into Fear." (†)
- May 24: "Deception" (†) and "The Bride Came C.O.D." (†)
- May 25-26: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 17 at 2:30: "Shall We Dance" (1937), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . May 17 at 6: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . May 17 at 8:30 and May 18 at 2:30: "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George

Stevens, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . May 18 at 6: "The Black Sleep" (1956), directed by Reginald Le Borg, with Basil Rathbone, Akim Tamiroff, Lon Chaney, John Carradine, and Bela Lugosi. . . . May 19 at noon: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with James Ellison, Frances Dee, and Tom Conway. . . . May 19 at 2:30: "Love Affair" (1939), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, and Maria Ouspenskaya. . . . May 19 at 5: "Shall We Dance." . . . May 20 at noon: "I Walked with a Zombie." . . . May 20 at 2:30: "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, and Fred Stone. . . . May 20 at 5: "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. . . . May 21 at noon: "Spiral Jetty" (1970), directed by Robert Smithson; "Wisconsin" (1970), directed by Robert Morris; and "Mirror" (1969), directed by Robert Morris. . . . May 21 at 2:30: "Bird of Paradise." . . . May 21 at 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . May 22 at noon: A program of three films by Richard Serra. . . . May 22 at 2:30: "The Big Parade" (1925), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. . . . May 22 at 6: "El Domador" (1978), directed by Joa-

quin Cortes; and "Sheepherders" (1977), directed by Gretel Ehrlich. . . . May 24 at 2:30: "Love Affair." . . . May 24 at 6: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comin-gore, Everett Sloane, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . May 24 at 8:30: "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Loretta Young, and Edward G. Robinson. . . . May 25 at 2:30: "Alice Adams." . . . May 25 at 6: "The Big Parade." . . . May 26 at noon: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Robert Armstrong, and Bruce Cabot. . . . May 26 at 2:30: "The Stranger." . . . May 26 at 5: "Citizen Kane." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting May 22: "Three Mountains" (1978), video sculptures by Shigeo Kubota. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (8:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (980-2994)—"The Second Awakening of Christa Klages" (1977), in German, directed by Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGATHA—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Gramercy; May 18-24.)

THE AGE OF THE MEDICI (1973)—A noble three-part history made by the late Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings-in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of perhaps the most invigorating family of citizens who have ever existed. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. Part III: "Leon Battista Alberti," through May 20. On Thursday, May 17, Isabella Rossellini, daughter of Roberto, will appear at the 8 P.M. showing. The 10 P.M. showing that night will be Rossellini's 1961 film "Vanina Vanini.")

THE ALIEN—With Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright; directed by Ridley Scott. (Loews New York 2, Loews Orpheum, and Criterion; starting May 25.)

ALL ABOUT EVE (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), on stage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The synthetic has qualities of its own—glib, overexplicit, self-important, the You're-sneaky-and-corrupt-but-so-am-I-We-belong-to-each-other-darling style of writing. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders (as the critic Addison De Witt), Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh

Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe, who has one of her best early roles. Based on a short story and radio play by Mary Orr. (Regency; May 23-26.)

AN ALMOST PERFECT AFFAIR—With Keith Carradine, Monica Vitti, and Raf Vallone; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East; through May 24.)

THE AMERICAN GAME—Written and directed by Jay Freund and David Wolf, the film takes the form of a semidocumentary to show us the pressure that is put on promising young sportsmen here—the pressure to succeed, to prove one's prowess, to win. The game at hand is basketball, together with its rewards and punishments doled out to athletes, black and white. The two heroes are both seventeen-year-olds. Brian Walker, playing himself, is from Lebanon, Indiana; Stretch Graham, also playing himself, is from Brooklyn. A sane and compassionate picture. (5/7/79) (Cinema II; through May 17.)

AND NOW MY LOVE (1975)—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The man in this movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking; then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

BABES IN ARMS (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naive and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (8th St. Playhouse; May 20-21.)

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA—With Richard Hatch, Dirk Benedict, and Lorne Greene. Directed by Richard A. Colla. (Bay Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting May 18.)

BEYOND THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE—With Michael Caine, Sally Field, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, and Jack Warden; directed by Irwin Allen.

(Murray Hill, Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting May 25.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 17.)

THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D. (1941)—Bette Davis, taking time off from her big dramatic roles, as an eloping heiress in a screwball farce, with James Cagney opposite her. The heiress is about to marry an obnoxious bandleader (Jack Carson) when her father arranges with a pilot (Cagney) to kidnap her and bring her home. The plane makes an emergency landing in Death Valley, and Davis and Cagney battle each other with wisecracks, and her rump hits a bed of cactus. The material is very tired and the production is so unpretentious it suggests embarrassment, but Davis shrieks her lines happily, and Cagney sticks out his ample gut and holds his ground. Both of them mug good-naturedly, and it's pleasantly fast. Directed by William Keighley, from a screenplay by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. With Stuart Erwin, George Tobias, Eugene Pallette, Harry Davenport, William Frawley, and Edward Brophy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 24.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—With Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE CHAMP—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE CHINA SYNDROME—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells who learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; through May 17. . . . Quad Cinema; starting May 18. . . . Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting May 25.)

DAWN OF THE DEAD—With David Emge and Ken Foree, directed by George A. Romero. (U.A. East. . . . Rivoli; through May 17. . . . Gemini 2, and Olympia; through May 24. . . . Quad Cinema; starting May 25.)

DEATH OF A BUREAUCRAT (1966)—A Cuban film, with Salvador Wood and Silvia Planas, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio 2; starting May 18.)

DECEPTION (1946)—Exquisitely foolish—a camp classic. Alex Hollenius (Claude Rains) is the greatest composer in the United States; his febrile mistress (Bette Davis) can escape him only by shooting him. Considering that he has set her up in the finest apartment in Manhattan, swaddled her in ermine, drenched her in

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

champagne, and taught her to play the piano with a skill approximating that of Rubinstein, some might regard this as rank ingratitude. But he's a venomous genius, and an epicure besides, given to wearing velvet jackets. He treats the cellist (Paul Henreid) whom she loves very shabbily—badgering him until he gets so nervous that he can hardly handle a bow. Irving Rapper, who had directed this trio in "Now, Voyager," let them run rampant this time, especially the leering Rains, who outdoes Davis in bravura. John Abbott and Benson Fong are also in the cast. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the music, with Shura Cherkassky dubbing Davis's "Appassionata." John Collier adapted the Louis Verneuil play "Jealousy," which had been filmed in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels and Fredric March. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 24.)

THE DEER HUNTER—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinema 2... ♪ Waverly; through May 24.)

DESPAIR—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through May 17.)

EDVARD MUNCH (1976)—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, Watkins has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. It becomes plain to us that Munch had much in common with his friend Strindberg in his longing for an intimacy that he thought unattainable. The film also shows that Munch (played by Geir Westby) was a sober and not at all despondent businessman. The love of his life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—is played by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty with the eyelids of Munch's figures. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (D. W. Griffith; through May 22.)

EVERYBODY SING (1938)—Not very bright (to put it generously) M-G-M musical, though the cast includes Fanny Brice and Judy Garland, as well as Allan Jones and Billie Burke. Edwin L. Marin directed. (8th St. Playhouse; May 22-23.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Loews 83rd Quad... ♪ R.K.O. 86th St., and Victoria; through May 24... ♪ Embassy; starting May 25.)

FASHIONS OF 1934—Bette Davis at her blondest as a fashion artist professionally and romantically involved with suave, shady promoter William Powell. Elaborate piffle, directed by William Dieterle; it mixes fashions and show business in the sort of bewildering combination that used to come off the Hollywood assembly line. With Frank McHugh (as Snap), Verree Teasdale (as the Duchess), and Reginald Owen (as Baroque). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

FEDORA—Billy Wilder, a director of increasingly thin-ice wit, takes a risk with a mystery film about a legendary recluse, obviously based on public notions of Garbo, who is played by Hildegard Knef and Marthe Keller. (Yes, two actresses: therein lies the trap.) William Hol-

Paul Stuart

Father's Day suggestions from Paul Stuart.

Accessorizing fathers has always been one of our more successful traditions. Our offerings for this year include:

The eyeglass case exclusive with Paul Stuart. Varied silk foulard prints. Navy, wine, forest green. \$10. (\$1.50).

The surcingle belt. Cotton twill with leather trim. Tan, hunter green, navy. Width 1 1/4".

S, M, L, XL. \$16. (\$2.).

The hand-tooled belt of veal side leather. Hand stained and finished in a rich cordovan shade.

Brass buckle. Width 1 1/4". Sizes 30-40. \$35. (\$2.).

The tie of Irish linen. Natural, brown, wine, navy, mid-blue or olive. Width 3 1/4". \$7.50 (\$2.).

Cotton madras four-in-hand tie. Muted red and blue on soft white ground. \$8.50 (\$2.).

The cotton madras bow-tie. Predominantly blue/

brown/rust.

Width 2". Made to tie. \$8.50 (\$2.).

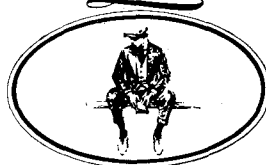
The blazer buttons from England running hound motif. Gold plated. \$2.75 per button (\$2.).

The knock-about canvas bag. Tough and sturdy, stitched by sailmakers.

Detachable shoulder strap. Approx. 17 1/2" x 13" x 7". \$37.50 (\$3.).

Shipping charges appear above in parenthesis. For N.Y. State destinations add applicable tax.

Paul Stuart



MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0320. OPEN 9-6.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

den plays an indigent film producer, on the hunt for Fedora, who keeps up a grand front but lives in the cheapest of hotel rooms. Echoes of "Sunset Boulevard." (4/23/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

FIREPOWER—With Sophia Loren, James Coburn, O. J. Simpson, Eli Wallach, George Grizzard, Anthony Franciosa, and Vincent Gardenia; directed by Michael Winner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema; through May 17. . . . Loews Orpheum, and Loews State 1; through May 24.)

THE FRENCH DETECTIVE—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy; through May 17.)

GET OUT YOUR HANKERCHIEFS—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris; through May 24. . . . Art, Gemini 2, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 25.)

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (1937)—In form, "La Grande Illusion" is an escape story; yet who would think of it in this way? It's like saying that "Oedipus Rex" is a detective story. Among other things, this film is a study of human needs and the subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. The two aristocrats—the German prison commander, von Rauffenstein (Erich von Stroheim), and his prisoner, the French officer de Boeldieu (Pierre Fresnay)—share a common world of memories and sentiments. Though their class is doomed by the changes that produced the war, they must act out the rituals of noblesse oblige and serve a nationalism they do not believe in. The Frenchman sacrifices his life for men he does not really approve of—the plebeian Maréchal (Jean Gabin) and the Jew Rosenthal (Marcel Dalio). Jean Renoir directed this elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. Von Rauffenstein and de Boeldieu are in a great romantic tradition; Cyrano has his plume, they draw on their white gloves. Maréchal, the mechanic who has become an officer, is uneasy in the presence of urbanity and polish, but he has natural gallantry, and he's the one with survival power. The performances of von Stroheim, Fresnay, and Gabin are in three different styles of acting, and they illuminate one another. With Gabin, you're not aware of any performance; with von Stroheim and Fresnay, you *are*—and you should be: they represent a way of life that is dedicated to superbly controlled outer appearances. With Dita Parlo, Gaston Modot, Julien Carette, Jean Dasté, Georges Péclet, and Jacques Becker (who was the assistant director). Written by Charles Spaak and Renoir; the music is by Kosma; the camerawork is by Christian Matras and Claude Renoir. In French, with the German and English characters speaking in their own languages. (Thalia; May 23.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The grease is the Elvis Presley sort of hair grease, the society is proudly sexist and ritualistic, the film's commercial calculation is obviously shrewd. The movie runs on pure ozone, and good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; starting May 25.)

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down,

Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Gramercy; through May 17.)

HAIR—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not particularly distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folk-town of New York. (4/16/79) (Ziegfeld; through May 24. . . . Plaza, Waverly, Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting May 25.)

HANOVER STREET—With Harrison Ford, Lesley-Anne Down, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Peter Hyams. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting May 18.)

HARDCORE—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (72nd Street East; May 18-24.)

THE HARVEY GIRLS (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Henry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (8th St. Playhouse; May 24-26.)

THE INNOCENT—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-checked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Cinema 3. . . . Plaza; through May 24. . . . Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema; starting May 25.)

IN OLD CHICAGO (1938)—Alice Brady has a few miraculous scenes as Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow kicks over a lamp and starts the big blaze. The remainder of the film, which features Don Ameche as her goody-boy son and Tyrone Power as her shrewd, black-sheep scamp, is on a different level altogether. It's a mediocre, though jolly, quasi-historical melodrama involving brawls, riots, capricious temperaments, police squads, café ladies, gaudy saloons, and Alice Faye smiling that great open

smile of hers that makes it possible to forgive her acting and to bask in her mellow-voiced numbers. (Ameche is so fatuous here he's almost likable.) Henry King directed this 20th-Century-Fox film from a screenplay by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien, based on Niven Busch's "We the O'Learys;" the more immediate inspiration for the film was the box-office success of M-G-M's 1936 "San Francisco." With Gene Reynolds, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown, Andy Devine, Sidney Blackmer, Brian Donlevy, Berton Churchill, and Tom Hurst. (Regency; May 20-22.)

THE INVITATION (1973)—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hiring butler (François Simon). In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (1943)—Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. Directed by Norman Foster, but Welles had a large hand in the script and supervised the production, and his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 23.)

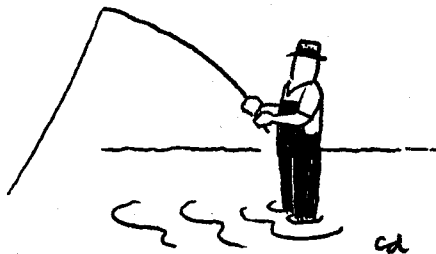
JULES AND JIM (1962)—François Truffaut's celebration of bohemian life in France and Germany in the years of artistic ferment between the First World War and the Second. The Austrian, Jules (Oskar Werner), and the Frenchman, Jim (Henri Serre)—the sort of young artists who grow up into something else—have a peaceful friendship. But when they are with Catherine (Jeanne Moreau), they feel alive; anything may happen. She's the catalyst, the troublemaker, the source of despair as well as the source of joy, an enchantress; she's also a fanatic, an absolutist, and a little crazy. Determined to live as fully as a man, she claims equality while using every feminine wile to increase her power position. She's the independent, intellectual modern woman satirized by Strindberg (who also adored her). Catherine marries Jules, who can't hold her, and, in despair, he encourages Jim's interest in her—"that way, she'll still be *ours*." She insists on her freedom to leave men, but if they leave her (as Jim does) she is as devastated and as helpless as any clinging vine (perhaps *more* devastated—she can't even ask for sympathy). Elliptical, full of wit and radiance, this is the best movie ever made about what most of us think of as the Scott Fitzgerald period (though the film begins much earlier); Truffaut doesn't linger—nothing is held too long, nothing is overstated, or even *stated*. He explores the medium and plays with it. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 20.)

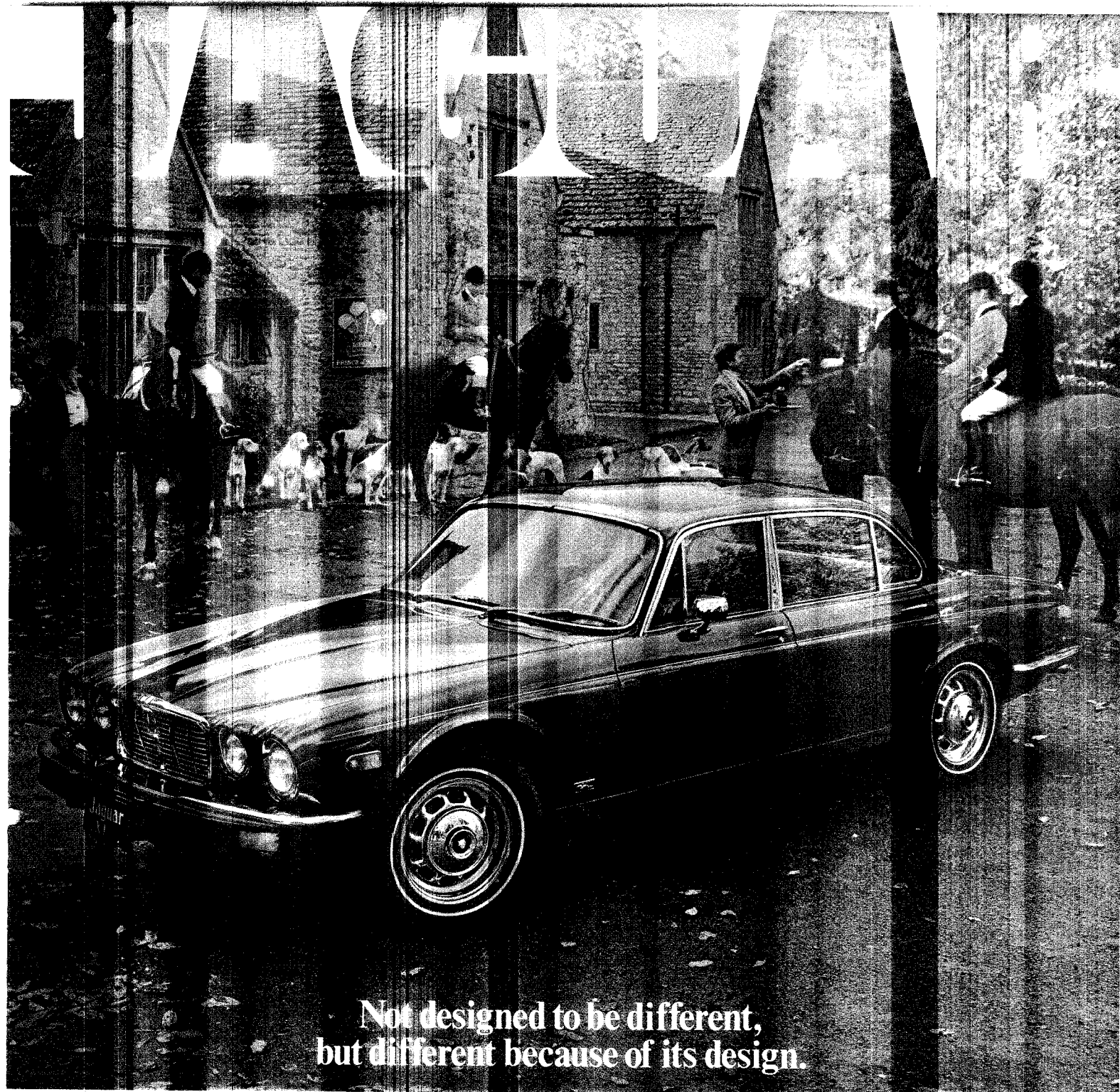
LAST EMBRACE—With Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Embassy 1; through May 20. . . . Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount; through May 24. . . . Embassy; starting May 18.)

THE LAST WAVE—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 17.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni in what is probably his finest role. A thoroughly well-worked-out sketch of the author's life and the complications of the Dreyfus Case. With Gale Sondergaard, Joseph Schildkraut, Gloria Holden, and Donald Crisp; directed by William Dieterle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 21.)

A LITTLE ROMANCE—A very, very little film about very, very little people (played by Diane Lane and Thelonus Bernard), enacting a latter-day Romeo and Juliet, to whom they are poetically knee-high. Arthur Hill plays a wise-looking mogul, with not many wise lines to





**Not designed to be different,
but different because of its design.**

**In a world where it is so difficult
to tell one car from another, the Jaguar
sedan stands out.**

The Jaguar XJ is a notable achievement: a car that has been called, by many, the most beautiful sedan in the world. The car is so gracefully sculptured that it seems to be moving even when standing still. Yet being a Jaguar, the XJ realizes its full potential only in motion.

**Nothing moves, handles or responds
quite like a Jaguar.**

In motion, the car's design proves to be uncommonly efficient. And beneath its sleek steel skin, the Jaguar is all muscle. It has fully-independent suspension, power-assisted rack and pinion steering and four-wheel power disc brakes.

The Jaguar sedan moves in silence, with the swift response of an aluminum-alloy V-12 or the double overhead-cam Six cylinder engines. Both engines are electronically fuel-injected.

**Needless to say, Jaguar is one of the
world's premier luxury cars.**

Its fittings testify most eloquently to the British talent for creating understated opulence. There are prime Connolly hides on the seats, rare burl walnut veneers on the dashboard, deep carpeting and deep silence. In fact, so many luxuries are included that there are no factory options at all.

**Even the Jaguar warranty is designed
to perform better.**

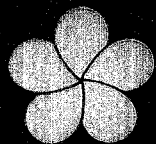
For 12 months, regardless of mileage, your Jaguar dealer will replace or repair any part of

the car that is defective or that simply wears out, provided only that the car is properly maintained. The only exceptions are the tires, which are warranted by the tire manufacturer, and spark plugs and filters, which are routine replacement items. Even then, if the plugs or filters are defective, Jaguar will replace them.

Discover the remarkable difference that is the heritage of every Jaguar XJ sedan. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

© Jaguar Rover Triumph Inc. Leonia, N.J. 07605.

JAGUAR



What makes Mauna Kea "the greatest resort hotel on earth"?



THE SETTING Fantastic. The blue Pacific, and a golden curve of beach. Behind, Mauna Kea mountain. Flowered courtyards. Sunlit terraces. No wonder travel experts have called Mauna Kea the greatest resort hotel in the world...

THE FEELING Serene. Peaceful. As open as a horseback ride on the vast Parker Ranch. As sociable as a luau. With art, handicrafts and sculpture all around you.

THE DINING Superb. International. The cuisine of three continents. Delight, too, in the exquisite decor of Mauna Kea's dining rooms.

THE TENNIS Nine courts, including a beautiful Tennis Park by the sea. More sports? Try scuba. Snorkeling. Sailing. Or a trip in a 58-ft. catamaran. Great deep-sea fishing, too...

THE GOLF Our spectacular Robert Trent Jones course follows ancient lava flows. At the world-famous 3rd, shoot across an ocean cove. What more could a golfer's heart desire?

THE STYLE Fine service. Grace. Luxury. Contact your travel agent or call Western International Hotels 800-228-3000.


MAUNA KEA
BEACH HOTEL
ON THE BIG ISLAND OF HAWAII

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

say; Laurence Olivier lightens the general mediocrity with a performance as a debonair and blithe Frenchman who befriends the children. One might almost be watching him in Restoration comedy; he saves his part with the peculiar daintiness that he brings to mischievously trivial roles. Directed by George Roy Hill. (5/7/79) (Sutton.)

LOVE AT FIRST BITE—With George Hamilton and Susan Saint James, directed by Stan Dragoti. (Greenwich, and National; through May 17. ... Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 24. ... Guild, and Forum; starting May 18. ... Olympia; starting May 25.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. He is up to his ears in demands for alimony from two ex-wives, one of whom—the mother of his little boy—is now living with a grumpy woman with dark curly hair who offers no fun to anyone. Woody Allen proceeds by giant strides: this film is even funnier than "Annie Hall," even more serious in its comedy than "Interiors." Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (34th St. East, Baronet, Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

THE MEMORY OF JUSTICE (1976)—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extends his inquiry in so many directions that he loses his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; May 22-24.)

THE MISFITS (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay (from a story he'd published in *Esquire*) about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcee who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before; the film has an uncomfortable element of fake psychodrama—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand-rodeo rider with molder troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director John Huston doesn't find it. Much publicity attended the making of the film (in Nevada); it was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions required of him, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. At a final cost of four million dollars, it was one of the most expensive black-and-white movies made up to that time. The score is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Russell Mitty. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

THE NIGHT PORTER (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Cinema Village; May 23-24.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the

textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. ...

Forum; through May 17. ... Loews New York 2; through May 24. No performances on Thursday, May 17.)

ODD OBSESSION (1959)—Kon Ichikawa's film with Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano, based on a novel by Junichiro Tanizaki that was published here under the title of "The Key." The story is about a man who tries to prop up his waning sexual powers for the sake of his avid young wife with the aid of injections, brandy, and a Polaroid camera. The picture of man-as-lover is sometimes unintentionally funny, though the distinction of Ichikawa gleams through things; the film's effect is pretty dispiriting, and perhaps it shouldn't be rated for anyone over twenty-one. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 22.)

OLD BOYFRIENDS—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. (4/2/79) (72nd Street East; through May 17.)

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day of 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (4/23/79) (Quad Cinema; through May 24.)

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN—A film by Joseph Strick (who made "Ulysses" in 1967) of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (4/30/79) (Guild; through May 17. ... Embassy 72nd St.; through May 24.)

PRESENTING LILY MARS (1943)—Modest, second-rate M-G-M musical movie starring Judy Garland, with Van Heflin, Fay Bainter, Richard Carlson, and Spring Byington, and the orchestras of Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby. The score is undistinguished. Norman Taurog directed. (8th St. Playhouse; May 22-23.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—With Peter Sellers, directed by Richard Quine. (Ziegfeld; starting May 25.)

A REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS (1966)—Jan Némec's Czech fable about totalitarianism was banned instantly in 1966, when it was made, and released only in 1968, by the Dubček regime. The allegory is about a picnic that turns into a frightening feast in the company of a load of convivial-looking, overbearing strangers who behave as if they were fellow-picnickers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 22.)

SAINT JACK—Good to see Denholm Elliott, the English actor, in a film again (made by Peter Bogdanovich). It is set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the most posh whorehouse in the world. Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (Cinema I.)

THE SERPENT'S EGG (1978)—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze

artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (1/30/78) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting May 25.)

THE SILENT PARTNER—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through May 17. ... Art, and Loews 83rd Quad; through May 24.)

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS (1961)—William Inge wrote this primer-Freud story about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, set in a small town in Kansas in the nineteen-twenties, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture is often beautiful, but it's hard to separate its beauty from its hysteria. The parents of the adolescents are loaded down with so many meannesses that the movie becomes Freudian baroque. Natalie Wood is the high-school girl who flips out when she loses Warren Beatty. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller, and Inge himself. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 20-21.)

STAGE FRIGHT (1950)—A Hitchcock backstage thriller without much thrill. The story, with its opening flashback that turns out to be a cheat, doesn't hold together, and Jane Wyman is pallid and seems fatally miscast. But there is some diversion to be had from a movie with Marlene Dietrich, Alastair Sim, Sybil Thorndike, Joyce Grenfell, Kay Walsh, Miles Maleson, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 23.)

TERESA THE THIEF—With Monica Vitti, directed by Carlo Di Palma. In Italian and English. (Gemini 1.)

THE TOY—With Pierre Richard, directed by Francis Veber. In French. (Paris; starting May 25.)

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS (1948)—A classic American comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, that got terrible reviews and failed at the box office when it first came out. Symphony conductor Rex Harrison (at the top of his form in this parody of Sir Thomas Beecham) disposes of his wife (Linda Darnell) in three different ways to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Regency; May 23-26.)

VIVA MARIA! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof of revolutionary politics in Mexico was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decae. (Thalia; May 21.)

WAY OUT WEST (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (Thalia; May 24.)

WHICH WAY IS UP? (1977)—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (St. Marks Cinema; May 18-24.)

WINTER KILLS—With Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins; directed by William Richert. (Cinema II, and Greenwich; starting May 18. ... National; starting May 18, tentative.)

WONDER BAR (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 21.)

store of summer stores

As the days get longer, the shops get better.

In summer, sunny new shops pop up like daffodils all over Macy's. Here's just a hint of what

waits for you at Herald Square, where the season invites the most exciting shopping in all New York.



The Biggest Store in the World has a Swim Suit Shop to match on 3.

Fiorucci's in! In Action Down Under, and the trendy fashions pour on. Unisex tops and bottoms in Fiorucci's zingiest colors.

What A Card! In the Arcade: you can send home a few from the wildest collection of cards in town. Street Floor.

More Arcade news in Bare Hugs: off-the-shoulder tube tops... the hot summer fashion with real cool. Street Floor.

The West comes East in Ralph Lauren's Western Wear Shops. On 3 for ladies. On 1 for gents. Dude up, o city Pioneers!

In The Cellar, find a Wicker Bazaar of basketry for storing, serving and decorating. Everything woven and wonderful is here waiting for you.

Macy's welcomes the American Express card.

macy's
New York



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

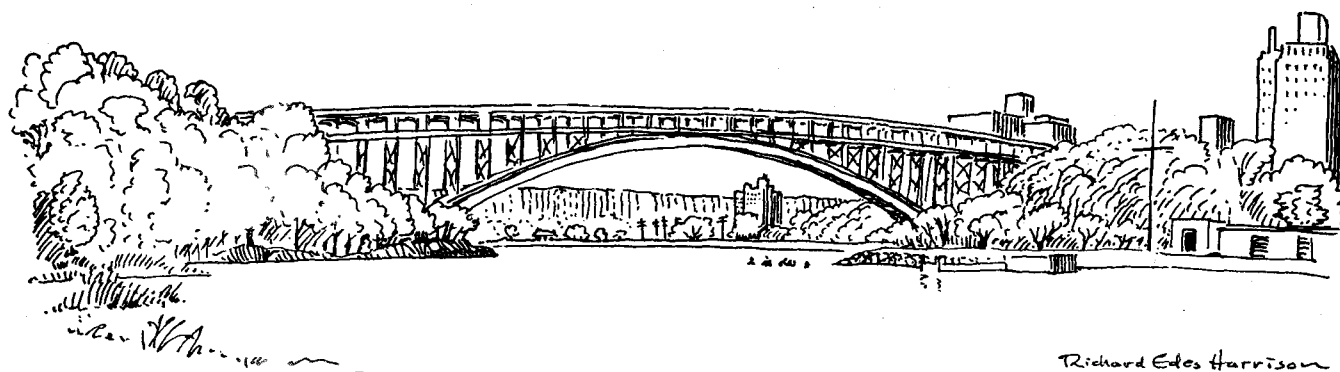
Notes and Comment

IN reading in the press about various schemes for cleaning up or removing contaminants or toxic substances from the environment, one often encounters, these days, the invocation by industry or government spokesmen of the concept of "risk-benefit assessment"—the careful weighing of the economic against the environmental and public-health considerations involved in the proposed regulatory solutions. And it's also common to read of complaints by representatives of the industries involved that the regulatory measures being contemplated, while they may be theoretically desirable, are in practice likely to weigh against the public interest in that the costs of new pollution-control measures or equipment are both inflationary and so burdensome that they carry the danger of causing corporations to go out of business, and so of creating unemployment. As accustomed as we have become to such arguments, we don't recall having seen them advanced quite so pithily anywhere else as they were in a report dealing with industrial contaminants which was recently released by the United States Environmental Protection Agency's Science Advisory Board. The report is by members of a study group of mostly non-government scientists who, acting as part of the Science Advisory Board, have been examining the environmental problems

posed by various contaminants in pentachlorophenol, a compound that is sold, and used, at a rate of about fifty million pounds a year—primarily as a wood preservative but also, among other things, as a slime-control agent in wood and pulp manufacture, as a preservative for paper and leather, and as an additive in paints. The advisory report is a highly technical one. In effect, the scientists found that many of the current formulations of pentachlorophenol, which is a toxic substance in its own right, are also contaminated with a kind of chemical alphabet soup of unwanted dibenzofurans and dioxins. While the known dioxins in pentachlorophenol do not include the notorious TCDD, which is one of the most toxic substances known to man, other very toxic dioxins are present in many pentachlorophenol formulations at such levels that, using data in the E.P.A. advisory report, one can calculate that the pentachlorophenol produced each year in this country can easily contain at least ten times the toxic equivalent of the TCDD contaminant in the toxic cloud that resulted from a chemical-factory explosion in northern Italy in 1976 and that descended on the community of Seveso with dire consequences. In discussing the toxicity of these contaminants of pentachlorophenol, the E.P.A. advisers had noted in an initial draft of their report that present technology made it quite feasible to separate toxic contami-

nants from pentachlorophenol during the manufacturing process, and that in view of the nature of these impurities "it would seem prudent" for manufacturers to do so. The authors added, "Of course, the production of this more purified product entails increased production costs and some representatives of industry felt this would result in a product which may be more difficult to handle."

As written comments in appendixes to the final advisory report show, the suggestion that manufacturers purify their pentachlorophenol product was received without enthusiasm by representatives of various chemical manufacturers, and was countered with various technical objections and with protests about unwarranted increases in manufacturing costs. Of these comments from industry, the one we found most striking was a letter to a member of the E.P.A. Science Advisory Board which was sent under the letterhead of Reichhold Chemicals, Incorporated ("Creative Chemistry... Your Partner in Progress"), and signed by a vice-president of Reichhold. The letter conceded the feasibility of removing toxic contaminants from pentachlorophenol during its manufacture, but stated, reasonably, "The problem arises in how to safely handle and safely dispose of the concentrated residual waste streams created by removing these contaminants." The letter went on to deal with Reichhold's concept of the diffi-



culties of contending with these wastes, such as the difficulties involved in collecting and shipping them to disposal sites ("The handling and disposing of these highly toxic waste materials is subject to all of the hazards of transportation—broken pipelines, leaking drums, derailed rail cars, etc.," the vice-president wrote, and he added, "No disposal site is known which is licensed to accept these wastes") or in destroying them through the operation of specially constructed high-temperature incinerators. (The vice-president called this remedy "a very expensive and difficult proposition," and he added, "To the best of our knowledge, there is no licensed incinerator in operation that will accept these materials for incineration.")

What, then, would the best available solution for disposing of these wastes be? The vice-president explained, "The ideal solution would be to produce pentachlorophenol without co-producing any toxic contaminants, [but] the technology to do this is not known." He then made his company's own proposal, for the next-best solution, based on "years of experience with . . . pentachlorophenol;" namely, "that it is far better to widely distribute a less than no effect concentration of the contaminants than to have them separated and exist in one highly concentrated stream at several widely dispersed manufacturing sites."

Reading this proposal, we felt we had never seen the issue of disposing of toxic wastes of a manufactured product put so plainly. Why spend all the money on and assume all the risks of separating and disposing of toxic wastes extracted from a product when the manufacturer has an alternative method that is both simple and inexpensive: to bypass such techniques, and spread out the toxic wastes *by selling them right in the product itself*? How is that for creative chemistry?

Wired

PIERRE SCHWOB hates to lose touch. When the temperature is in the seventies and the sun is shining, he enjoys nothing more than spending the day indoors, in his apartment on the West Side, running up his electric bill. It is an entirely adequate apartment—eat-in kitchen, roomy foyer, living room with park view, two baths, two bedrooms. In one of the bedrooms, Pierre Schwob sleeps and plays; in the other, he works and plays. When we dropped by for a visit the other day, a portable table next to his bed was bare.

Usually, Pierre Schwob, a slender, elegant, dark-haired man in his early thirties, keeps a TRS-80 microcomputer on this bedside table. Because we had come to the apartment specifically to see the TRS-80, which Schwob calls his "man-in-the-street computer," the news that he had lent it to a man in the street disappointed us. Before we could feel too let down, however, he pointed out that right there at the foot of the bed was another entertaining piece of electronic equipment. This turned out to be an Apple II microcomputer. It prints its output in color and displays the output on a Sony Trinitron television set that sits on top of an adjacent table. ("My first television," Schwob said, in a sentimental way.) A storage rack loaded with video cassettes of several recent popular movies sits on top of the television set. The room also contains two video-cassette tape recorders, one of which can be programmed a week ahead of time; two cable-television channel selectors, one with a Home Box Office hookup; an Advent VideoBeam 710 television projector and an Advent VideoBeam five-foot-diagonal television screen; a digital alarm clock; a stereo radio; an electric blanket; a Sanyo answering machine and a Pageboy II receiver (in Schwob's pocket); and, side by side on the floor near the bed, a red touch-tone telephone and a white rotary-dial telephone. One of the telephones rang. Schwob knelt down and felt each of them. "The red one is for business, and the white one is my private number," he said. "When one rings, I feel them to see which one is vibrating. I guess I should have lights put on them."

In this instance, the red phone had been ringing. It stopped when his secretary, Judy Silberman, who was standing next to her desk in the living room, answered the call. Her telephone is connected to a console with thirty-two buttons, which houses, among other things, the telephone's memory. If Miss Silberman wants to call, say, Schwob's lawyers, banker, accountant, or doctor, the police, or Schwob's Pageboy II receiver, she pushes the appropriate button on the console. In the course of a year, she saves at least fifteen minutes not looking up numbers and another fifteen not punching them

out on the touch-tone phone. At her desk, she also has an I.B.M. self-correcting Selectric II electric typewriter, which functions as the printer for a microcomputer—a Sol, from Processor Technology—that sits on another part of her desk. The Sol also has a video monitor and a keyboard. Schwob feels the same way about the Sol that he does about the Sony Trinitron television set in his bedroom. "My first microcomputer," he said as we entered the living room, having walked through the foyer and past the kitchen, where there is a programmable microwave oven and another cable-television channel selector with Home Box Office. "I didn't really know anything about computers until August, 1977," Schwob told us. "Then I read several books about them and talked to a lot of people, and three months later I bought the kit to build the Sol. It was so well designed that the first time I hooked it up, it came to life."

Schwob's affection for the Sol hasn't diminished his fondness for some of the other things in the living room: a combination turntable, AM/FM tuner, and amplifier; an eight-track tape player; two cassette recorders; a reel-to-reel tape recorder; a switching box; a stereo frequency equalizer; four speakers; a Beam Box indoor FM antenna; and two boom microphones, which he uses to record himself playing the piano. The piano stands in the foyer.

A repairman sat at Miss Silberman's desk and tampered with the I.B.M. typewriter. He held a hammer in one hand and a long, narrow tool in the other. With the hammer he struck the butt end of the tool. Schwob saw this and winced. "You sure you know what you're up to, hitting my I.B.M. with a hammer?" he asked, smiling. "What are you doing, anyway—chiselling your initials in there?" He watched some more, and then said to us, "Why don't we go to the computer room?"

We had already seen two computers and the spot where a third one usually stands, but we had not yet, it seemed, been to Pierre Schwob's computer room. Now he led us there. The computer room used to be the second bedroom. A bed could no longer fit inside. There are, around the room, seven hundred and eighty-five switches and buttons, belonging, in part, to two computers, a Sorcerer, from Exidy, and an IMSAI (which Schwob calls "the Cadillac of microcomputers"), and there are two keyboards; three video monitors; four dual-disc drives for feeding data to the computers; a dual-trace oscilloscope; an L/C/R



bridge, for measuring inductance, capacitance, and resistance; two digital multimeters, for measuring voltage, current, and resistance; a signal tracer; a radio-frequency generator; a transistor tester; an integrated-circuit tester; a universal-frequency counter; a modem (in effect, a translator that allows two computers to talk to each other over the phone); a high-speed paper-tape reader; a high-speed printer; two "joysticks," for performing computer graphics; six cassette tape recorders; two stereo speakers; a monaural computer speaker; a third cable-television channel selector with Home Box Office; a digital clock radio; a wristband radio; a television camera; a 35-mm. camera; several pocket calculators; a photocopier; an alarm system that emits low levels of microwave radiation; five or six soldering irons; a wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling bookcase jammed with volumes in French and English; a laser; and a seven-horsepower outboard motor.

"I occasionally fantasize about aiming the laser out the window and scaring the wits out of the people on the street," Schwob said. "I actually use it, though, to do holography. I use the outboard motor on a little dinghy." His computer-room telephone, which has its own thirty-two-button console and its own memory, rang. After a brief conversation, he hung up and said, "Would you like to play a game?"

He inserted a thin plastic disc in one of the disc readers on the IMSAI computer and typed in some instructions on the keyboard, whereupon the rules for a game called Target flashed on a video monitor. After a few more instructions, blips began to float horizontally across the monitor. "The blips are airships," Schwob said. "The smaller blips are worth two hundred points and the larger ones are worth one hundred points. You aim with these arrows." He pointed to two keys marked ">" and "<." "You fire with the space bar." We watched the blips float by, and we watched Schwob, casually tapping the space bar, track and destroy them with ease. Occasionally, a pair of blips collided, and when that occurred a third blip descended on a vertical line. "This is a particularly cruel game," he



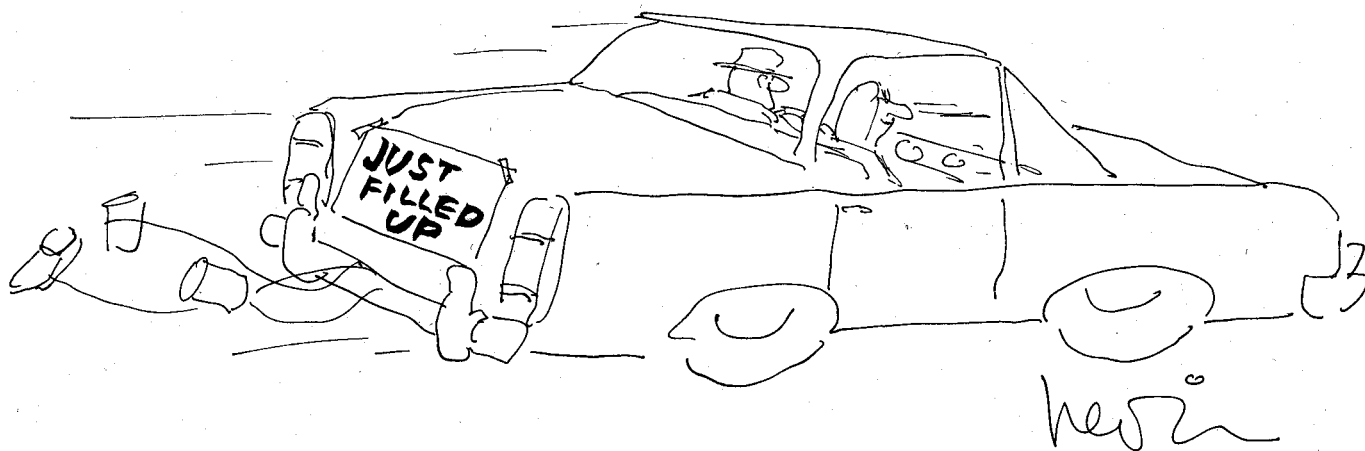
"The President today fired James Schlesinger, Griffin Bell, Michael Blumenthal, Alfred Kahn, Jody Powell, Stuart Eizenstat... Ha, ha, ha! We were only fooling."

said. "When two airships strike each other, a parachutist ejects, and if you shoot a parachutist it's worth six hundred points. Here, we'll sit and watch for one." A few moments later, blips collided, the parachutist ejected, Schwob obliterated him, and a shower of simulated debris rained down the screen.

Most of the equipment in the computer room began to find its way there when Schwob realized, after building the Sol, that his fascination with computers had grown. His initial interest developed from an interest in electronic calculators. He had started collecting them (he has winnowed his collection down to half a dozen) when the first models came on the market, ten years ago. In 1975, he published a book titled "How to Use Pocket Calculators." His oeuvre has since expanded to include "The Chess Tutor: Opening Moves" and a book, which he collaborated on with the Austrian historian Friedrich Heer, titled "Great Documents of the World: Milestones of Human Thought" (selections from the Code of Hammurabi, the Laws of Solon, Plato's "Republic," Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Koran, "Pacem in Terris," the plaque aboard Pioneer 10, and so on). Schwob has ideas for a few other books, including one to be called "The Encyclopedia of Basic Knowledge," but they will have to wait, because he has been preoccupied recently with his duties as president and sole owner of a young company called PRS—The Program of the Month

Corporation. Although he is the only person on his block who owns five microcomputers, he feels confident that in time most households will have at least one. "Today, most of the people who own microcomputers are hobbyists," he told us. "Unless they write their own programs, whatever programs are generally available to them are written so badly that you have to have a Ph.D. to understand them. I happen to come from a consumer-oriented background. My father owned Contis-Frawa, a chain of women's-clothing stores in Switzerland. My company will write and sell intelligible computer programs to the average consumer. Pretty soon, programs will be sold in bookstores. I think computers are great tools—but, still, only tools. My goal is cheap software."

With the cheap, and easy, software, Schwob, who seems to think that the energy crisis will end any day now, plans to help the owner of the garden-variety home computer ask his hardware to turn out the lights, cook dinner, pay the bills, order groceries, feed the tropical fish, turn on the lawn sprinkler, play games, and keep track of friends. "My friends," Schwob announced, like a herald, as he inserted another disc and saluted the keyboard. His address book flashed on the video monitor. Most of the entries were women's names. "I'm a bachelor," he said. "The list is dynamic." He pointed out that the list also included the addresses and phone numbers of his most trusted computer dealers, his favorite



restaurants, and the garage where he parks his car. "On the video monitor—that's 'soft' copy," he said. "The printer will give 'hard' copy—a sheet of paper. I can print the names and addresses and take the paper with me in my car. I have a telephone in the car. If I don't have a dinner reservation, I can look at the list and quickly call and make a reservation. I don't have a computer in my car. Not yet. I need to work on that."

There was a pause. "And now I must show you one more thing," he said. He stood up and walked out of the computer room, and we followed. "Just in case all systems fail," he said, pointing to an object on the wall. It was an ebony abacus, made in Taiwan.

Landmark

AT the corner of Montague and Clinton Streets, in Brooklyn Heights, stands a large brownstone church in the Gothic Revival style of the mid-nineteenth century. Whether or not you are interested in churches, you could walk past it a thousand times and see nothing remarkable about its exterior, but if you should venture inside you could not fail to be struck by its tall nave, with flamboyant tracery, and by the rows of stained-glass windows along either side. Some say that because of the windows the church is a national treasure; they were executed by William Jay Bolton, and they constitute the first complex of stained glass made in this country. The windows in the clerestory depict scenes from the Old Testament, those in the galleries depict scenes from the New Testament, and the ones in the side aisles depict the ancestors of Christ. All the windows are done with exceptional skill, and together they make a pattern of sensual piety, of robust aesthetic and religious feeling.

This church—the Diocesan Church

of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity, which was originally known as the Church of the Holy Trinity—is now in jeopardy. Its afflictions are almost too numerous to list, but they begin with the stained glass. The leading in the windows is deteriorating, and the stained glass is falling out, piece by piece. Time and weather have also taken their toll of the glass, and it is not known whether the windows can ever be restored to precisely their original condition. Meanwhile, the roof is also suffering. It is of slate tiles, which have begun to delaminate and need to be replaced, and the conductors and gutters are also in bad condition. Both because of these roofing problems and because the mortar joints in the walls are open, water has been able to penetrate the stonework, causing extensive damage. Much of the surface of the stonework has broken off, leaving exposed a spongy interior. The windows need to be restored, the roof needs to be redone, and the stonework needs to be pointed and repaired—a major job of restoration and preservation, for which no funds have yet been found.

How did the church fall into such a state? The rector, the Reverend Franklin E. Vilas, Jr., points out that it has a tempestuous history. "The church was designed by Minard Lefever and built around 1847," he told us when we visited his parish recently. "From 1904 to the nineteen-fifties, there was a man named John Howard Melish in the rectorship, and under him this church, Holy Trinity, became one of the first churches with a really focussed urban ministry. It was deeply concerned about the problems of young people. It formed a Trinity Church Club to take in the singles of the area. The parish hall, next door, was made into a gymnasium, and there was a boxing ring, and the program was extremely creative. Well, in the fifties John Howard Melish's son, William

Howard Melish, came from Cleveland in the expectation that he would succeed his father as rector. But the son was considered pink. He was chairman of the National Council of American Soviet Friendship. An uproar took place when the son tried to take over as rector."

The vestry—the governing body of the church, elected by the parishioners—attempted to block William Howard Melish's takeover. Many of the parishioners themselves supported the son. The bishop of the diocese—the Right Reverend James P. DeWolfe, of the Diocese of Long Island—was a very conservative gentleman, and he opposed the son. The bishop took the case to court, where it was chewed over for two or three years. "It got so bitter and so horrible," Dr. Vilas told us, "that the final scene was the congregation coming to church one morning and finding it surrounded by police from the Bureau of Special Services armed with revolvers." The bishop shut the church and declared the congregation nonexistent. The church was thereafter neglected and allowed to deteriorate.

The church remained closed for most of the nineteen-sixties. Then, in 1967, St. Ann's School moved next door, and two years later it took over the church as a kind of chapel to the school. St. Ann was added to the name. But the congregation had disbanded, and in 1976, when Dr. Vilas was invited by a new bishop to be the rector, he was being asked to start virtually from scratch. Soon after Dr. Vilas became rector, he was approached by Willene B. Clark, a professor of art history at Marlboro College, in Marlboro, Vermont, who was studying William Jay Bolton and was enthusiastic about the stained glass in the church. Professor Clark also called the attention of Jane Hayward, the curator of the Cloisters, to the stained glass, and soon there was a procession of people

coming to Dr. Vilas and urging him to do something to save the church. They included Gail Guillet, of the Landmarks Preservation Commission of the City of New York; Evelyn Ortner, a leader of the brownstone-restoration movement; and Fred Richmond, the member of Congress for the area. "Frankly, my forte is not stained glass, and it's not buildings," Dr. Vilas said to us. "I came here to work with people." Gradually, however, he was brought to see that the church and its stained glass were unique and worth saving. He eventually sought help for this project from the New York Landmarks Conservancy—a private, non-profit statewide organization—and it is supplying technical assistance. "I knew when I came here that we could not establish an ordinary congregation and survive," Dr. Vilas said. He has been active in opening up the church for use by theatre companies and musical groups, and has enlarged the chancel for that purpose. Montague Street is the main commercial street of Brooklyn Heights, and the church is vital to the character of the street.

What are the chances that the church can survive? The answer may have been given by Patricia J. Casler, a graduate research assistant for the New York Landmarks Conservancy, who joined us while we were talking to Dr. Vilas. "Everyone who comes in here is just awed by the beauty of the place," she said. "The building sells itself. There are a lot of people beyond your traditional preservation people who are interested in this—people interested in the stained glass, in the iconography. Where else could you put this glass? How could you put it anywhere else and display it as it was meant to be displayed? I think the stained glass may pull the church with it. The glass is a national art treasure. If you can't get money for

this, maybe you have to throw in the towel for everything. The project is entirely worthwhile, but not very many people realize that the church is endangered. And what is at stake is more than just the stained glass and more than just the building—what is at stake is an essential part of the street and of the community."

Bo Diddley

THE other night, we went down to the Lone Star Café, on lower Fifth Avenue, to listen to the music of Bo Diddley—"the legendary Bo Diddley," he was billed, and correctly so, for in the nineteen-fifties, with Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, and the Everly Brothers, he helped to invent rock and roll. We spotted Mr. Diddley right away—a lonely-looking figure leaning on the far end of the bar, a cowboy hat on his head, his face

silhouetted against the red aura of a jukebox. After a few minutes, he seemed to gather himself together, made his way across the narrow neck of floor that separates the bar and a small stage in front of it from the restaurant area, and went through an archway and down some stairs. We followed him, and found him waiting in a tiny vestibule outside a door marked "No Admittance." A bare bulb shone down on him from the ceiling, casting his face into dark shadow. Mr. Diddley—who was born Ellas McDaniel in McComb, Mississippi, in 1928—is a large man with a broad face, and he has a kind of ominous presence that goes well with the bad-cat lyrics of some of his great songs (like "I walk forty-seven miles of barb wire, I use a cobra-snake for a necktie, I got a brand-new house by the roadside, made from rattlesnake hide," from "Who Do You Love"). He was wear-



"'The Scourge of Civilization'! Me? Are you kidding?"



"And should the 'Times' call to inquire, Sanborn, you may say my vacation plans are as yet unsettled."

ing tan slacks, a light-tan shirt, and his customary dark-rimmed glasses, black leather jacket, and black hat with a diamond-shaped turquoise pinned to the front.

Mr. Diddley knocked on the door. No answer. He knocked again, this time in the rhythm that has become his guitar trademark—a variation on the rhythm of "Shave and a haircut, two bits." Still no answer. A band was playing upstairs, and as it started a new song Mr. Diddley wagged his head from side to side in time with it. We had introduced ourselves while he was knocking and waiting, and now he said, "I'm going back upstairs to wait. Keep your eye on me, and when you see me go back down, you come along and we'll have us a talk."

Eventually, just a few minutes before he was to go on, we got together with him in a small, cluttered room off a narrow corridor that lies behind the "No Admittance" door. He said that he'd been on the road a lot recently. "I'm still doing what I do best—playing my music for the people," he said. "Last night, we were up in Massachusetts. Let's see, where was it? Framingham—that's it." Sitting in the room with Mr. Diddley was a thin, pallid

young woman with long black hair. She had on very red lipstick, and was dressed all in black—black boots, black leather slacks, and a black leather jacket with studs on it. "I'm going to give this young lady a chance tonight," Mr. Diddley said. "Girls in this kind of music have the same kind of problem I had when I started out. We're going to get her up on the stage and see what she can do. One thing I know is that if you are man, woman, or child you've got to take the chance when it comes or it will pass you by. Then you got to chase it."

We asked the young woman her name.

She glanced at the floor, smiled, and said, almost inaudibly, "Diana."

"Let's see what you got there," Mr. Diddley said, pointing to a guitar case that Diana was holding. She laid it down flat on the floor and opened it, revealing a splendid black Fender Stratocaster guitar. "That's really something," Mr. Diddley said. "Maybe you knew my colors were red and black. Though I don't wear black all the time anymore. It makes me look too evil, black as I am already."

He was still wearing that famous black hat, and we asked him, foolishly,

whether it was the same one he had twenty-five years ago.

"Naw," he said. "I buy these things by the case. They cost thirty-five dollars for each one." He touched the turquoise amulet and said, "This stone is the same one I've always had."

We asked Mr. Diddley how he'd got started on another of his trademarks—his homemade electric guitars.

"I used to make violins in school after my family moved to Chicago," he said. "It just followed from there. It's almost a gone art now, since they came out with the solid-body electric guitars. You know, people associate me with a V-shaped guitar, and I don't know why. The ones I make are always square. The Gibson people make a V-shaped guitar, I believe, but I never made one or played one in my life."

Soon after we got back to our seat, at a long table near the entrance, we were joined by thirteen Swedish tourists—eleven secretaries and their two bosses, it turned out. We asked one of them whether she knew who was performing. She said no. She was quite excited to hear who it was, and leaned across the table toward her boss and said something that sounded like "Yo-rah-n! Yo-rah-n! Det oska rivet frotta med Bo Diddley. Skita med ferlanda Bo Diddley akklart."

The boss turned to us and said, "This man is important, no? He has the strong guitar sound like the blues of Chicago, no?" He couldn't have put it better.

Just then, Mr. Diddley ascended the small stage, now wearing a pair of red silk slacks and a red silk shirt—and, of course, the glasses and the hat. Backed by the band that had been performing earlier, he began playing a long, powerful introduction to one of his hit songs of the fifties. During the music's most fervent moments, Mr. Diddley looked off to the side of the stage and frowned with concentration, as if he were involved in giving the answer to some deep question.

WELCOMING BACK THE CRUMPS

IT'S spring, and the Crumps, Brodie and Beryl, have come back from their sabbatical. It was fall semester at full salary they had, plus the summer. It had cost Brodie teaching Written Expression (special section for those with no native language) in the Evening Division four semesters in a row, plus a three-year extension of his oath of admiration and fealty to the Academic V.P. They've come back with a new car they bought in Bulgaria, where Brodie, who's into folklore, was doing something with national oral epics hitherto believed lost or just forbidden. We got a few postcards, all of which looked like they'd been rained or spit on.

We called them yesterday; Beryl seemed a little upset. They'd rented to four folksingers, who had sold all the major appliances and painted the windows in the front of the house black and put all the mattresses from the beds in one room. And in the garage there were fourteen ten-speed bicycles, all girls' models. And the phone calls—people they didn't know wanting to come over and "party." But it could have been worse. I reminded them of the Fosburghs in '72, who never did find their house, and they'd only gone to Stanford. We invited them for supper. It seemed the thing to do; it would be at least a week before their new refrigerator came, for their new kitchen.

They were late and then later, and I had a third drink, and then up the driveway came a gnomish, mud-colored car like those tiny ones that all the people used to get out of at the circus. It was snapping and smoking and skidding at the edge of a pile of grass cuttings I'd forgotten to rake up. The Crumps got out blinking and stretching. We were glad to see them.

On the porch over drinks Brodie told me it wasn't quite what they had in mind (the car). It was a Zlad, a Zlad 14—Bulgaria's answer to the Mercedes and the Peugeot and the BMW. He'd thought (and, worse, he'd told Beryl) that 14 was the model number. And it was, it was—but it was also the horsepower. They'd had to come by way of Lincoln and Eustis, looking for flat, dry, uncrowned roads. He was sorry they were so late, but they'd also had to find a kerosene dealer.

Beryl, I'd noticed, was carrying a large, lumpy package, which turned out to be presents for us stay-at-homes.

My wife, Faye, was the opener; she usually knows what to say. But these—there were two of them—were a challenge. She held them up for me to see, smiling helplessly. Lovely. She had never... I hadn't, either. Of course—bark paintings. But on bark, or with bark? Both, both. To hang on the wall. Yes, I could see the wire across the back. A thoughtful gift. Unique, even: nice to use the word in its exact sense.

I thought that Brodie looked different, but you expect that, with six months away, in another country. There was the suit—a fuzzy bottle-green-and-gray check with a double belt and no lapels. But that wasn't it; he'd bought that in Philadelphia years ago. It was his hair. Brodie doesn't have very much. Very little, as a matter of fact. Or that's how it used to be. But now there were vivid, thick chestnut curls above the familiar thin sandiness and the rather wispy gray at the sideburns. Answering my suppressed question, he told me that after the accident at the Twenty-third of May Memorial Tractor Works Celebration at Sgrocz, Beryl had made him buy a wig. I imagined what I imagined, but no—that wasn't it. It was that the Memorial Grosbeak Flock had mistaken Brodie's head for their white pignut-cracking rock. He'd gotten to like it (the wig), wore it all the time. Did I think—he leaned forward—it looked unnatural? No, I said, I wouldn't call it that. Not that.

They were going to sue. The folksingers, that is. And/or the lawyer friend, the former lawyer and former friend—the one who'd drawn up the hardboiled, iron-clad, Draconian lease with the substantial damage-money clauses and an elaborate supplemental penalty scheme, like if the grass didn't look O.K., then \$400. The lease—Brodie sighed—was three pages long, signed, witnessed, dated, a copy for the folksingers, a copy for the Crumps,

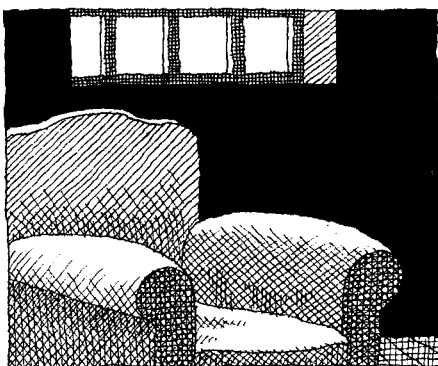
which their former lawyer kept. Brodie had been a little suspicious, even then—all four of the singers having the same first name, Enzo. And one day Enzo—it was about the Fourth of July and that idiot (the lawyer) was off in Maine—Enzo (the one in the bur-nous) went to the idiot's office and said they'd misplaced their copy of the lease and could he please borrow the idiot's. And of course, Brodie said, the secretary let him take it, and nobody ever saw it again.

SUPPER conversation was a little awkward. Brodie, it seemed, had found the Bulgarian bards very reclusive—damned hard to find, as a matter of fact, the vicious devils—so that once he'd cornered one, and after the trouble with the donkey, he had just camped out with him. It wasn't that Brodie particularly minded living outside; it was just that there really wasn't room for two people in the hollow tree under the waterfall. Anyway, that was how he'd gotten into the habit of straining his wine through Kleenex and hitting his roll with a knife while waiting with his other knife to stab anything that came running out.

Bulgarian, he told me, is a very difficult language for most Americans to master. About seven thousand times as hard as Spanish. But Brodie had, yes, by intensive study and by actually speaking it. That's the secret. From his bard he'd picked up some conversational phrases about sheep and shepherds, grass, the danger of werewolves. That old man, though, must have had a nasty sense of humor, because at the airport Brodie—no matter he spoke very clearly to the ticket-seller and then the guards—was put into a cage and loaded into the baggage compartment.

It was by this time growing late, the more so because the Crumps were not accustomed to being out of their sheepskin sleeping pouches after eight o'clock. We saw them to their car, watched with real interest as they got themselves into it. Brodie disengaged the hand brake, which stuck out at the junction of driver's door and windshield, and Beryl assumed the fetal posture. After Brodie relighted the burner once with his punk stick, they rolled off down the driveway in the moonlight, Brodie singing in his clear tenor (in Bulgarian) of, we guessed, heroic flock-watchers calling their sheep through the moraines and trees and muscadine grape arbors, plagued by the local echo divinity and his reduplicating brethren, or something like that.

—ALLEN SHEPHERD



Le-Tan

THE CAP OF CLEMENTIS

IN February, 1948, Communist leader Klement Gottwald stepped out on the balcony of a Baroque palace in Prague to address a throng of hundreds of thousands overflowing Old Town Square. It was a crucial moment in Czech history—a fateful moment such as occurs but once or twice in a millennium.

Gottwald was flanked by his comrades, with Clementis standing at his side. Snowflakes fluttered in the cold air, and Gottwald was bareheaded. The solicitous Clementis took off his own fur-trimmed cap and set it on Gottwald's head.

The photograph of Gottwald speaking to the nation from the balcony, wearing a fur cap and flanked by his comrades, was reproduced thousands of times by the state propaganda apparatus. The history of Communist Czechoslovakia was born on that balcony. Soon, every child in the land was familiar with the historic photo, from schoolbooks, posters, exhibits.

Four years later, Clementis was charged with treason and hanged. The propaganda department at once scratched him out of history, and of course erased him from all photographs. Ever since, Gottwald has been standing on the balcony alone. Where Clementis once stood, there is only bare palace wall. All that remains of him is the cap on Gottwald's head.

THE year is 1971, and Mirek is saying: The struggle of man against might is the struggle of memory against oblivion.

This is how he wishes to justify what his friends call imprudence. He has been meticulously keeping his diary up to date, he files away correspondence, makes notes of meetings where the current situation is discussed and the next course of action charted. He keeps explaining: What we're doing does not violate the constitution in any way. To pull back, to as-

sume guilt—that would be a sure way to defeat.

About a week ago, while working with his crew on the roof of a new building, he looked down and was seized by dizziness. He lost his balance and clutched at a poorly secured beam, which toppled and pinned him down. At first his injury seemed frightening, but as soon as he learned that it was only a banal fracture of the arm, he realized with satisfaction that a few weeks of vacation were in the offing—at last some badly needed time to put his affairs in order.

He saw that his more cautious friends were right after all. The constitution did guarantee freedom of expression, but the law punished any act that could be interpreted as subversive. One never knew when the state might start shouting that it was being subverted by this or that expression. He therefore decided to transfer his incriminating papers to a safe place.

First, however, he wanted to settle the matter of Zdena. He kept calling her long distance but could not reach her. He wasted four days this way. It

was only yesterday that he finally managed to talk to her. She promised to wait for him this afternoon.

Mirek's seventeen-year-old son protested that his father could hardly expect to drive with one arm in a cast. And indeed, the trip is turning out to be a trying one. The injured arm, loosely strapped in front of Mirek's chest, is dangling uselessly, and he has to let go of the steering wheel whenever he changes gears.

MORE than twenty years had passed since his affair with Zdena, and only a few memories remained.

He recalled one meeting when she had shown up in tears—snuffling, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. He had asked what was the matter. She explained that some Russian statesman had died the night before. Some Zhdanov or Arbuzov or Masturbov. Judging by the volume of tears, Masturbov's passing had upset her more than the death of her own father.

Was it possible that this had really happened? Perhaps the scene of lament over Masturbov was but an invention of his present hatred? No, it had really

happened, that was clear. But of course he could no longer precisely recall the immediate circumstances that had made her tears believable and real, and thus his memory of the event had become implausible, like a caricature.

All his memories of her were like that. For instance, they had returned together on a tram from the apartment where they had made love for the first time. (Mirek assures himself with special satisfaction that he has completely forgotten all their copulations and would be unable to recall a single second of past intimacy.) She had been sitting on a seat in the corner of the rattling tram, her expression sombre, closed, her face remarkably old. When he had asked why she was so withdrawn, he learned that she was dissatisfied with





"So this is the famous Sarah of the mustard-mayonnaise clam dip!"

their lovemaking. She said that he had made love to her like an intellectual.

In the political cant of the time the term "intellectual" was an insult. It denoted a person confused about life and cut off from the people. The epithet was bestowed on all Communists hanged by fellow-Communists during this era. In contrast to citizens whose feet were firmly planted on the ground, intellectuals supposedly floated in thin air. It was thus a fitting punishment to take the ground away from them once and for all, and to leave them dangling.

But what did Zdena have in mind when she accused him of making love like an intellectual?

In some way or other she was dissatisfied with him, and just as she was capable of filling an abstraction (her relation to a stranger, like Masturbo) with the most concrete emotions (incarnated in tears), so she was also able to give the most tangible of acts an abstract significance and to name her personal discontent by a political term.

HE glanced in the rearview mirror and realized that a certain sedan had been following him all along. He had never doubted that he was under surveillance, but so far they had always acted with masterly discretion. Now a basic change had taken place:

they wanted him to know of their presence.

In open country some twenty kilometres from Prague there was a high fence and behind it an auto service station and repair shop. A good friend of his worked there, and he wanted him to replace a faulty starter. He pulled up in front of the entrance, barred by a red-and-white striped gate. A dumpy woman was standing at the side of the gate. Mirek waited for her to raise it, but she only stared at him without moving. He honked the horn in vain. He rolled down the window.

The woman said, "Haven't they locked you up yet?"

"No, they haven't locked me up yet," answered Mirek. "Would you mind lifting the gate?"

She gazed at him impassively for a few long seconds, yawned, and ambled to the gatehouse, where she plumped herself down on a chair. She paid no further heed to Mirek.

He stepped out of the car and walked around the gate to the workshop to look for his friend. He found the mechanic, who accompanied him back to the gate (the old woman was still sitting impassively inside the gatehouse) and raised it. Mirek drove his car into the yard.

"Serves you right for showing yourself off on television," said the me-

chanic. "Now every old biddy in the land knows your face."

"Who is she, anyway?" Mirek asked.

He learned that the invasion by the Russian armies, which occupied Bohemia and exerted their power throughout the country, had awakened this person to a peculiar way of life. She saw that the slightest allegation was enough to take authority, position, employment, even daily bread from people higher up than she (and the whole world was higher up than she). This excited her; she began to denounce people herself.

"But how come she is still just a gatekeeper? Didn't they promote her?"

The mechanic smiled. "She can hardly count to ten. They can't promote her. They can only keep on approving her right to denounce. That's her way of being promoted." He lifted the hood and examined the engine.

Mirek suddenly became aware that someone was standing behind him. He turned around: it was a man in a gray jacket, white shirt and tie, brown slacks. His thick neck and puffy face were topped by a head of wavy, styled gray hair. The man was watching the mechanic bent under the raised hood.

After a few moments the mechanic, too, became aware of him and straight-

ened up. "Looking for someone?"

The man with the thick neck and stylish hair answered, "No. I'm not looking for anybody."

The mechanic once more leaned over the engine and said, "In Prague there's a man standing in the middle of Wenceslaus Square, throwing up. A passerby stops, watches him sadly, and shakes his head: 'If you only knew how well I understand you . . .'"

THE bloody massacre in Bangladesh quickly erased the memory of the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, the assassination of Allende drowned out the groans of Bangladesh, the war in the Sinai made people forget Allende, the Cambodian bloodbath washed away the memory of Sinai, and so on and on and on, until everything is forgotten by everyone.

In past eras, when history still moved slowly, the few historical events that took place were easily remembered and formed a familiar *background*, against which stirring scenes of personal human adventure were acted out. Nowadays, history rushes by. A political event is news one day, forgotten the next, only to reappear one morning sparkling with the dew of novelty. For the storyteller, history is no longer a backdrop but a pageant of startling *adventure*, played out against the common, familiar banality of private lives.

One can no longer assume that an event is widely familiar just because it happened within recent memory. I must therefore approach some recent occurrences as if they were a thousand years old. In 1939, German armies marched into Bohemia, and the Czech state ceased to exist. In 1945, Russian armies marched into Bohemia, and the country once again proclaimed itself an independent republic. The Czech people were enthusiastic about Russia, which had driven the Germans from their land, and this wave of sympathy carried over to the Czech Communist Party as well. Thus it happened that in February, 1948, the Communists were able to take power not through bloodshed and violence but amid the cheers of approximately half the population. And please note: the half that cheered was the more dynamic, intelligent, better.

Yes, say what you like, the Communists were more intelligent. They had a grandiose program—a plan for a new world, in which everyone would find a place. Those who opposed them had no great dream but only a few moral principles, worn and tiresome, with which they hoped to patch up the

TAPESTRY

It is difficult to separate the tapestry
From the room or loom which takes precedence over it.
For it must always be frontal and yet to one side.

It insists on this picture of "history"
In the making, because there is no way out of the punishment
It proposes: sight blinded by sunlight.
The seeing taken in with what is seen
In an explosion of sudden awareness of its formal splendor.

The eyesight, seen as inner,
Registers over the impact of itself
Receiving phenomena, and in so doing
Draws an outline, or a blueprint,
Of what was just there: dead on the line.

If it has the form of a blanket, that is because
We are eager, all the same, to be wound in it:
This must be the good of not experiencing it.

But in some other life, which the blanket depicts anyway,
The citizens hold sweet commerce with one another
And pinch the fruit unpestered, as they will,
As words go crying after themselves, leaving the dream
Upended in a puddle somewhere
As though "dead" were just another adjective.

—JOHN ASHBERRY

tattered breeches of the established order. No wonder that the enthusiastic, lofty ones easily conquered the compromising, cautious ones, and readily set about to put into effect their dream, their idyll of justice for all.

I emphasize: *idyll* and *for all*. Since the earliest beginnings, all human beings have longed for such an idyll, a garden where nightingales sing, a realm where nature does not rise up as an alien force against man, nor man against his fellows, but where on the contrary the world and all its creatures are molded from a common essence, and the fire that lights up the heavens is the same that burns within the human soul; an idyll where every human being is a note in a grand Bach fugue and anyone who disdains his part shrivels into a black dot, useless and meaningless, fit only to be picked up and squashed between the fingernails like a flea.

From the very beginning, however, some people realized that they lacked the proper temperament for the idyll, and they wished to leave. But it is in the nature of an idyll that it embraces everyone, and those who wished to

emigrate revealed themselves as deniers of the idyll. Instead of going abroad, they went behind bars. Soon they were joined by thousands and tens of thousands more, and in the end even by many Communists, such as Foreign Minister Clementis, the man who had lent his cap to Gottwald. On movie screens across the land timid lovers were holding hands, citizens' courts of honor began meting out harsh punishments for marital infidelity, nightingales sang, and the body of Clementis swung to and fro like a bell ringing in a new dawn for mankind.

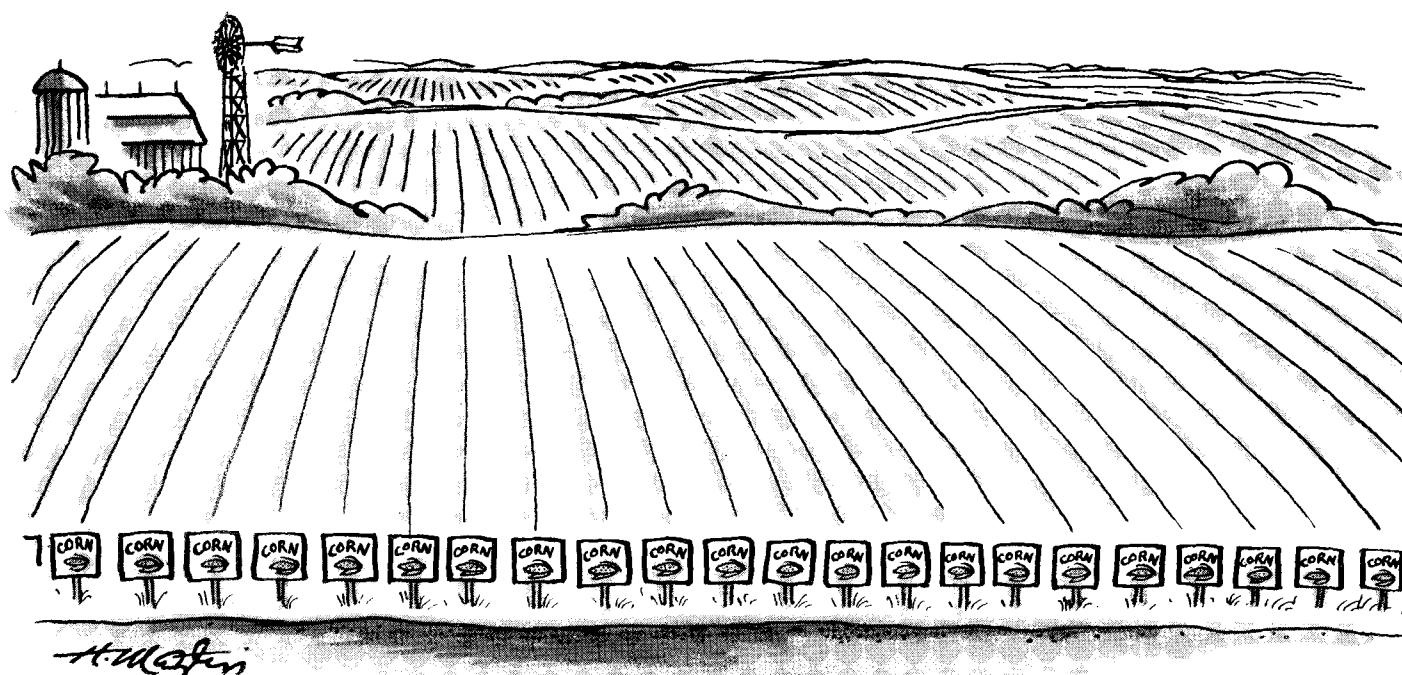
Then those young, intelligent, radical people suddenly had the strange sense of having sent into the world a deed that began to live its own independent life, refusing to bear any resemblance to their intention and caring nothing about them who had given it birth. Those young, intelligent people began to shout after their deed, to call it back, chastise, exhort, pursue it. If I were to write a novel about the generation of those gifted, radical people, I'd call it "In Pursuit of a Lost Deed."

THE mechanic closed the hood, and Mirek asked how much he owed.

"Not a damn thing," the mechanic said.

Mirek sat down behind the wheel, quite moved. He didn't feel like continuing his trip. He would rather have





stayed with his friend and swapped stories. The mechanic leaned into the car and slapped him on the shoulder. Then he walked over to the gate and raised it.

As Mirek drove by, the mechanic, with a movement of the head, called Mirek's attention to the car parked in front of the repair-shop entrance. The man with the thick neck and stylish hair stood leaning against the car door. He was watching Mirek. So was the fellow sitting behind the wheel. Both of them were staring at him brazenly, impudently, and Mirek tried to stare back at them with the same expression.

In his mirror he saw the man get into the car and then the car make a U-turn and follow him.

It occurred to Mirek that he probably should have disposed of the compromising papers before. If he had done so the very first day he was injured, without waiting to reach Zdena on the phone, he might have succeeded in hiding them safely. But he had been unable to think of anything but his trip to see Zdena. Actually, he had been thinking about it for several years. But in recent weeks he had the feeling that time was running out, that his destiny was rushing toward its conclusion and it was up to him to make it perfect and beautiful.

IN those faraway days when he had broken with Zdena (their affair had lasted nearly three years), he had felt an exhilarating surge of freedom, and his life suddenly began to thrive.

He soon married a woman whose looks did wonders for his self-esteem. Then his lovely mate died, and he remained alone with his son in the kind of poignant solitude that arouses the admiration, interest, and solicitude of women.

He also had achieved remarkable success in his scientific career, and this success shielded him. The state needed him, and so he could afford to be sarcastic about politics at a time when hardly anyone had yet dared to step out of line. Gradually, as the Pursuers of the Deed were gaining more and more influence, he, too, appeared more and more frequently on the television screen and became a well-known personality. After the arrival of the Russians he refused to retract his opinions, and was driven from his job and harried by undercover agents. This failed to daunt him. He was in love with his fate and found his march to ruin noble and beautiful.

Please understand me: I have said that he was in love with his fate, not with himself. Those are two very different things. It was as if his life had become independent and had started to pursue its own interests, which were not at all identical with those of Mirek. This is what I meant by life changing into fate. Fate had no intention of lifting a finger for Mirek (for his happiness, safety, good spirits, or health), yet Mirek was ready to do everything for his fate (its grandeur, clarity, beauty, style, and significance). He felt responsible for his fate, but his fate felt no responsibility for him.

His relationship toward his life was like that of a sculptor toward his statue or a novelist toward his novel. It is one of the inalienable rights of a novelist to rework his novel at will. If he doesn't like the beginning, he can rewrite it or cross it out. But Zdena's existence deprived Mirek of this author's prerogative. Zdena insisted on remaining in the opening pages of the novel, and would not let herself be crossed out.

JUST why was he so ashamed of her, anyway?

One obvious explanation comes to mind: Mirek very early joined the side of those who set out to pursue their own deed, while Zdena remained loyal to the garden of the nightingales. She even joined the two per cent of the populace that welcomed Russian tanks.

Yes, this is true, but I don't believe this explanation is convincing. If politics had been the source of the problem, he would have simply told her off, openly and publicly; he would have felt no need to deny that he knew her. No, Zdena had offended him by something far worse—her ugliness.

But he had stopped sleeping with her more than twenty years ago, so what did her looks matter now?

They did matter: even from afar, Zdena's big nose cast a shadow over his life.

Some years ago he had been going with an exceptionally attractive woman. One day she had occasion to visit Zdena's home town, and returned vexed: "For heaven's sake, how



could you have picked such an awful-looking type?" He explained that he knew her only casually and that nothing intimate had ever passed between them.

After all, he was not unaware of one of life's great secrets: women do not seek out a handsome man; they seek out a man who has had beautiful women. It is therefore a fateful error to be involved with an ugly mistress. Mirek tried to erase all traces of Zdena, and as the followers of the nightingales came to hate him more and more with each passing day, he hoped that Zdena, avidly pursuing the career of a Party functionary, would gladly forget all about him.

But he was wrong. She spoke of him always, everywhere, at every opportunity. When through unfortunate coincidence they would meet at a social gathering, she was sure to allude to some reminiscence that would make it obvious they had once been on intimate terms.

He was furious.

"If you dislike her so much, then tell me, why did you ever start up with her?" he was once asked by a mutual friend.

Mirek started to explain that at the time he was just a dumb twenty-year-old and she was seven years older. She was respected, admired, all-powerful! She knew just about everybody on the Central Committee! She helped him,

pushed him, introduced him to influential people!

"I was a climber, don't you see, you jerk?" he shouted. "You understand? An aggressive young careerist! That's why I hung on to her, and I didn't give a hoot about her looks!"

MIREK is not telling the truth. Though Zdena cried over Masturbo's death, twenty-five years ago she had no influential friends and was in no position to promote her own career or anyone else's.

Why, then, is he making up stories? Why is he lying?

He is holding the steering wheel with one hand, he sees the secret-police car in the rearview mirror, and suddenly he blushes. An utterly unexpected memory has just surfaced.

After the first time they slept together, when she accused him of intellectual-like behavior, he wanted to rectify her impression of him, and so the very next day he tried to make love with unbridled, passionate abandon. No, it is not true that he has forgotten all their copulations! This one he sees quite clearly before him: he was undulating on top of her in feigned frenzy, making a sustained growl like a dog tugging at his master's slipper, and all the while he was watching (with some surprise) the woman stretched out under him, so calm, quiet, almost indifferent.

The car echoes with a twenty-five-

year-old growl, the unbearable sound of his servility and slavish eagerness, the sound of his compliance and conformity, his ridiculousness and anguish.

Yes, that's the way it is. Mirek is willing to label himself a careerist, just so he does not have to admit the truth: he settled for a homely woman because he lacked the courage to approach anyone more desirable. He rated himself worthy of no better than a Zdena. This faintheartedness, this paltriness, was the secret he was trying to conceal.

The car resounds with the furious growl of passion, and the sound makes him realize that Zdena is but a phantom he wishes to erase in order to wipe out his own detested youth.

He has come to a stop in front of her house. The car that has been tailing him pulls up behind him.

HISTORICAL events usually imitate each other without much ingenuity, but it seems to me that in the Czech lands history staged a truly novel experiment. Instead of one group of people (class, nation) rising up against another, as the time-honored scenario would have it, here a single generation of men and women revolted against their own youth.

They tried to recapture and tame their own deed, and they almost succeeded. Throughout the nineteen-sixties they were gaining more and more influence, and by the spring of 1968 they had virtually succeeded in gaining full control. This last period is commonly called the Prague Spring: the guardians of the idyll removed the microphones they had planted in private dwellings, the frontiers were opened, and the notes began to flee from the score of the great fugue to sing their own songs. The gaiety was unbelievable. It was a carnival!

Russia, which composed the great fugue for the entire world, could not permit any notes to scatter. On August 21, 1968, it sent an army of half a million men into Bohemia. Shortly thereafter about a hundred and twenty thousand Czechs were forced to leave their country, and of those who stayed, about

five hundred thousand had to forsake their occupations and take up jobs behind the counters of provincial shops, at conveyor belts in rural factories, behind the steering wheels of trucks—in other words, they were scattered to obscure places from which their voices would never again be heard.

To make sure that not even the shadow of an ugly memory would ever rouse the country from its re-established idyll, it was necessary to erase those two blots, the Prague Spring and the Russian tanks. And so in today's Czechoslovakia nobody dares mention the twenty-first of August, and the names of people who rebelled against their own youth have been carefully rubbed out of the nation's memory like an error from a school-boy's notebook.

Mirek, too, was erased in this manner. If at this moment he appears to be climbing the steps toward Zdena's door, he is really but a transparent shape, a ghostly silhouette rising up the spiral stairway.

HE is seated facing Zdena, his arm resting in its sling. Zdena's face is averted, she avoids his eyes, she speaks hurriedly: "I don't know why you've come. But I'm glad you're here. I talked with some of the comrades. It's absurd for you to end your life this way, as a common laborer. The Party has not closed its doors on you. I know it. I am sure of it. There is still time."

He asks what he should do.

"You must request a hearing. You yourself must do it. The first step is up to you."

He sees what it is all about. They are trying to tell him that he has still got five minutes' grace to renounce everything he has said and done. He knows that game. They are willing to sell people a future at the price of their past. They would make him speak humbly into television microphones and explain to the nation that he was wrong in opposing Russia and the nightingales. They would force him to throw away his real life

and to become a shadow, a man without a past, an actor without a role, to turn even his discarded past into a shadow, a role abandoned by its actor. Then they would let him live, the ghost of a ghost.

He is watching Zdena: why is she speaking so hurriedly, so nervously? Why does she avert her face, avoid his eyes?

It is only too clear: she has set a trap for him. She is acting on orders of the Party or the police. She has been given the job of persuading him to capitulate.

BUT Mirek is wrong! Nobody has delegated Zdena to negotiate with him. No, alas, nobody with any power would grant Mirek a hearing even if he begged for it. It is already too late.

If Zdena nevertheless urges him to take some action to save himself, if she maintains that comrades in high places advise him to do so, she does it only out of a confused, bewildered desire to help him. If she talks helter-skelter and avoids his eyes, it is not because she is holding a trap in her hands but because her hands are empty.

Has Mirek ever understood her?

He has always thought that Zdena was so ferociously loyal to the Party because she was a political fanatic.

But that is not true. She remained

loyal to the Party because of her love for Mirek.

When he left her, she longed for just one thing—to prove that faithfulness was the highest value in life. She wanted to prove that he had been unfaithful *in everything*, while she had been faithful *in everything*. What appeared as political fanaticism was only a pretext, a parable, a manifesto of fidelity, a coded complaint of disappointed love.

I imagine her, on that fateful August morning, as she is awakened with a start by the terrible roar of airplanes. She runs out into the street, and people tell her excitedly that the Russian Army is occupying Bohemia. She breaks into hysterical laughter! Russian tanks are coming to punish all the unfaithful. She is going to see Mirek's downfall! At last she will see him on his knees! At last she is going to lean over him, she who knows the value of steadfastness and fidelity, and she will help him.

Mirek has decided to put a brutal end to a conversation that has been taking the wrong turn:

"You remember I once sent you a bunch of letters. I'd like to have them back."

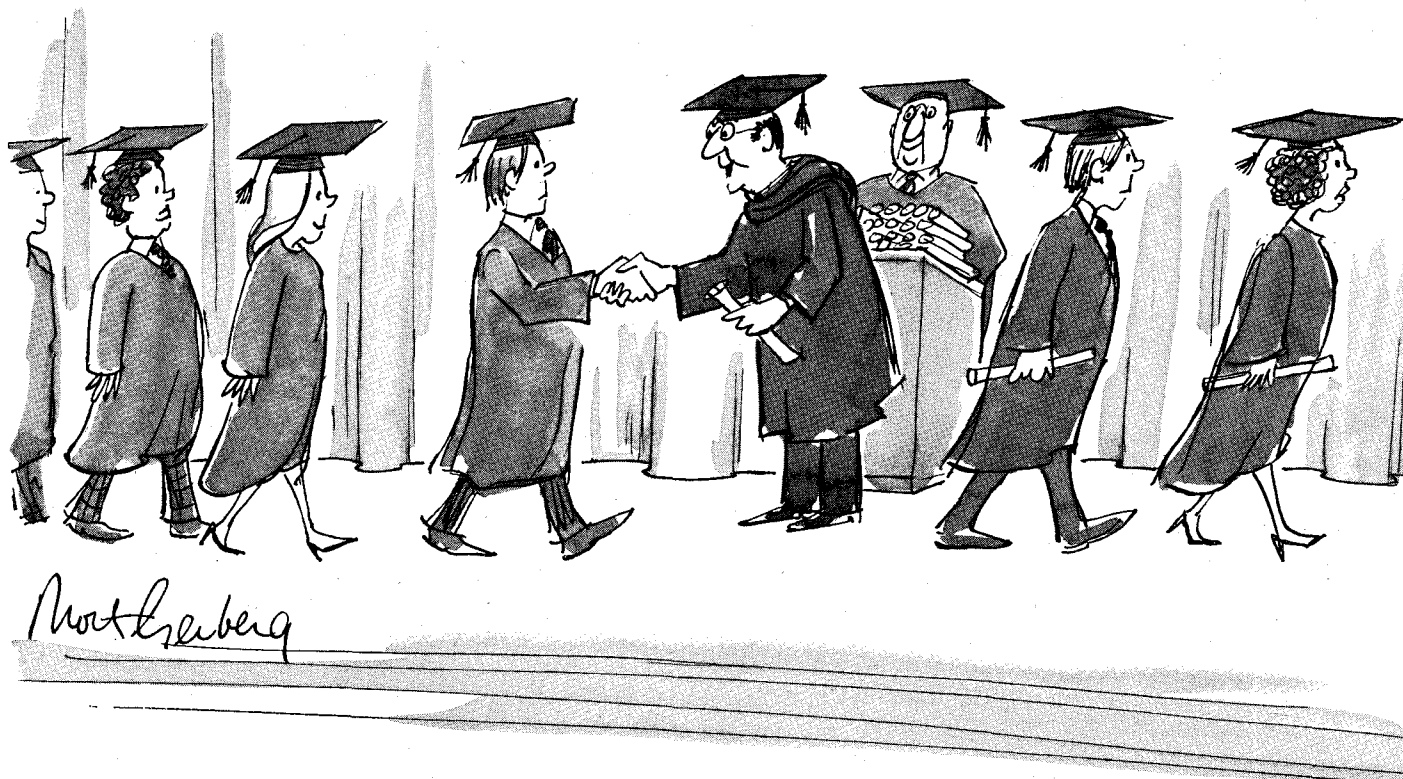
She looks up in surprise. "Letters?"

"Yes, my letters. I must have sent you a hundred of them."

"Oh, yes, your letters, of course,"



"We hate to break into the 'MacNeil/Lehrer Report,' but supper is ready."



"Congratulations. Please remember the college's financial plight. Congratulations. Please remember the college's financial plight. Congratulations. Please remember..."

she says, and all of a sudden she is no longer averting her face but looking him straight in the eye. Mirek has the unpleasant feeling that she can see to the very bottom of his soul and that she knows quite precisely what he wants and why he wants it.

"Yes, of course, your letters," she repeats. "I just read them over again recently. I asked myself how you could possibly have been capable of such explosions of feeling."

And she repeats those words *explosions of feeling* a few more times, not in a hurried or confused way but slowly, deliberately, as if aiming at a target she does not want to miss, and she watches him intently to learn from his face whether she succeeded in hitting the mark.

HIS plaster-covered arm dangles in front of his chest, and his face stings as if he has been slapped.

Oh, yes, his letters must have been terribly sentimental. How could it be otherwise? After all, he had to prove to himself at all costs that it was not weakness and wretchedness binding him to her, but love! And only a truly immense passion could have justified his liaison with this ugly duckling.

"You used to call me your comrade in the struggle, remember?" she says.

His flush deepens. That utterly ri-

diculous word, *struggle*. What was their struggle? They sat around at endless meetings until their behinds were covered with blisters, but when they rose from their seats to voice some fearlessly radical opinion (the class enemy must be fought even more mercilessly, this or that plan must be formulated even more resolutely), they felt like the figures in some heroic historical canvas: he is sinking to the ground, his bloodstained arm still clutching his gun, and she, pistol in hand, strides forward into the future he was not destined to see.

In those days his skin was spotted with a belated case of postpubertal acne, and in order to conceal it he covered his face with the mask of rebellion. He used to tell everyone that he had parted forever with his father, a rich farmer, and that he didn't give a damn for the moldy rural tradition of land and property. He was fond of describing the violent quarrel and his dramatic departure from home. There was not a shred of truth in it. Today, when he looks back at his youth, he can see nothing but fables and lies.

"In those days you were quite different," says Zdena.

Oh, if he could only get those letters back! He would stop at the nearest dump, lift the packet of letters with two fingers as if they were smeared

with excrement, and throw them into the garbage.

WHAT use are those letters to you, anyway?" she asks. "What do you want them for?"

He cannot very well tell her that he wants to throw them into the garbage. He assumes a melancholy tone of voice and explains to her that he has now reached a turning point in his life and wants to take a backward look.

He feels ill at ease, for he suspects that his story sounds lame, and he is ashamed.

Yes, he is looking backward, because by now he has forgotten what he was like in his youth. He knows that he has run aground. That's why he would like to review his past course, to see where he has failed. That's why he wants to study his correspondence with Zdena, because it contains the secret of his youth, a clue to his roots.

She shakes her head. "I'll never give them back to you."

"But I only want to borrow them," he lies.

She keeps shaking her head.

He knows that his letters are somewhere in this apartment, perhaps just a few steps away, and that nothing prevents her from letting anyone read them at any time. It seems unbearable to him that a piece of his life has remained in her hands, and he feels like

hitting her over the head with the heavy glass ashtray on the coffee table and carrying the letters off with him. Instead, he repeats his pleas about youth and origins and the need for looking backward.

She lifts her eyes, and the firmness of her gaze silences him. "I'll never give them to you. Never."

AS they step out of Zdena's apartment house together, both cars are still parked at the curb, one behind the other. The two agents are patrolling the opposite sidewalk. Now they stop and look intently at Mirek and Zdena.

He points them out to her. "These two gentlemen have been on my tail the whole trip."

"Really?" Her voice has a tone of deliberate irony. "Is everybody after you?"

How can she be so cynical as to insist to his face that the two men staring at them with such brazen insolence are merely casual passersby?

There is only one explanation. She is playing their game—a game of pretending that there is no such thing as a police agent and no such thing as police harassment.

In the meantime, as Mirek and Zdena watch, the two agents cross the street and climb into their car.

"Stay well," says Mirek, without so much as a glance at Zdena. He slips behind the wheel of his car. In the mirror he sees the agents' car pulling away from the curb behind him. He does not see Zdena. He does not want to see her—ever.

He thus will not know that she has remained standing on the sidewalk, gazing after him for a long time with a frightened look on her face.

No, it was not cynicism when she refused to recognize the men on the opposite side of the street as police agents. She was seized

by fear of circumstances that had grown too large for her. She was trying to hide the truth from him and from herself.

A RED convertible driven by some speedster has suddenly cut between Mirek and the police car. Mirek steps on the gas. They are just coming into a small town. The road curves sharply. Mirek realizes that at this moment his pursuers cannot see him, and veers off into a small side street. Tires squeal, and a boy who was about to cross the street barely manages to jump out of the way. In his mirror Mirek sees the convertible whisk by on the highway. But the pursuers' car has not yet come into view. A moment later

he manages to turn into still another street and to shake them for good.

He leaves the town by an entirely different route. He glances in the rear-view mirror. Nobody is following him, the road is empty.

He imagines the unfortunate pair of agents, anxiously searching for him, afraid of facing their chief. He bursts out laughing, slows down, and begins to look around at the landscape. This is something he has never actually done before. He has always been on the move toward some goal, to arrange something or to discuss something, so that physical space has meant little more than an impediment, a loss of time, an obstacle to his activity.

At a grade crossing a short distance



"When Alexander the Great stopped here, we thought the town would take off. But it didn't."

ahead, two red-and-white striped gates are slowly being lowered. He stops the car.

Suddenly he feels enormously tired. Why has he gone to all this trouble? Why bother with those letters?

He is seized by the senselessness, ridiculousness, childishness of his trip. There was no practical reason for it. He was impelled by some uncontrollable urge—the urge to reach far into the past and to smash it with his fist, the urge to slash to shreds the canvas of his youth—a passionate urge that he has been unable to master and that now will remain forever unappeased.

He is overwhelmed by weariness. It is probably no longer possible to remove the compromising documents from his apartment. They are on his track and will not let go. It's too late. Yes, it's too late for everything.

From a distance he hears the chugging of the train. A woman with a red kerchief on her head is standing near the gate. The train pulls in, a slow local. An old man with a pipe leans out of one of the windows and spits. Then the station bell starts ringing, and the woman with the red kerchief steps to the gate and turns a crank. The gate lifts, and Mirek is off. He enters a village that is nothing but a long, straight road with the railroad station at one end—a small, low white house, bordered by a picket fence, through which one can see the platform and the tracks.

THE station-house windows are decorated with flowerpots of begonias. Mirek stops the car. He is seated behind the wheel, and he is looking at the house, the windows, and the red flowers. From a long-forgotten past rises the memory of another white house with begonias blooming on the windowsills. A small hotel in a mountain village. Summer vacation. At the window, among the flowers, a long nose appears. And twenty-year-old Mirek looks up at that nose and feels an enormous surge of love.

His impulse is to step on the gas and escape this memory. But this time I refuse to let myself be robbed, I make this memory linger a moment more. And so I repeat: In the window, among the begonias, appears Zdena's face, with its huge nose, and Mirek feels a great love.

Is this possible?

Yes. And why not? Cannot a weak man feel a great love for an ugly woman?

He used to tell her how he rebelled against a reactionary father, she used to inveigh against intellectuals, they had

MONTAUK POINT

The magic starts
where the road unwinds into space
like the final dive from a barstool,
and the lighthouse throws its arms
past the quiet confetti of mainland.

What looks good in headlights
turns to dust under the sun.
Almost home, the car swallows the stripe.

The dipper handle points
to the end of land, where car lights fade
into spirit light,
a mass of wet granules that drop
mote-like to the sea:
black, gray, white.

—ROBERT LONG

blisters on their backsides, and they held hands. They attended meetings, denounced fellow-citizens, lied, and made love. She wept over the death of Masturbo, he growled on top of her body like a mad dog, and they could not live without each other.

He tore her out of the album of his memory not because he did not care for her but because he did. He erased her, together with his love for her, he scratched her out just as the propaganda bureau of the Party scratched out Clementis from the balcony on which Gottwald delivered his historic speech. Mirek rewrote history just like the Communist Party, like all political parties, like all nations, like all human beings. People clamor that they want to create a better future, but this is not true. The future is but an indifferent void that interests nobody, while the past is full of life and its countenance provokes, irritates, insults us, goading us to destroy or repaint it. People want to be masters of the future only in order to be able to improve the past. People fight for access to the laboratories where photographs are re-

touched and the histories of men and nations rewritten.

How long did he remain in front of that railroad station?

And what did this interlude mean?

It meant nothing.

He erased it at once from his memory, so that at this moment he no longer knows anything about a little white house with begonias. He is again speeding through the countryside, looking neither left nor right. The landscape of the world has once again turned into a mere obstacle to his progress.

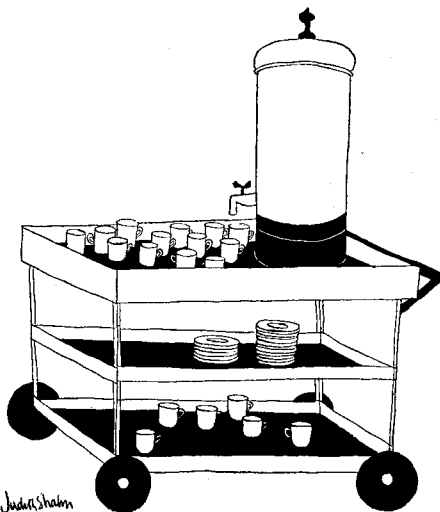
THE car that he has succeeded in eluding is parked in front of his house. The two men are standing nearby.

He pulls up behind their car and steps out. They smile at him almost cheerfully, as if Mirek's attempt at escape was but a merry prank, a pleasant diversion for them all. As he walks past them, the man with the thick neck and styled gray hair laughs and nods at him. Mirek cringes at this familiarity, for it is a hint that from now on they are going to be tied even more closely to one another.

He keeps his composure and enters the house. He unlocks the door of his apartment. He sees first his son, whose expression is full of suppressed agitation. A man wearing glasses approaches Mirek and identifies himself: "Do you wish to see the procurator's search warrant?"

"Yes," Mirek replies.

Two other strangers are in the apartment. One is standing at Mirek's writing desk, which is piled high with stacks of papers, notebooks, and books. He picks them up one after another while the second man, seated at the desk, lists what his colleague dictates.



Judith Shalom

The man with the glasses pulls a folded document out of his breast pocket and hands it to Mirek. "Here is the warrant, and over there"—he points at the two men—"a list of impounded material is being prepared for you."

The floor is littered with papers and books, the doors of cabinets gape, furniture has been shifted away from the walls.

His son leans toward Mirek and whispers, "They arrived five minutes after you left."

The men at the writing table continue to itemize the confiscated papers: letters from Mirek's friends, documents from the first days of the Russian occupation, political analyses, notes from meetings, and several pamphlets.

"You don't seem to have much respect for your fellow-citizens," says the man with the glasses, and nods in the direction of the manuscripts.

"There is nothing in this house which is contrary to the constitution," says Mirek's son, and Mirek knows that these are his own, Mirek's, words.

The man with the glasses retorts that it is for the court to decide what is or is not contrary to the constitution.

THE people who emigrated (they number a hundred and twenty thousand), the people who were silenced and driven from their work (they number half a million) are fading like a procession vanishing into the mist, invisible and forgotten.

But a prison, even though it is surrounded by walls, is a splendidly lighted theatre of history.

Mirek has known this for a long time. The idea of prison has been irresistibly luring him throughout the past year. Flaubert, no doubt, was fascinated in much the same way by the suicide of Madame Bovary. No, Mirek could not imagine a better ending for his life's story.

They wanted to erase hundreds of thousands of lives from human memory, so that the past could become but one long, unblemished idyll. But Mirek is going to plunge into this idyll and blotch it with his outstretched body. He is going to grasp the idyll and cling to it like the cap of Clementis on Gottwald's head.

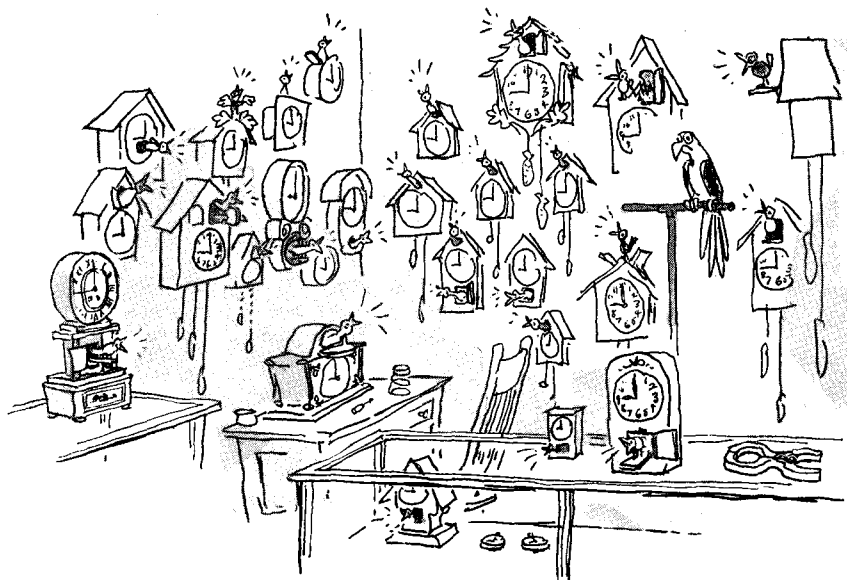
They had Mirek sign a list of impounded items, and then they asked him to come with them, along with his son. After a year of detention came the trial. Mirek was sentenced to six years, his son to two years, and a dozen of their friends to terms ranging from a year to six years in prison.

—MILAN KUNDERA

(Translated, from the Czech,
by Peter Kussi.)



"Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick," "Tick-tick."



"Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo," "Cuckoo."



BOOTH

"Lord A'mighty!"

ANNALS OF FINANCE

PRIVATEER—I

ON February 5, 1970, in the Great Hall of Justice of the Peace Palace, in The Hague, sixteen judges of the International Court of Justice, scores of lawyers, representing the governments of Belgium and Spain, and a couple of hundred spectators and reporters gathered to hear, at long last, the Court's judgment on the Case Concerning the Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Company, Ltd. The case was the biggest as to length of time under consideration, and the second biggest as to quantity of testimony, ever heard by the Court since it had been constituted under the United Nations Charter in 1945. Originally brought in 1958, the case had been withdrawn in 1961 and submitted again in 1962, and over the intervening years the testimony and written submissions on it had come to fill eleven fat printed volumes, totalling some seven thousand seven hundred pages, along with a whole shelf of supporting documents. But it was of unusual interest to those concerned with international law, and particularly with international trade, for reasons more relative than that. At issue was

whether or not the Belgian nationals who owned most of Barcelona Traction's once valuable and now worthless shares had been given adequate protection by the Spanish government and courts while the company was in the process of being seized, by startling and unprecedented means, between 1948 and 1952, by a group of private Spanish financiers. The matter was complicated (and, in the Belgian view, explained) by the fact that the only important member of the Spanish takeover group, a former tobacco smuggler named Juan March, had, through financial aid during the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39, been to some extent responsible for the ascent to power of the Spanish regime—that of Francisco Franco—which still ruled Spain during the years when the takeover was being effected.

Following customary procedure, the judgment, some fifty pages long, was read by the President of the Court—José Luis Bustamante y Rivero, of Peru—from his seat at the center of the judges' curved table at the front of the hall. At the moment Judge Bustamante began to read, two printed

copies of the judgment were placed in front of the chief lawyers who had argued the case for Belgium and for Spain. Again following custom at The Hague—a particularly austere custom in some cases—the lawyers refrained from peeking at the last page to learn the outcome. On this occasion, they had little temptation to do so: over the preceding two days, first the Spanish side and then the Belgian had learned through mysterious leaks that Spain had won. Thus the lawyers, on hand merely for reasons of ceremony and decorum, were not surprised when the crucial passage came: "The Court rejects the Belgian government's claim by fifteen votes to one."

Thus ended a case characterized by lawyers on the Belgian side as "almost unique in judicial annals" and "without precedent not only in Spain but abroad as well." It ended in what many authorities on international law regard as the successful legalized theft from its foreign owners of a company that supplied twenty per cent of all electric power produced in Spain—a far higher percentage than is supplied by any single company in the United

States, private or governmental—and that would have been one of Spain's largest companies but for the fact that it wasn't a Spanish company at all. Its charter and headquarters were in Canada and the owners of nearly all its stock were in Belgium. The theft, if such it was, had been accomplished by a series of maneuvers perhaps as reticulated and Machiavellian as anything in the whole checkered history of world finance. These began in February, 1948, when, despite the fact that Barcelona Traction had shown net profits of about three million seven hundred thousand dollars the previous year and had in its possession enough cash to pay off instantly all its obligations, a court in a provincial Catalan town declared it "bankrupt," in an action in which, as later evidence strongly suggested, the complainants, the trustees in bankruptcy, and



"And now, for the young at heart, we're going to play that same song again—this time with a disco beat."



"Begging your pardon, gents—a few corrections. First of all, it wasn't Madison Square Garden, it was Yankee Stadium. Secondly, it wasn't a fifteen-rounder, it was a ten. Thirdly, it wasn't a decision, it was a T.K.O. Fourthly, Abe Levitsky wasn't the loser, he was the winner. And finally, gents, I'm Abe Levitsky."

the judge himself were all allies of the man seeking to seize the company, Juan March. The maneuvers had continued with the physical seizure of Barcelona Traction's assets by the March-dominated trustees and then with a series of March-engineered blocking tactics, timed as exquisitely as a master's chess moves, that effectively prevented Barcelona Traction's owners from taking self-protective action under Spanish law. The whole affair had come to a head in 1952, when the trustees—emboldened by strange and, some thought, suspicious encouragement from the British Treasury, which was nominally acting to protect Barcelona Traction's British bondholders—declared the old foreign-held shares representing Barcelona's assets to be void; issued an entirely new set of shares, which were variously called "duplicate" and "bogus;" and sold those shares at a ridiculously low price to Juan March, thus establishing him as the new owner. Before the matter was brought to The Hague court, it was the subject of repeated diplomatic protests by the governments of Belgium, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, and on one occasion was the subject of a face-to-face plea by a Barcelona Traction representative, ac-

companied by the American lawyer and diplomat Arthur H. Dean, to Generalissimo Franco himself.

JUAN MARCH ORDINAS, by his own accounting the seventh-richest man in the world, was eight years in his grave—he had died following an automobile accident in 1962 at the age of eighty-one—when he achieved his greatest triumph. He had long since been canonized in Spain as "the last pirate of the Mediterranean;" more recently, he has been described by a young Spanish economic historian of the post-Franco era as "Spain's greatest capitalist and perhaps Spain's only capitalist." All but unknown in the United States, he was certainly the only Spaniard, and almost the only European, of this century to fit the description "robber baron," applied by Matthew Josephson and others to certain nineteenth-century Americans. The social climate of Europe has generally been far less favorable than that of the United States to individual rise by skill, guile, and ruthlessness from poverty to great wealth and power—and perhaps the temperament of European entrepreneurs has, too. March is an exception; but his career, the details of which are only now becoming known as post-

Franco Spain opens up, does not exactly fit the American model, either. It is an example of the predatory capitalist (fired by a touch of financial genius) operating in a relatively unindustrialized nation and, in the case of Barcelona Traction, preying upon victims beyond his own nation's borders—the citizens of industrial countries, themselves so often thought of as predatory—who invest for profit in countries poorer than their own. No doubt more Juan Marches will be seen in the future. In the meantime, March stands as one who in some ways outdid all our Carnegies, Rockefellers, and Vanderbilts: he was bolder, more guileful, and less inhibited by restraints of either prudence or conscience.

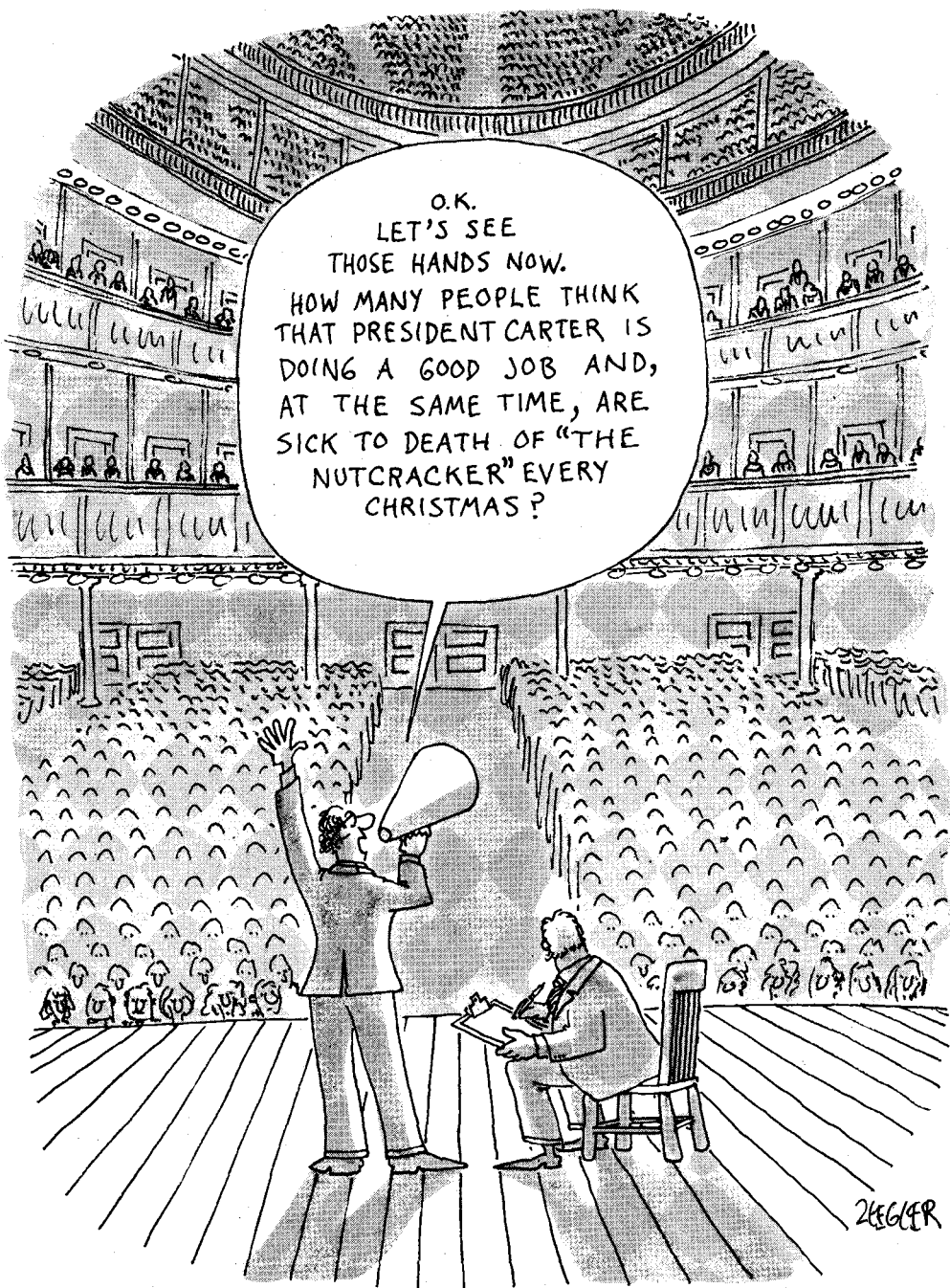
March's outstanding characteristics as a financier were patience, nerve, subtlety at negotiation, crude skill at bribery, and prodigious political adaptability. Over some fifty years, he put together deals that bore his unmistakable stamp as surely as a canvas of an accomplished artist bears *his* stamp; often March's financial victims could detect his hand in machinations against them from the style alone, long before they heard his name spoken as their enemy. He took corruption for granted, and used it casually and openly. Once

when he was entertaining a foreign businessman at his Madrid palace, a footman stood behind each guest's chair; the foreigner found himself seated next to a high Spanish tax official. "Don't offer him anything," March told the foreigner, indicating the tax man. "He's already been taken care of." March's one weakness seems to have been an irresistible propensity for boasting about his financial prowess, even to his own disadvantage. Early in the Barcelona Traction affair, for example, he equably told a key Barcelona Traction man that he was going to take over the company and make a hundred and fifty million dollars on the deal. (In fact, he probably did make nearly that much.) As for adapt-

ability, he managed not just to survive but to increase his fortune progressively under a string of radically different political structures, such as no American entrepreneur ever dreamed of encountering: the old monarchy of Alfonso XIII, under which, between 1903 and 1923, March made his first pile, chiefly by smuggling tobacco from North Africa to Spain; then, from 1923 to 1930, the Directory of Miguel Primo de Rivera, who began by driving March into exile but later welcomed him back, granted him a state monopoly worth millions, and honored him as a philanthropist; from 1931 to 1939, the ill-fated Spanish Republic, which sent March to prison and later, following Primo de Rivera's example,

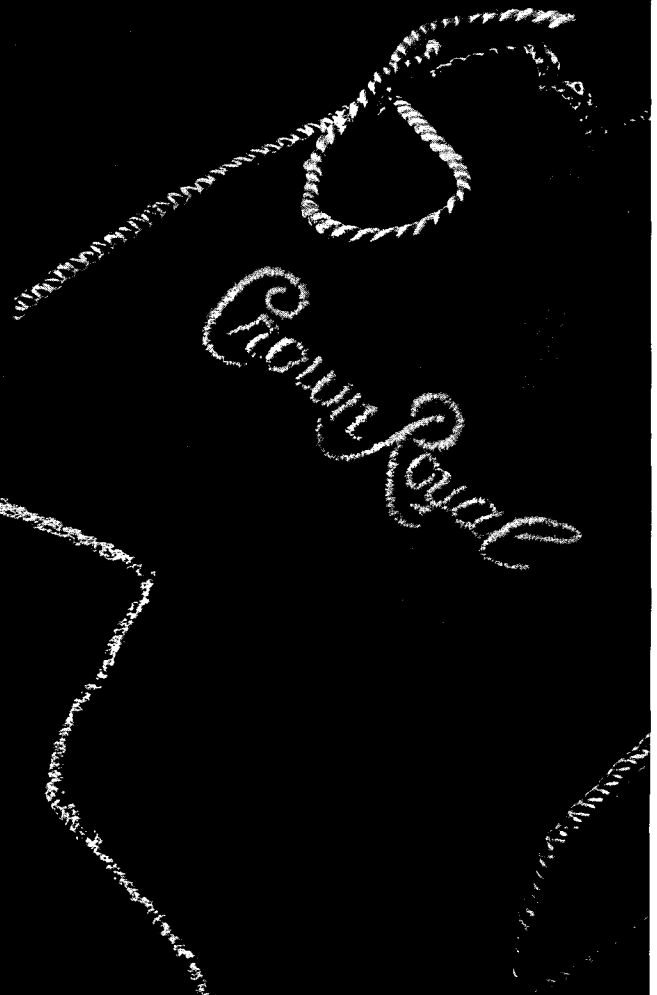
let him return and pursue his private interests unobstructed; and, beginning in 1939, the dictatorship of Franco, which, perhaps in return for March's timely bankrolling of the Nationalist uprising, seems at times to have granted him a kind of latter-day letter of marque authorizing him to plunder foreign economic targets of opportunity.

As a man past sixty—the time when he scored his greatest coup and when his fortune probably grew fastest—March was, by all accounts, anything but a prepossessing figure. The Spanish artist Ignacio Zuloaga depicted him in a 1941 portrait as tall and languorous, with an aristocratic air of command; but, in fact, as photographs and March's acquaintances of that time and later attest, he was rather short, bald, fragile-looking, and extremely pale, with very thick spectacles and a putty-like complexion that gave him the aspect of a puppet. An English businessman who had dealings with him in the years after the Second World War describes him as "a hideous old chap" with a bent, crooked walk, which March attributed to "all those years in prison." (The reference was evidently to seventeen months that he spent in 1932 and 1933 in Cárcel Modelo, in Madrid, and the prison of Alcalá de Henares, a short distance from that city, when he was charged with but not yet tried for bribery of government officials. Whatever hardships he endured must have been made more bearable by the fact that in the first prison he had what was called an "officer" cell, with cognac and liqueurs always handy to serve visitors, and two full-time secretaries and two full-time orderlies, while in the second he had, along with the secretaries and orderlies, a well-furnished suite consisting of a bedroom and a sitting room, and was able to assure himself of excellent meals by tipping one of the head cooks more than a hundred dollars a month and each of two assistant cooks half that much.) His manner of life was in keeping with his appearance. A bodyguard-valet—a thickset and determined but not really menacing-looking fellow named Bernardo—went with him everywhere in public, making arrangements and handing out tips. Women who had the bad luck to sit next to him at dinner have described him as having no conversation with them at all, and as seeming to feel that no effort at conversation was required of him. (Apart from Spanish, he spoke only halting French.) At the palace he maintained in Madrid, the many ser-



The New York Times - Carnegie Hall Poll

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF.



The butler did it.



After 20 years of driving Volkswagens religiously, the Reverend Dr. Gray-Smith converted.

Converting the Rev. Dr. Gray-Smith didn't take a miracle. It took a Renault Le Car hatchback.

He chose it over Rabbit, Fiesta, Chevette, Civic, and Mazda.

Le Car's 41 estimated highway mpg, (26) estimated mpg* was one good reason. But "in addition to needing a practical, economical car," he wrote, "I wanted one with style and personality." Le Car was the answer to his prayers. "Never before have so many friends said, 'We like your new car.'"

Dr. Gray-Smith is particularly pleased with the handling that comes from front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, and Michelin steel-belted radials—a combination of features that no other car in Le Car's class is blessed with.

And when it comes to comfort, the retired minister doesn't have to preach Le Car's virtues to anyone. With the longest wheelbase in its class, Le Car has a smooth ride that *Car and Driver* calls "a new standard for small cars."

In addition to four-wheel independent suspension to ride *on*, there are comfortable front bucket seats (reclining in the Le Car Deluxe) to ride *in*. Surrounded by the kind of headroom and legroom you won't find in some luxury sedans.

The rear seats fold down to provide 96% more luggage space than Civic. And the hatchback opens all the way to the bumper.

Le Car even has an optional giant sunroof which, on bright, sunny days, is heaven-sent.

Le Car has turned millions into true believers.

Le Car gives you a big list of standard features at a small list price (\$3895⁺). That's one reason why, in four consecutive Le Car owner surveys, satisfaction hit a miraculous 95%.

If you'd like to know the other reasons, call toll-free 800-631-1616 for the brochure, "Love Letters to Le Car." (In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.) We'll also give you a free Le Car catalogue. And send the name and address of a dealer who'll give you a Renault Le Car to test drive yourself.

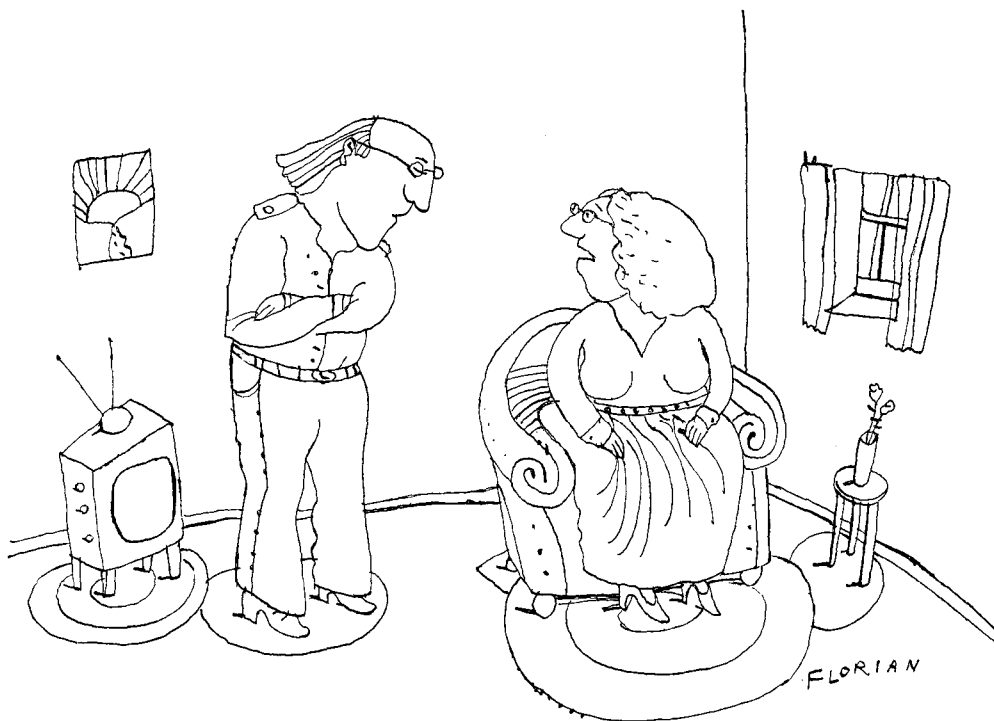
*1979 EPA estimates. Remember: Compare these estimated figures with estimated mpg for other cars. Your actual mileage may differ, depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded. ⁺Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag Wheels and Sun Roof optional at extra cost.

Le Car by Renault

Millions of satisfied owners are our best testimonial.

vants were well liveried but not polished or gracious. On some occasions, when a visitor arrived and told the footman who greeted him that he wished to see Señor March, the footman, instead of leading the way to the master of the house, would brusquely indicate the proper direction for the visitor to go with a pointed finger or a jerk of the thumb. Indeed, it might appear in retrospect that March in his later years had a disposition to exaggerate his physical unattractiveness, his lack of culture, and his lack of social graces, as if he were consciously playing *L'Avare*. Perhaps—although on the basis of other evidence it is an unlikely surmise—he shared with other celebrated rich men a craving for pity.

March's reputation with his countrymen had wild ups and downs during his lifetime, but now it is well settled. He is thought of as a villain by almost everyone, though from different points of view. To the Right he represents an aberration of capitalism, one whose misdeeds gave it a bad name; to the Left he represents capitalism's epitome; to both he is a symbol of an iridescently wicked, irresistibly fascinating past. (The shelves of the leading bookstores of post-Franco Madrid are lined with inside accounts—unpublishable during Franco's rule—of Spanish social, economic, and political life during the Civil War and under Franco, among them books about March.) Only outright Francoists continue to revere March—for the aid he gave their hero in 1936. The visible traces of him in Madrid now, more than a decade and a half after his death, are suggestive. There are the local headquarters and eight local branch offices of Banca March, a banking institution he founded in 1926, which these days generally tends to national business and avoids the foreign connections that were its founder's specialty. There is his former home on the Calle Núñez de Balboa, a six-story nineteenth-century structure with a huge, lush garden, which nevertheless lacks privacy, being overlooked by the balconies of a middle-class apartment house next door. March's house, when seen recently, stood empty and was dilapidated to a degree; pieces of masonry had fallen off, and on the walls facing the street were scrawled pro-Francoist graffiti—ironic reminders of the old man and his most useful political connection. Quite different in aspect is the Juan March Foundation, a few blocks away, at the corner of Castelló and Padilla. March established the Foundation in 1955, with an initial gift of three



*"You mean all this time there were no piano lessons,
no trips to Philadelphia?"*

hundred million pesetas (the peseta was then worth about two and one-third cents) and one million two hundred thousand dollars, to make grants and awards in the arts, the natural sciences, and the social sciences. He subsequently gave it much larger sums. The reputation of the March Foundation was insubstantial at first—particularly after some early grants to people who appeared to be in a position to help March's business interests—but it has risen since his death, and the Foundation is now without question the largest and most influential institution of its kind in Spain. (In this regard, March comes off as more public-spirited than Henry Ford, who left it to his successors to establish the Ford Foundation in its present form.) The March Foundation's building is six stories of immaculate, if undistinguished, modern design, with alternating horizontal strips of gleaming glass and white marble, and smoothly curved corners. Its well-kept garden features modern Spanish sculptures, all briskly abstract, and a wall plaque bearing the Foundation motto, "*Ad maius Hispaniae lumen*." Inside, a showcase on the second floor displays the fruits of typical grantee projects—books and papers with such titles as "William Dean Howells and Armando Palacio Valdés: A Literary Friendship," "Pre-Hispanic Palma," "Architecture and Repression," "Spain à Go-Go," and "Private Life

and Information: A Permanent Conflict." On the ground floor is a spacious art gallery, in which in the autumn of 1977 was shown a handsome exhibition of thirty oils and one gouache, mostly borrowed from abroad, by Pablo Picasso—Picasso, who had long since become the living symbol of opposition to March's beneficiary Franco, and would not set foot on his native soil while Franco ruled it. One wonders what he would have thought of the exhibition; in any case, its reception in the transitional Spain of 1977 was well summed up in an observation by the newspaper *Arriba's* critic, who called Picasso's "reëncounter" with Spain "a symbol." (Or it could have been Spain's re-encounter with Picasso.) But perhaps even more clearly than by the Picasso exhibition the mood of the March Foundation in the nineteen-seventies is conveyed by the life-size bronze sculpture of the founder, which stands in the lobby. Done in 1974 (twelve years after its subject's death), by Pablo Serrano, it shows March leaning forward in a chair, his chest hollow as if caved in, horny hands gripping the chair's arms, and with the face of a rapacious old bird of prey. The piece is the antithesis of Zuloaga's blandly flattering portrait; its comment is so savage as to make it almost a gargoyle. The implication can hardly be missed that the Juan March Foundation, like so many institutional monuments to the found-

ers of fortunes in other countries, is now disposed to put a distance between itself and the source of its wealth.

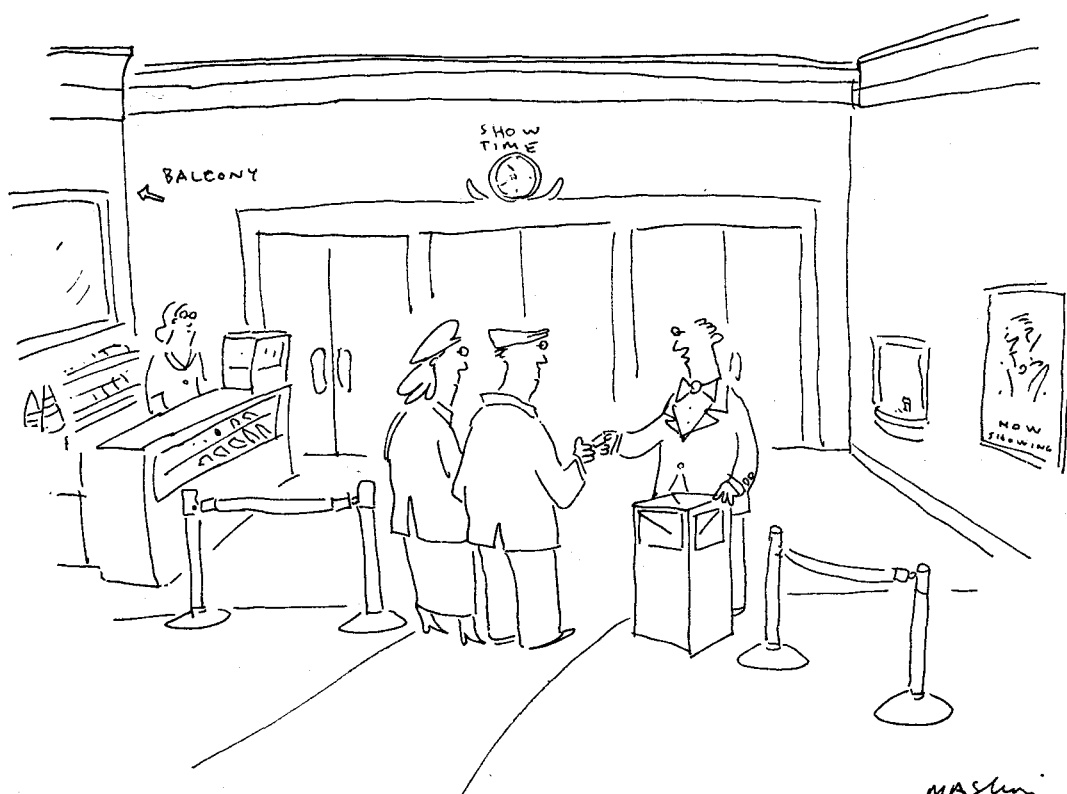
In Palma, the capital city of March's home island of Majorca, his residual presence has more broadly symbolic overtones. In the old part of the city, near the waterfront, there stand, in an almost equilateral triangle around the Plaza Almoina, three of the local architectural monuments: the Almudaina Palace, which was built by the Moors in the twelfth century, was later the home of the kings of Majorca, and is now occupied by the local Civil Guard, or national police; the great, soaring Gothic Cathedral of Palma; and the porticoed medieval palace, its façade painted with cupids and draperies, that about half a century ago became Juan March's Palma residence. (He also maintained a vast estate, containing a complete village, in the southeastern part of the island.) If the Almudaina and the cathedral represent traditional secular and religious authority, the March residence may be taken to represent a third, more recent force—the power of the individual, based on money—which has arisen in Spain, as in other European societies, since the Renaissance. As exemplified by March, it is a force that should perhaps not be too quickly accepted as more liberal than the other two. The three forces were joined both physically and metaphorically in

the great wedding, shortly before March's death, of one of his granddaughters: after the religious ceremony in the cathedral, the bride, the bridegroom, and fifteen hundred-odd guests proceeded, under the protective eyes of the Civil Guard, along a red carpet laid across the Plaza Almoina to March's house, where a splendid reception was held. Today, the house still belongs to members of the March family, though none of them are there often. A sign on an accessible side door suggests, through a vivid pictograph, that anyone tampering with the door will be struck dead by electricity. In 1945, one wing of the building became the B. March Servera Library, named for one of Juan March's sons and open to the people of Majorca (but apparently not always to strangers, for recently I twice presented myself at its door during the announced open hours, asked a guard for admittance, and was refused). Finally, Juan March's burial place, in the Municipal Cemetery, on the outskirts of Palma, is one of the minor sights of the city. Flanked by the headstones and small sepulchres of ordinary Palmans, which are arranged in rows, like streets of modest town houses, and many of which are decorated not only with flowers but with photographs of the deceased, it stands like a walled city of massive granite, with its own cypress garden surrounding it. Its most

striking feature, though, is not its size or impressiveness but the fact that, in contrast to all the surrounding graves, in the stones of which are carved names and, often, sentimental or religious inscriptions, it nowhere on the outside bears the name of March or any other writing. Its inhabitant, after all, was a secretive man, who shunned the limelight; but, what is perhaps more to the point, any Majorcan knows without being told that this tomb could belong to no one but Juan March.

If there were an inscription on his sepulchre, perhaps none could be more fitting than the half-loathing, half-admiring words spoken in June, 1932, to the Spanish Cortes, or parliament, by Jaime Carner, who was then Minister of Finance of the Spanish Republic. "March is an extraordinary case," said Carner, a businessman ordinarily given to careful speech rather than to political rhetoric. "March is not an enemy of the Republic, any more than he is a friend of the Republic; March was neither friend nor enemy of the Directory; March was neither friend nor enemy of the Monarchy; March is neither friend nor enemy of anyone; March is March; March is an exceptional man, and to judge by his intelligence and his perspicacity, it is perhaps necessary, gentlemen, to go back to certain types and certain personalities of the Middle Ages; this is a man of the Middle Ages, with modern means and instruments. March is one of those men who, centuries ago, cruised the Mediterranean in search of their destiny, seeking to realize their will, who considered as enemies only those who crimped or attempted to halt the course of that will. . . . This is a man possessed; he believes himself the master of truth. . . . Either the Republic will submit to him or he will submit to the Republic."

The comparison between March's early career and that of the pirates of past times was apt, and especially apt in terms of geography. The Mediterranean was for centuries the particular province of pirates. As early as the first century B.C., Rome was sometimes almost starved by pirates' interceptions of grain convoys; Pompey succeeded in putting an end to



"Be sure to visit our fur vault during the intermission."

**In just two minutes,
this man's face is going to look terrific.**



He'll look bright. Brisk. Rested.
Ready to start a good day.

Because his face got a brand new
start. With Clinique's Face Scrub.

Face Scrub is a tube of fine grains
in a non-greasy base. A small amount,
rubbed into wet skin, clears away
the skin's daily trash: Dead skin cells.
Flakes. Excessive oil. Grime.

Face Scrub is the quick dependable
way to revive a man's looks. To give
his face a younger-looking freshness.

Like all Clinique, Face Scrub is
allergy tested, 100% fragrance free.
Find it—along with a fast, free skin
analysis—at any Clinique counter.

Face Scrub. You'll look good as new
again. In just two minutes.

CLINIQUE
SKIN SUPPLIES FOR MEN

Somewhere around 400 B.C., a group of Celts quit feuding long enough to build a little village on the Danube.

In 800 A.D. it was christened Vienna and that made everyone Viennese.

Which meant the search was on for some nice music to dance to.

When Johann Strauss, Eduard's great-great-grandfather, came along and gave us the waltz 1,000 years later, we lionized him.

But our national quirk, best expressed by the attitude that life is a stage to play on, compels us to go with the disco as well.

It's this love of all things pleasant

that gives us Vienna with eleven stately concert halls on the one hand and 50 acres of lively amusement park on the other.

A sophisticated night life after the sun goes down, the quiet beauty of the Vienna Woods after the sun comes up.

It also gives us Innsbruck. An incredible ski center in the winter. An incredible vacation area in the summer.

And Salzburg, called "The Rome of the North." Except that doesn't do it justice.

And Graz. You've never been to Graz?

Or taken a river boat down the

Danube? Or driven over the roof of the Alps? Or encountered a hot sausage at a "Würstelstand"?

It's time. And it's easy.

Swissair, the airline of the Alps and representing Austrian Airlines, is your logical choice.

Just give them a call or see your local travel agent.

Meanwhile, if you'd like to know more about the pleasures of our country, drop us a line and we'll mail you some beautiful things:

Austrian National Tourist Office,
Dept. B., 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.
10017.



"In Austria,
our coffee houses remain
faithfully old-world.
I somehow wish
the same were true
of dancing."

Eduard Strauss



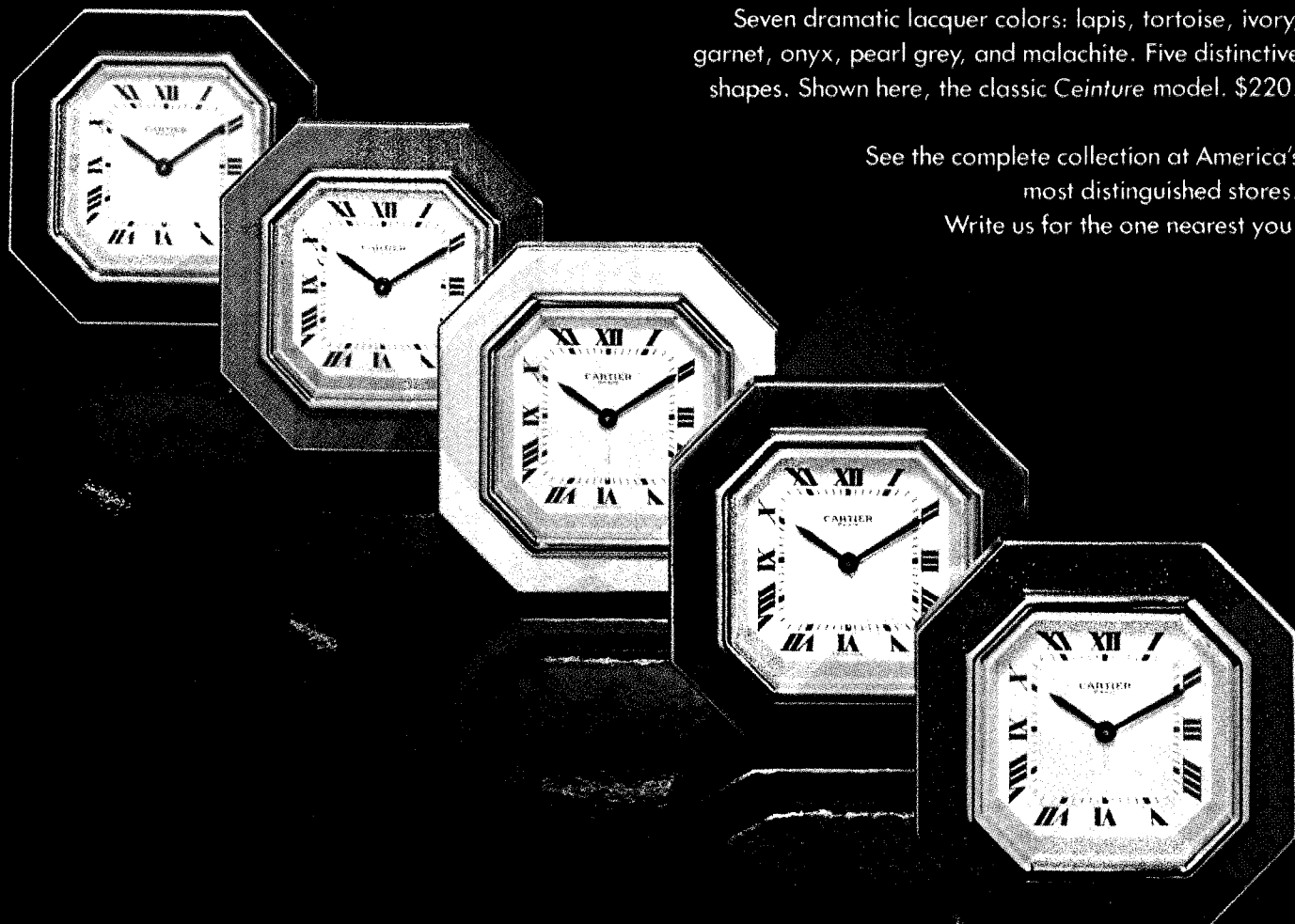
les must[®] de Cartier

Another "Must" from Paris . . . Cartier continues its tradition of bringing the beauty of *haute couture* jewelry to clock-making with the lacquer clock collection.

Seven dramatic lacquer colors: lapis, tortoise, ivory, garnet, onyx, pearl grey, and malachite. Five distinctive shapes. Shown here, the classic Ceinture model. \$220.

See the complete collection at America's most distinguished stores.

Write us for the one nearest you.



les must[®] de Cartier

16 East 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 753-7004

Mediterranean piracy for a time, but it revived with the decline of the Roman Empire, and thereafter continued almost up to modern times. During most of the period, in consequence of the undeveloped state of maritime law, there was not even any great stigma attached to it. Merchant ships took their chances equally with storms and with freebooters. Similarly, the Spanish authorities of the early twentieth century often adopted a lax attitude toward Mediterranean tobacco smuggling, partly because of the generous bribes that smugglers were accustomed to giving revenue officials, and partly because the tax-paying tobacco-importing trade was unpopular anyway. A Spanish newspaper noted in 1916, "Up to a point, the smuggling of tobacco has been viewed with sympathy. It is a protest against an odious monopoly." The Muslim Mediterranean pirates of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries operated from the Barbary Coast of northwest Africa—the terrain, perhaps the very coves and cays, that March made the bases of his smuggling operations. All the major European powers, though they made attempts to destroy the Barbary pirates, generally found it more convenient to pay tribute—just as the Spanish government, repeatedly outwitted by March, eventually found it convenient to award him the government tobacco monopoly for Spanish Morocco. In the late eighteenth century, Mediterranean piracy declined—or, rather, it transformed itself gradually into privateering. A pirate is a free-lance thief, holding no commission and protected by no national flag; a privateer, on the other hand, is a privately owned vessel, or its commander, formally commissioned by its owner's government to plunder, for his benefit and that government's, the ships of rival nations. Privateering in the Mediterranean, primarily by ships of the Barbary States, reached its peak around 1800, then declined rapidly under vastly increased pressure from the growing European and American navies. The past privateers in history sailed for the Confederacy in the American Civil War. True enough, smuggling is neither piracy nor privateering; smugglers, preoccupied with avoiding seizure themselves, do not ordinarily attack or seize other ships—although March, who succeeded in manipulating the German submarine fleet during the First World War, was probably able to bring about such attacks. The analogy is nevertheless a striking one, even down to the detail that March, in the

manner of the Muslim corsairs, was eventually able to graduate from what might be called civil piracy to what might be called civil privateering.

MARCH was born in Santa Margarita, a village in north-central Majorca, on October 4, 1880. (Inexplicably for a man with a genius for figures and no apparent physical vanity, in later years he gave his birth year on various affidavits as 1881, and his foundation now gives it as 1882.) According to one of his posthumous biographers—Ramón Garriga, the author of "Juan March and His Time," who interviewed people close to March—he was the son of a laborer who late in life was able to become a pig farmer, and the father, noting the son's unusual mathematical ability, made sacrifices in order to send him to the Franciscan school in Pont d'Inca, on the outskirts of Palma. There, though a later legend had it that he remained illiterate until the age of forty, March learned what most Majorcan peasants of the time, and more than forty-five per cent of all Spaniards of the time, never learned at all—reading, writing, and arithmetic. Later, his parents arranged for him to become a messenger in the offices of a Majorcan businessman. No documents concerning March's first twenty years survive, but Garriga says that he "had scarcely come of age when he left his parents' house and struck out on his own" as a pig dealer, a buyer of land, and a financier of contraband. Much of the information about March's life in his early twenties comes from an autobiographical speech he made in the Cortes in 1931, defending himself against charges of bribery brought by various leaders of the newly fledged Republican government. By 1903, March said, he was engaged in Majorcan real-estate operations, his capital being "solely and exclusively . . . the credit that my capacity for trade inspired in the Majorcan banking industry." In Majorca, which had lived formally under a feudal system until early in the nineteenth century, for a peasant to become a landowner at the beginning of the twentieth was in itself a remarkable achievement. Getting into the smuggling trade was a less remarkable one. Many seagoing residents of the Balearic Islands, of which Majorca is the largest, had dealt for centuries in contraband—particularly tobacco, which was brought from Morocco and stored in Majorcan caves, pending its distribution to the Iberian mainland. March, although he

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD



EASY TO LOVE . . .

a truly versatile dress that takes you almost anywhere in style! Soft, pure cotton knit T with button-front and self sash is easy to wear, easy to care for and travels like a pro. By Tapemeasure, in cornflower blue or jade green. Sizes 6 to 14, \$38.

No COD's. Add \$1.50 shipping & tax where applicable. American Express and major Credit Cards honored.

605 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 / 212 355-0733

A TOUCH OF LINEN

Retaining that Brooks Brothers look in hottest summer is precisely what this handsome sport coat does for you. The polyester/linen blend is cool, comfortable, and resists wrinkles. Tan, light blue, navy, yellow, cinnamon, green, \$130. Also in assorted plaids. \$135

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies.

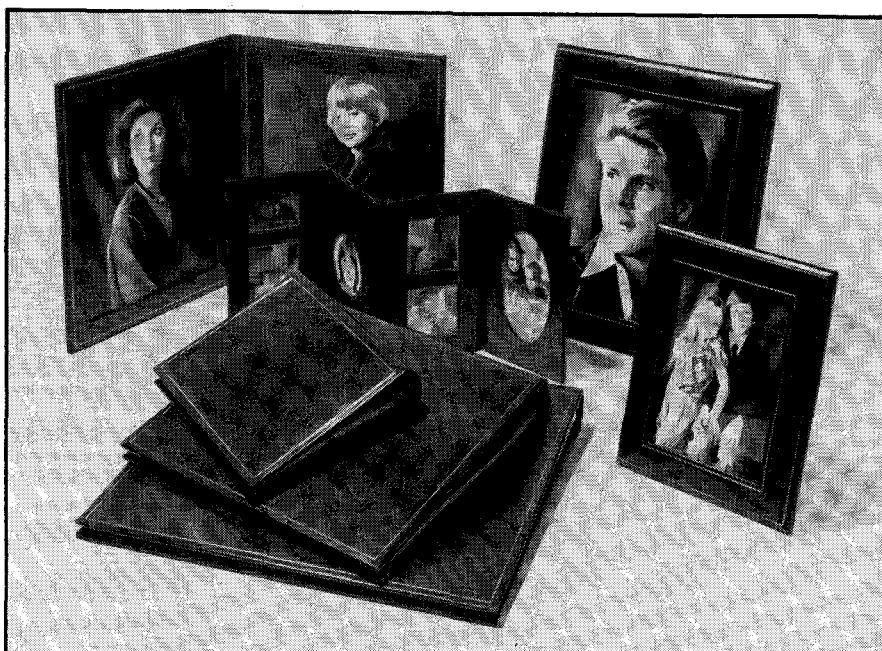


ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING

Mens & Boys Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



Fine Leather...

Double Frame. Gold-tooled, holds 2 pictures.
□ 8x10", \$33.50. □ 5x7", \$24.50.

Easel Frame. Gold-tooled, stands horizontal or vertical. □ 11x14", \$45.00. □ 8x10", \$22.50. □ 5x7", \$18.50.

Specify color: □ red, □ black, □ indigo, □ green, □ brown, □ white. Add \$2.00 shipping.

Four-Panel Frame. Holds 6 snapshots, folds to 4¼x7". □ \$29.50.

Albums. Gold-tooled, moire-lined ring binders with 10 acetate sleeves. □ 11x14", \$49.50. □ 8x10", \$32.50. □ 5x7", \$27.50. 10 extra sleeves: □ 11x14", \$10.00; □ 8x10", \$7.00; □ 5x7", \$6.00.

T. ANTHONY LTD.
FINEST LUGGAGE & GIFTS

Check boxes to order. Our catalog \$1.00. We initial free.
772 Madison Avenue at 66th Street, New York 10021
(212) 879-2730, 737-2573. In New York add sales tax.

soon became part owner of a schooner, did not himself sail on the risky voyages necessary to his enterprise; his contribution was to study the sea routes and the government's surveillance methods, and, from a desk onshore, to organize the smuggling trade into what a Spanish Finance Minister later called, with grudging respect, "modern, technical" smuggling.

As March told the Cortes in 1931, to deny that he had "dealt more or less indirectly in contraband" would be "puerile." In mitigation of his having done so, it is only fair to point out that for an ambitious young Spaniard with a talent for business and industry but without higher education or social standing there were few opportunities in Spain in the time of March's youth and young manhood. It was in that period that large-scale industry in Spain was being organized for the first time, mostly by foreigners. (To name an instance that was to play a large part in March's career, Barcelona Traction, the great hydroelectric power company of Catalonia, was organized by an American, with mainly British backing, in 1911.) Those Spaniards who were able to make fortunes out of companies like these were usually men of inherited means and professional training. Even in the case of Spanish-owned industries, the government was in the habit of granting official monopolies to people with the proper social or political credentials. The North African tobacco trade, which March made his field of endeavor, was a rigid government monopoly. There was virtually no way for an outsider to enter it as an entrepreneur except by becoming a smuggler.

In any case, March's statement that he had "dealt more or less indirectly in contraband" was a wild understatement. In 1906, according to his account to the Cortes, he used the first profits from the land business to invest in an Algerian tobacco factory. This foothold in North Africa marked the beginning of an enormous expansion of his business interests. Soon he was making investments in real estate and hydroelectric power in Majorca. A whole fleet of launches, faster than those used by the Spanish revenue authorities, came into play to carry his tobacco from North Africa to Spain, and from point to point along the Mediterranean African coast. Meanwhile, March provided himself with astute and politically influential legal counsel in the dapper, mustachioed person of Emiliano Iglesias, a journalist, politician, and lawyer, two years older than March, who in the first

years of the century was deputy to Alejandro Lerroux as head of the so-called Radical (which later came to mean centrist) Party. Sometime after 1910, Iglesias became March's principal lawyer. He was, in Garriga's words, "a man who would be skillful in buying witnesses and convincing judges of the innocence of his clients, arts that are not learned in law school." Should one of March's launches carrying contraband somehow be overtaken by a lumbering revenue boat, there was always Iglesias to persuade the authorities that the event had been misinterpreted—or that it had never occurred.

By one means and another, March went on to become by 1911 the dominant factor in a good part of the North African tobacco trade and eventually, as Finance Minister Carner put it in 1932, the founder and proprietor of "an invisible and mysterious city that sprawls from Tangier to Cape Creus," at the eastern end of the Pyrenees. In 1911, the Spanish government of King Alfonso XIII formally allowed March to buy from a French concern a monopoly on tobacco sales in the entire Spanish North African zone, excluding the ports of Ceuta and Melilla. This was an important exclusion, since Ceuta and Melilla were among the leading tobacco-exporting ports of the region, but it was nevertheless an outstanding victory for March, in that it represented an outright capitulation of the government to him and his organization. March explained to the Cortes in 1931 that the grant of monopoly had been made "because of my knowledge of the tobacco business, because of my credit from my Moroccan manufacturing, and because of exclusively personal measures." Whatever these last may have been, evidence presented before the Cortes in 1932 suggested that the reason for the grant was that the Spanish authorities, having found tobacco-tax revenues to be dropping precipitously as a result of March's increasingly effective smuggling operations, had decided that it would be cheaper to join him than to fight him. If so, they yielded in vain, because March, the new monopolist, cheerfully continued smuggling, now cheating not only the government but also his own officially sanctioned company.

The First World War provided March his first major opportunity to develop what later proved to be his greatest talent—the ability to exploit conflicting forces to his personal double advantage. Toward the end of his thirties—by that time married and with two

On January 17, 1980 the world's greatest ship embarks on the world's greatest cruise. **The Queen Around the World.**

In celebration of her 10th anniversary, Queen Elizabeth 2 sails from New York westward around the world. In 80 days, she will travel almost 30,000 miles, through seven seas, touching four continents, visiting 26 ports.

What a world you'll see! The Caribbean, the Panama Canal and Mexico. The Orient, including Japan and China. The magic of the Taj Mahal. The Black Sea, Russia and Romania. A northward passage of the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean and the gateways to the ancient world—Egypt, Israel, Turkey, Greece and Italy. Then along the French Riviera, through the Straits of Gibraltar to Spain, France and Great Britain.

What a world to see it from! The Queen. The only ship in the world especially designed for world cruising with the largest, most sumptuous staterooms afloat. The Queen is nine hundred feet of sheer majesty. Thirteen decks of fun and excitement surrounded by the romance of the open sea. Dining, dancing, swimming, and relaxing. World-famous authors, lecturers and over 500 entertainers. And the impeccable service of her British crew.

Where would you prefer to board? You can join the Queen's World Cruise at any one of three embarkation points: New York, Ft. Lauderdale or Los Angeles. From Ft. Lauderdale, departing on January 19,

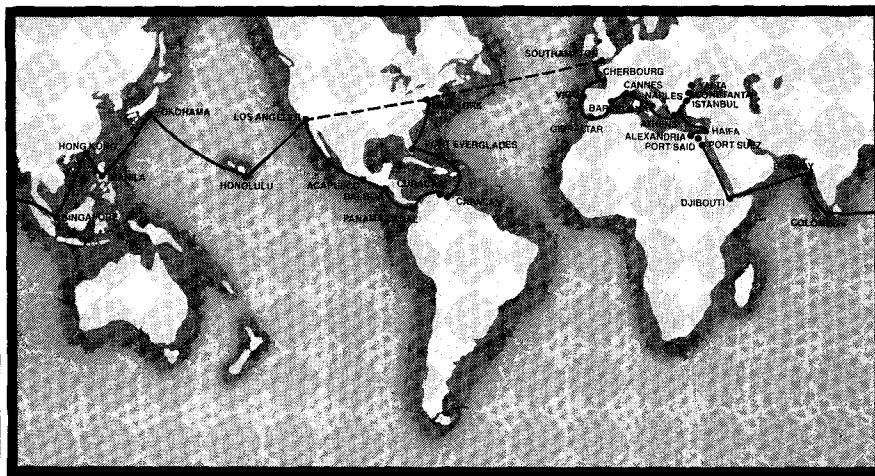
you'll spend 78 days cruising and visit 26 ports. From Los Angeles, departing on January 31, the cruise is 60 days, calling at 21 ports.

Free air fare to and from your hometown. As a special bonus, our world cruise passengers will receive complimentary air tickets to or from their hometown when they book the full cruise. (60-day minimum). Rates for the entire 80-day cruise from New York are \$9,950—\$54,000 per person, double occupancy. Rates for the 60-day cruise from L.A. are \$8,650—\$46,500 per person, double occupancy. And if you don't have time for the whole cruise, we offer an attractive and exciting variety of shorter segments, with air/sea packages available.

The world and the Queen are waiting for you. Reserve now. See your travel agent or write Vaughn Rickard, Cunard, Dept. N521 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



CUNARD
Queen Elizabeth 2
For once in your life, live.
British Registry





Jamaica's new resort for people who travel.

But aren't tourists.

You are cordially invited to Jamaica Hill, a unique resort opening this year in Port Antonio.

Accommodations are spacious and elegant, of course. With only forty-four 2-story villas on estate grounds. There is wonderful food (including Jamaican delicacies), tennis courts, a pool and a spectacular beach.

But at Jamaica Hill, fine facilities are only the beginning. Everything is planned to offer guests a rich cultural experience, not a surface "touristic" glance. Jamaica is too lovely for that.

For example, suites are decorated with fine Jamaican art and sculpture. Fresh tropical fruits and flowers are arranged daily.

Customized excursions are planned to take you away from the crowd.

And into the real Jamaica. To theatre productions. The botanical gardens. The waterfalls and spectacular mountain places tourists seldom see.

If you've always been a sophisticated traveler instead of a tourist, see your travel agent or write for a detailed brochure.

Jamaica Hill

Estate Resort and Villas

Norwegian Caribbean Associates.
One Biscayne Tower, Miami, Florida 33131

sons—he was, according to a contemporary account by a lawyer with whom he had dealings, "agile and decisive, with a cropped head of hair and a birdlike face." The lawyer's description continued, "He had a slightly squinting look, which became more penetrating through his glasses. His gestures were grave and rapid, and he was master of a language that cut like a razor." And he chain-smoked thick cigars, leaving behind in rooms where he had been a cloud of smoke that seemed to the lawyer to be physical evidence of "a force of nature."

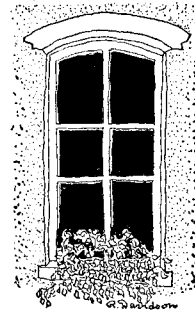
The principal source on March's activities during the war is a book by Manuel Dominguez Benavides entitled "The Last Pirate of the Mediterranean," which is in some ways as interesting for its publishing history as for its contents. First brought out in Barcelona in 1934, it was so effectively suppressed—presumably through purchases of all available copies by March, his family, and his business associates—that it quickly became, for all practical purposes, unobtainable. In 1953, it was republished in Moscow, with a Russian introduction; then, in 1977, a Mexican edition was issued, of which some copies have found their way back to Spain. "The Last Pirate" is the story of the early career of March, who is thinly disguised as "Juan Albert," apparently to ward off lawsuits or more forthright forms of reprisal. A young Spanish Socialist, Bernardo Díaz Nosty, whose careful biography "The Irresistible Rise of Juan March" was published in Madrid in 1977, calls the Benavides book "outstanding, and not precisely for its worth," but nevertheless finds that it "corresponds in its major parts to true documentation."

According to Benavides, March early in the war negotiated an agreement with the British Admiralty under which the Admiralty would use its influence to persuade the French to authorize the export of tobacco from Algiers, to March's advantage, and March, for his part, would supply intelligence on Mediterranean ship movements to the Allies. (This may have been the first agreement between March and British officials who were willing to sacrifice commercial ethics to realpolitik or other considerations; if circumstantial evidence is to be credited, more such agreements followed, extending well into the post-Second World War period.) That some accommodation between March and the French actually

came about is suggested by Paris press comments of the time to the effect that a certain "Señor M . . . a contrabander celebrated in all Spain" was engaged in activities "on the one hand to cheat the [French] State, and on the other to favor the government that rules it." A bit later in the war, a French paper went so far as to call March a "lover of France." According to Benavides, though, March, based in Gibraltar, was at the same time energetically dealing with the Germans. German submarines

dominated the Mediterranean but were always short of supplies; March offered them fuel and food in exchange for free passage of his smuggling ships. Obscure Spanish-shore havens became the loading and fuelling points; Benavides names specific places where the March organization kept caches for delivery by ap-

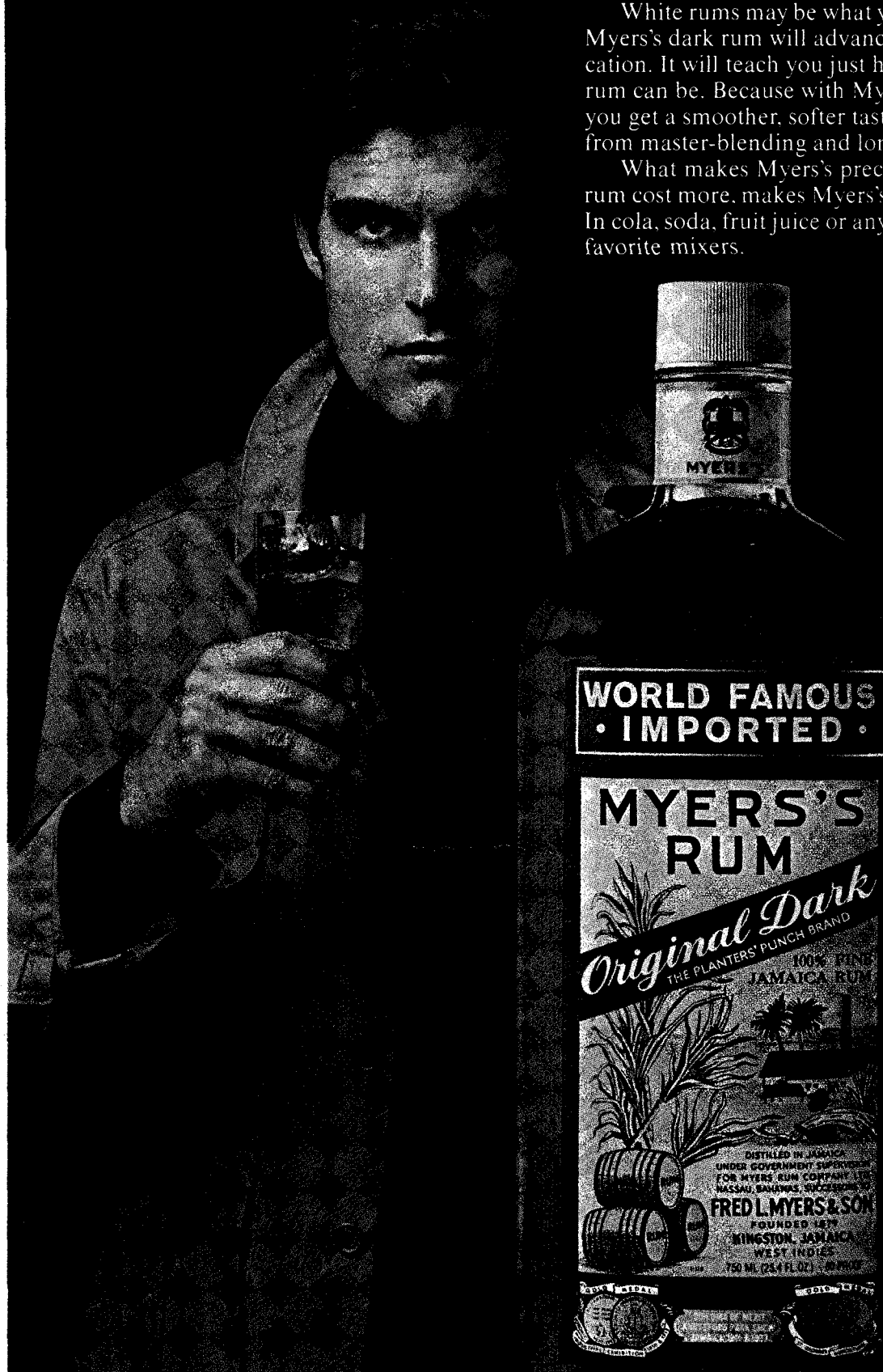
pointment to submarines. As for the Germans, Benavides says, they were only too happy to cooperate with March in a baroque arrangement designed to allow them to acquire goods and capture or destroy Allied ships without putting March in the Allies' disfavor. An Allied ship consigned to Marseilles would be loaded with gasoline at one of March's North African hideaways; then, en route to Marseilles, it would be intercepted by a German sub, which would seize it and its cargo. The captain of the captured ship would, of course, be unaware that March had notified the Germans of the victim's cargo and route, and March could say to his trusting friends the Allied authorities, "What bad luck! But such are the fortunes of war." However, he had indirectly delivered to the Germans a ship and a load of fuel, for which he would presumably be paid. The evidence that this form of transaction, and variations on it, took place repeatedly is circumstantial but convincing. For example, according to a story still told in Majorca—from whose coast submarine attacks on Allied and neutral ships were often plainly visible—one Mediterranean sea captain who had several times lost his ships and their cargo to submarines en route from Africa to France finally became exasperated and took a devious, evasive course without telling anyone, even his principals. Having arrived safely in Marseilles, he found himself dismissed, without explanation, by the company manager. It seemed to be his skill in evading the German submarines that had earned him dismissal. Another captain who escaped ambush



"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's Rum."

White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending and longer aging.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.



MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic, fruit juice.
Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum, P.O. Box 1622, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022. Offer expires December 31, 1980.

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD.



Yesterday it was the Grand Hotels.

In the days when travel was measured in weeks instead of hours, hotel guests were welcomed into a world where the luxury was total, the service complete. The legendary grand hotel.

Times have changed, and

Preferred Hotels offer the same kind of sanctuary to today's luxury hotel guests. Preferred Hotels is an association of today's great independent hotels. An association linked by standards, not a chain. And by a



Today it's Preferred.

central reservation system you can call toll-free all across North America.

See your travel agent or call 800-323-7500 (except in Illinois, call 800-942-7400). In Canada call 1-800-661-1262. In Alaska call 800-323-3636.

Today it's Preferred.

For today's luxury hotel guest, the grand hotels have their modern counterparts, the Preferred Hotels listed below:

Anchorage
CAPTAIN COOK HOTEL

**Beverly Hills/
Los Angeles**
BEVERLY WILSHIRE
HOTEL

Boston
THE RITZ-CARLTON

Chicago
THE DRAKE

Denver
THE BROWN PALACE
HOTEL

Detroit
HOTEL
PONTCHARTRAIN

Houston
THE WARWICK

Indianapolis
THE ATKINSON HOTEL

Kansas City
ALAMEDA PLAZA

Las Vegas
DESERT INN AND
COUNTRY CLUB

Milwaukee
THE PFISTER HOTEL
AND TOWER

Minneapolis
THE MARQUETTE INN
THE NORTHSTAR INN

New Orleans
THE PONTCHARTRAIN

New York City
THE PIERRE

Philadelphia
THE BARCLAY

Roanoke
HOTEL ROANOKE

Salt Lake City
THE HOTEL UTAH

San Francisco
THE STANFORD COURT

St. Louis
THE CLAYTON INN

Washington, D.C.
THE WATERGATE
HOTEL
THE EMBASSY ROW
HOTEL

CANADA
Calgary
THE INTERNATIONAL

Toronto
PARK PLAZA HOTEL
HOTEL PLAZA I
THE PRINCE HOTEL

Vancouver
GEORGIA HOTEL

**AFFILIATED
HOTELS**

Buenos Aires
THE PLAZA

London
THE DORCHESTER

Lima
THE GRAN HOTEL
BOLIVAR

Lucerne
THE GRAND HOTEL
NATIONAL

Madrid
HOTEL PALACE

Paris
PLAZA ATHENE

Rome
HASSLER VILLA MEDICI

Vienna
BRISTOL

**Wiesbaden/
Frankfurt**
HOTEL
NASSAUER HOF

Zurich
DOLDER GRAND
HOTEL

Preferred Hotels
ASSOCIATION

and got through safely found when he arrived with his cargo at Marseilles that there was no one there to deliver it to; apparently, March had thriftily decided that to set up a dummy receiving station would be a waste of money.

These coolly contrived arrangements are early, and rather crude, examples of the characteristic March transaction. Later in his career, when he was dealing in national currencies and in large companies rather than in ships and their cargoes, he would add many refinements. Indeed, as the war dragged on, some refinements began to appear. According to an article that appeared in the American magazine *Current History* in 1936, March eventually took to selling "insurance policies" against German attack to the owners of neutral ships plying the Mediterranean; those who refused to buy the policies were pinpointed for attack, whereupon March would claim what amounted to a finder's fee, instead of an insurance premium, from the Germans.

By 1916, March had done so well that he was able to open his own shipping line, the Transmediterranean Company, with initial capital of a hundred million pesetas, or almost twenty million dollars. Already, his activities were being whispered about, and more than whispered about, throughout Spain; a Madrid newspaper had referred to him as a smuggler as early as 1914, and in 1916 he was publicly attacked in the Cortes, where a senator said of his smuggling operation, "The whole Coast knows about it." March and his activities even became the subject of a verse by the Spanish poet Luis de Tapia:

A little ship of mine
Sails without fear,
So if you lack fuel
I will give you in Santa Pola
Spanish petrol through the hands
of some traitor.

Also in 1916, in connection with what was eventually known as the "Garau affair," March came under a cloud of suspicion which hung over him for most of his life. On September 29th of that year, on the Camino del Grao, in Valencia, Rafael Garau, a young member of a family from March's home town of Santa Margarita, with which March had for more than a decade been in partnership in the North African tobacco business, was murdered—by a paid assassin, it was generally agreed. Suspicion immediately fell on March as the hirer of the

assassin. As the conservative journal *La Acción* summed up the situation years later, "the whole of public opinion in Palma as in Valencia pointed to March as being interested in the tragedy for many reasons." For one thing, subsequent testimony indicated that Garau had been lured to the place of assassination on the pretext that he would meet there a Spanish tax official willing to make a smuggling deal. For another, a witness to the killing, a local guard, testified that the victim had gasped out just before he died, "I've been killed by bad friends!" Finally, March's own actions before and immediately after the assassination did little, in the general opinion, to clear his name. A couple of weeks earlier, he had summoned Rafael Garau to Palma for a conference, the subject of which is unknown. Immediately after the murder, he sent to the victim's father, José Garau, in North Africa, a chillingly abrupt telegram, reading, in full, "YOUR SON HAS BEEN HORRIBLY ASSASSINATED. JUAN." He then embarked on a whirlwind of travel: first to Valencia; then to Palma, where he arranged a huge funeral for his former associate; then back to Valencia; and then, successively, to Barcelona, Alicante, and Madrid. On his second stop in Valencia, March presented himself voluntarily before Antonio Delgado Curto, the judge who was handling the case. As Judge Delgado Curto later told it, March said, "I've read in the papers the reports about the event in the Camino del Grao, in which the victim was the son of my partner. It is said that high personalities and powerful persons are implicated in this event. Does suspicion fall on me? . . . You need proof for a trial, right?" Delgado Curto replied, "The judge, whenever he tries a case, must have proof," whereupon March replied quickly, "Well, then, it's going to be very difficult to prosecute me." There is no more than a hint that in this case March resorted to his lifelong favorite expedient for getting his way—that of offering a bribe. Fifteen years later, the Attorney General of the Spanish Republic remarked to the Cortes that "a summary exists showing that the judge was forced to eject one of Mr. March's representatives from his chambers for having alluded to the figure of five thousand pesetas." The "summary" appears never to have been presented as evidence. In fact, the Valencia judge, in contrast to the local police, appears to have been a man of duty and diligence. No documents re-



It's easier with Kodel.

Leslie Fay creates a dress with soft, simple lines. In a J.P. FABRICS handkerchief linen-look fabric of Kodel polyester and rayon. Belted and buttoned...with easy shoulder pleating. And smile. Kodel helps it go from gallery to auction looking neat and fresh. In red and green. Sizes 8 to 16. Made to sell for about \$48. At fine stores including: Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVE. OF THE AMERICAS, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. KODEL is Eastman's trademark for its polyester fiber. Eastman does not make fabrics or consumer textile products and therefore makes no warranties with respect to such products.



cording a police investigation of any sort ever appeared, even though José Garau immediately offered a reward of fifty thousand pesetas, or over ten thousand dollars, for information leading to the arrest of those responsible for his son's death. Frustrated, Judge Delgado Curto drew up an order asking the police for their coöperation, but it was apparently not forthcoming. A small section of the Spanish press ventured to take up the case, denouncing the pervasive passivity of the Spanish administration—and, consequently, of the local Spanish police—in regard to tobacco smuggling. In particular, one journal, *España Nueva*, conducted a crusade for justice in the Garau case, publishing over a period of several months more than fifty articles dealing with it and with the government authorities' seeming indifference to it. In Valencia, Delgado Curto conducted a series of hearings in which the name of Juan March was repeatedly mentioned but no proof of his involvement was produced. In the course of the investigation, March himself gave testimony, and other witnesses suggested motives that March might have had for doing away with his associate—that Rafael Garau had been independently establishing a rival smuggling connection through Gibraltar, that March had been drawing improperly on their company's funds, and so on. A rumor even arose, perhaps inevitably, that Rafael Garau had been having an affair with March's wife. But nothing was proved.

Chronology suggests that *España Nueva's* energetic campaign to get to the bottom of the matter brought a sudden end, inadvertently, to Delgado Curto's investigation. Early in November, the paper, which was known to be working in close coöperation with him, spoke pointedly of "insuperable difficulties that the investigators of this case encounter because it is related to the smuggling of tobacco." A few hours after that was published, government authorities in Madrid abruptly relieved Delgado Curto of his duties as a judge in Valencia and reassigned him elsewhere. His successor let the investigation drop, and took no action on the case. Even *España Nueva*, after reacting with surprising temperance to news of Delgado Curto's replacement ("In the history of judicial proceedings, this is really a remarkable case," the newspaper noted, "We find ourselves a little perplexed"), gradual-

ly gave up, continuing its own series until the end of the year and then dropping it. So the Garau affair faded into the limbo of unsolved crimes.

Díaz Nosty points out that at the time the order transferring Delgado Curto came from Madrid, March was in that city, and had been there for several days. More than thirty years later, the sudden replacement of a judge who was acting inconveniently for March would play a key role in the Barcelona Traction case. As time went on, José Garau became firmly convinced that March was responsible for his son's death, and said so publicly. In 1917, the March-Garau joint company was liquidated. Thereafter, if the opinion of a French court in Algiers is to be credited, March took reprisals against the elder Garau for denouncing him: in 1918, as a result of the appearance of two letters apparently incriminating him as a paid German agent, José Garau was sent to military prison, only to be exonerated and released when the Algiers court came to the conclusion that the letters had been forged and given to the French vice-consul in Valencia by Juan March.

As far as March's career is concerned, this lurid, operatic tangle, taking place almost within hearing of the guns of war, is nothing but a shadow, for which there may or may not have been substance. Díaz Nosty grants, as one possible hypothesis, that March may have had nothing to do with the murder. At all events, March emerged from the First World War greatly enriched. Different sources have estimated his personal fortune in 1916 at between twenty and thirty million pesetas, or, roughly, between four and six million dollars; and it was rapidly increasing—a reflection of the continued expansion of both his legitimate business interests and his smuggling organization. The latter,

however, suffered a temporary setback in 1921 and 1922, as a result of March's first serious brush with government authority—a brush that made J. Pierpont Morgan's differences with President Theodore Roosevelt seem like a tea party. In 1921, Francisco Cambó, a prominent Catalan lawyer who had recently made a fortune—honestly enough—in connection with the formation of the Spain-based international firm Compañía Hispano-Americana de Electricidad, or CHADE,



ČeskáTM

The Art of Glass



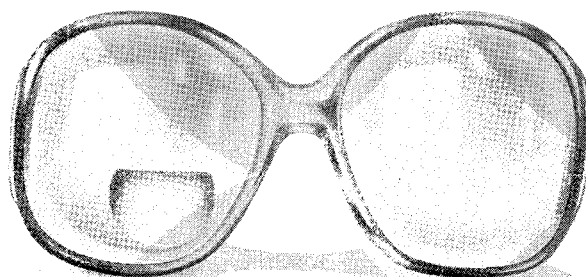
THE WHIRLPOOL BOWL
by Dagmar Kudrova

Česká • New York

Good-bye, bifocals...

Look younger and see better with **ULTRAVUE® Lenses**. The optical system that goes beyond ordinary bifocals.

The good-looking glasses on that great-looking lady are the biggest improvement in bifocal technology in two hundred years. They're ULTRAVUE Lenses, the optically superior multifocal lens with no telltale line across the middle.



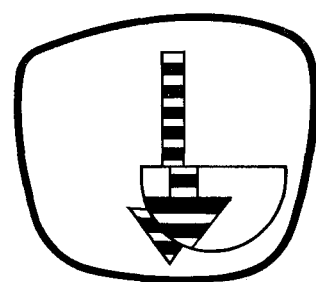
Bifocal Lens

ULTRAVUE Lens

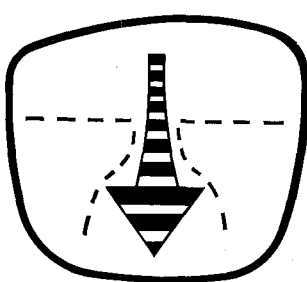
So, when you're looking at your car's speedometer, or supermarket shelf prices, there are no more near-to-far magnification adjustments and no more midrange blur.

97 out of 100 bifocal wearers adapt easily to ULTRAVUE Lenses.

Almost everyone who needs bifocals can enjoy the switch to ULTRAVUE Lenses. Those who have changed find the smooth transition between near and far a welcome improvement, and they adjust easily to the nonviewing area outside the progressive corridor.



Bifocal
Magnification Jump



ULTRAVUE
Continuous Focus

The "progressive" lens and continuous focus makes it easier on your eyes.

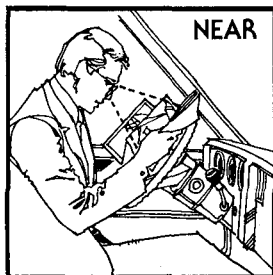
ULTRAVUE Lenses are not bifocals, not trifocals. They're a technological breakthrough called progressive lenses which are more comfortable to the eye.

Like bifocals, there is a correction for closeup and a correction for distance. But unlike bifocals, there is a connecting corridor of changing magnification that allows you to see clearly throughout the middle distances.

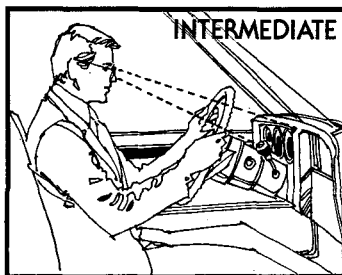
Ask your eye-care professional for ULTRAVUE Lenses.

American Optical has trained and certified more than 25,000 eye-care professionals to fit ULTRAVUE Lenses.

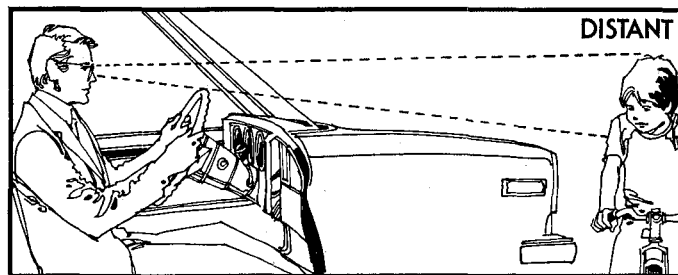
Since each ULTRAVUE Lens must be individually cast and fit precisely to produce the unique continuous focus corridor, they cost somewhat more than conventional bifocals. But isn't seeing better worth it?



☒ bifocals
☒ ULTRAVUE



☐ bifocals
☒ ULTRAVUE



☒ bifocals
☒ ULTRAVUE

The Progressive Lens.



Hello, good-looking.

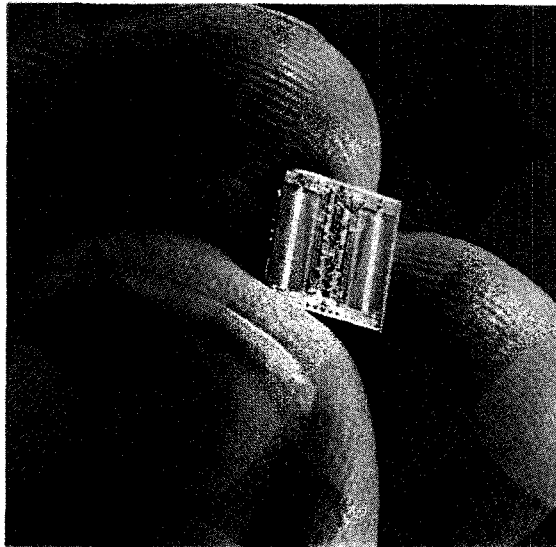
ULTRAVUE Lenses are perfect for today's fashion frames.
Like the Oscar de la Renta frame shown above.

You not only look better, but you see better, too.

AO[®]
American Optical

IBM Reports

Another first from IBM. Another way to do more for less.



This tiny electronic chip is a technological breakthrough in IBM computers.

A product of our laboratories, it can hold more than 64,000 pieces of information. That's 32 times more than previous IBM chips. And almost as much information as you could put in the entire memory of our early room-sized computers.

A handful of these chips could store all the works of Shakespeare.

In October, IBM became the first company to announce new computer systems to use such advanced, high-density chips. We're proud of that. Because being innovative

means finding ways to put the products of our laboratories into products for people.

What's really significant about these amazing chips is that they can do a lot more for a lot lower cost.

For example, main memory prices for our new systems are about 1/6th the price of memories in our most powerful computers when they were introduced just two years ago.

In inflationary times like these, it's important to find ways to do more for less. We're working hard at it. So are our competitors.

That's why it's a constant challenge to make our products the best.



Helping put information to work for people

became Minister of Finance. Soon after taking office, Cambó was startled to learn that tobacco smuggling was operating so effectively that for the year 1920 the treasury revenues on legally imported tobacco had come only to the equivalent of about twenty-six thousand four hundred dollars—a pitifully tiny fraction of what might reasonably have been expected. Accordingly, he proceeded to launch a full-scale attack on smuggling—and, in particular, on his less reputable fellow-millionaire March. Cambó's opening salvo, which made front pages all over Spain, spoke of “a modern, technical contraband operation, built by a man of exceptional quality who has proclaimed himself, with pride, the last pirate of the Mediterranean.” Apart from Cambó's assertion, there is no evidence that March had ever called himself that, or that Cambó did not invent the phrase. But there is no reason, either, to believe that March was not proud of the designation; and, one way or another, it stuck with him thereafter.

Cambó followed up his denunciation of March with decisive action. Having discovered that March had many officers of the Customs Guard on regular salaries—augmented by fringe benefits in the form of insurance against their dismissal for bribe-taking—he announced bluntly, “This can't go on. Either we nail March's operation or I dissolve the corps entirely.” Three officers convicted of being on the March payroll were imprisoned. The Spanish Navy, too, was found to be involved in condoning and covering up smuggling; when a Navy emissary came to Cambó to complain about the uneasiness that his crackdown was causing, Cambó said, “Tell the admirals, the vice-admirals, and the rear admirals to shut up, because if they don't I'm going to start talking.” Thereafter, the Navy coöperated with a will; its chief minister, the Marquis of Cortina, held a press conference in which he said, “Our vigilance must be carried to an extreme. . . . The disposition of captured boats has been modified. Previously . . . they went on public auction, selling cheap right back into the hands of the smugglers. From now on, if the boats aren't suitable to the Navy, they will be burned.” Over the succeeding weeks, the authorities seized and confiscated along Spain's Mediterranean coast huge amounts of contraband tobacco—in one case, after being offered fifty thousand pesetas to allow the importation of six hundred sacks, and, in another case, after a gunfight that resulted in one smuggler's death.

To top all this off, Cambó had March followed. “Two policemen slept in rooms adjoining his at his hotel,” Cambó explained years later. “They had their morning coffee at the table next to his, they sat close by him in restaurants, they placed his house under surveillance.” Not even Cambó can have been so quixotic as to suppose that the last pirate of the Mediterranean did not take note of the presence of these scarcely subtle tails and conduct himself accordingly; in any event, no direct evidence against March was obtained. And March—although his organization undoubtedly had a poor year, like a United States toy company, say, in a year when the government is loudly insisting that its products are unsafe—survived the Cambó movement the way private entrepreneurs usually survive reform waves: by hanging on and waiting for a change of government. In March, 1922, the government that had appointed Cambó fell, and he left office with the tobacco-smuggling problem still unsolved.

THE lesson that March took from the Cambó affair seems to have been that government can be troublesome and that one way to minimize the trouble is to become part of government. He had been interested in Majorcan politics since 1913 or 1914, and in 1923 he decided to stand for a Majorcan seat in the Cortes. To outward appearances, March conducted a typical island campaign, exceptional only for its lavishness: on the Saturday night before Election Day he threw a huge outdoor party, open to all, in a Palma square, and served four lambs, ten suckling pigs, and a hundred or so chickens. When the votes were counted, he was found to have received more votes than the half a dozen rival candidates (four of whom were also elected), among them no lesser figure than the pride of Majorca, Antonio Maura, who had previously brought honor to the island by becoming Spanish head of state. But immediately there were cries of corruption. One of the defeated Majorcan candidates accused March of outright vote-buying, and the successful candidate from Ibiza, Carlos Román, went before the Cortes in Madrid to repeat denunciations by others of March as a leading smuggler; to point out that the government authorities had in their possession at that very moment many crates of confiscated contraband on which the name of the manufacturer, Juan March, was insolently stamped in large letters; and to question on ethical

Enter the world of original art for 31¢



Christie's Print Collection

8 Dover Street, London, W.1, England

Airmail this coupon for our free colour portfolio of limited edition etchings and lithographs commissioned by Europe's leader in original prints. Works by rising young artists for as little as \$80, as well as such masters as Chagall, Miro and Moore. There is, of course, no obligation to buy.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City

State

Zip

NY11/05/79E



After dinner magic. Sambuca Romana, the spectacular liqueur, imported from Italy and the favorite Sambuca in the entire New World. Serve it with coffee beans *Con Mosca*, as a cordial, in espresso or American coffee. For 57 other ideas, get our new recipe booklet. Write Palmer & Lord, Ltd., Syosset, NY 11791. 84 Proof.

Sambuca Romana. The Sambuca of Rome.

THE PRECIOUS JEWELS OF NEIMAN-MARCUS



Name the time and date. This man's Concord quartz watch has both. 14kt yellow gold case and mesh bracelet 2300.00. With lizard strap 790.00. Perfect for Dad this Father's Day, or for your favorite graduate. Precious Jewels Salon

Neiman-Marcus

Jewelry shown subject to prior sale. Prices are subject to change.
Jewelry shown not always at all N-M stores, but available upon request.

grounds whether he should be allowed to take his seat as a delegate. After some political skirmishes, the motion was overwhelmingly defeated, even though none of Román's charges had been refuted. March had scarcely won this vindication, and taken his seat in the Cortes, when political fortune turned against him. Four months later, Miguel Primo de Rivera, a volatile, rather garrulous military officer, brought off a coup d'état that ended with his becoming Spain's Director, or chairman of a board of dictators, with the full assent of King Alfonso, and announcing that it was his intention to clean up the decadence and corruption of the previous regime.

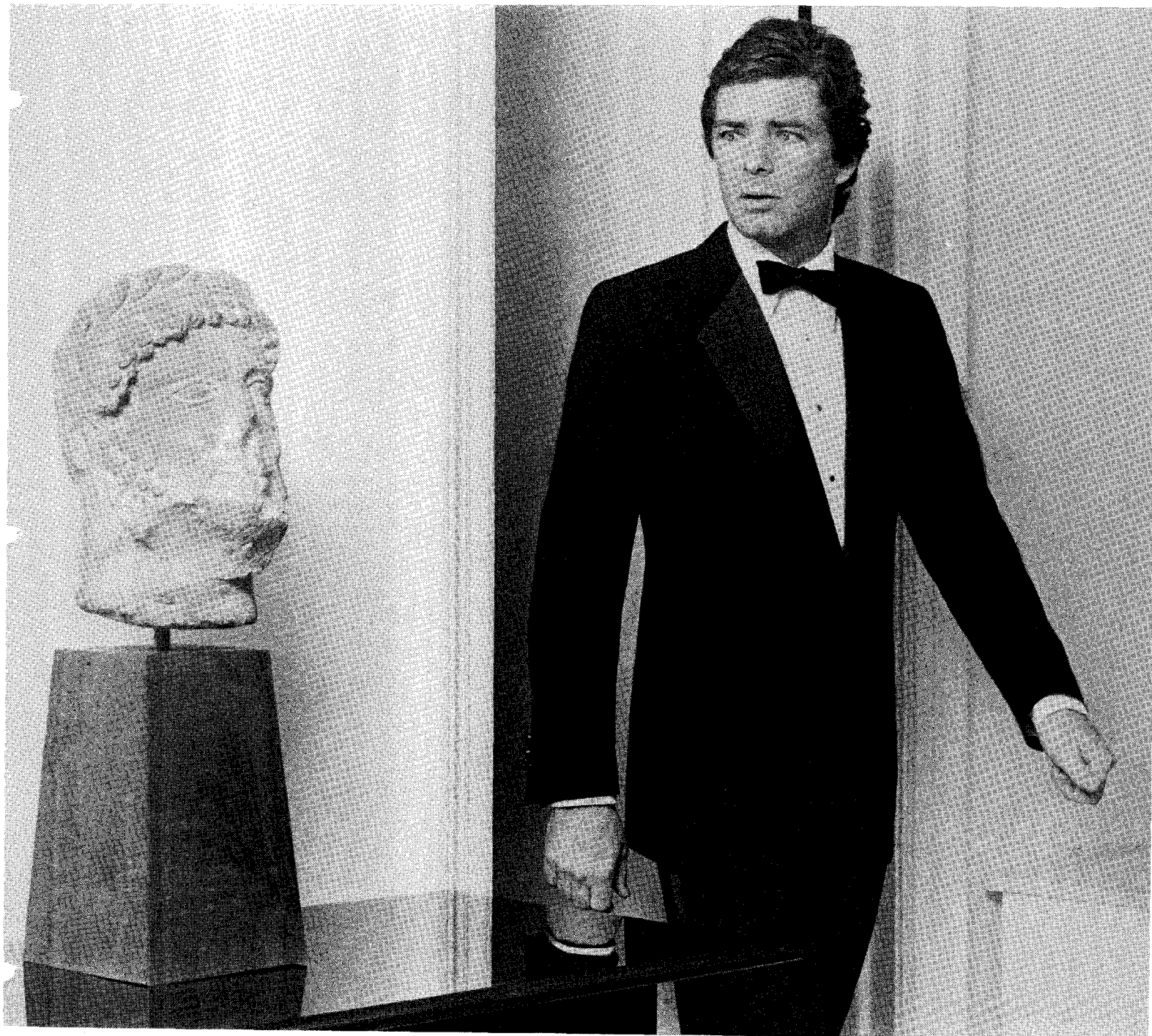
March's relations with Primo de Rivera over the succeeding seven years, as Garriga describes them, were a sort of vaudeville skit, with the following plot: Director in an initial fit of moral indignation drives financier into exile; financier returns, and woos Director with favors; Director is gratified, and meanwhile discovers that he needs financier's help anyway; Director ends up wooing and flattering financier. At the outset, March was quick to read the new handwriting on the wall. For one thing, an influential Catalan friend of his had warned him of danger and advised him to head for the border; for another, Primo de Rivera himself had spoken sharply in public about contraband, and many felt that the allusion was to March. Within three weeks of Primo de Rivera's coming to power, March was reported in the Spanish press to have disappeared, and a few days later he turned up in France. According to Garriga, most probably he crossed the border by automobile from Barcelona, accompanied by his friend, lawyer, and fellow-delegate to the Cortes, Emiliano Iglesias; the popularly accepted detail that both were disguised in priests' robes is, Garriga says, pure embroidery.

Some weeks later, March was back in Madrid, where he appeared before the Directory to plead for an investigation of his personal and business affairs to clear his name, and, seizing the offensive, launched into a denunciation of Francisco Bastos, the Cambó-appointed managing director of the Tobacco Leasing Company, the Spanish government supermonopoly, which doled out lesser monopolies, such as the one on Moroccan tobacco that had been granted to March in 1911. Primo de Rivera took no action to drive March back into exile, or to investigate him, either; on the other hand, he assumed a protective attitude

GIVENCHY



GENTLEMAN.



Paris-to-New York, the Givenchy Tuxedo Collection, designed with Gallic flair for Gala evenings in a lightweight worsted blend of 60% wool and 40% polyester. Your season ticket to year-round comfort and fashion, now arriving at fine stores everywhere, or write **Givenchy for Chequers**, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York, 10019.



The sewn-in Woolblendmark label is your assurance of quality-tested fabrics made predominantly of wool.

GRADUATION PRESENT

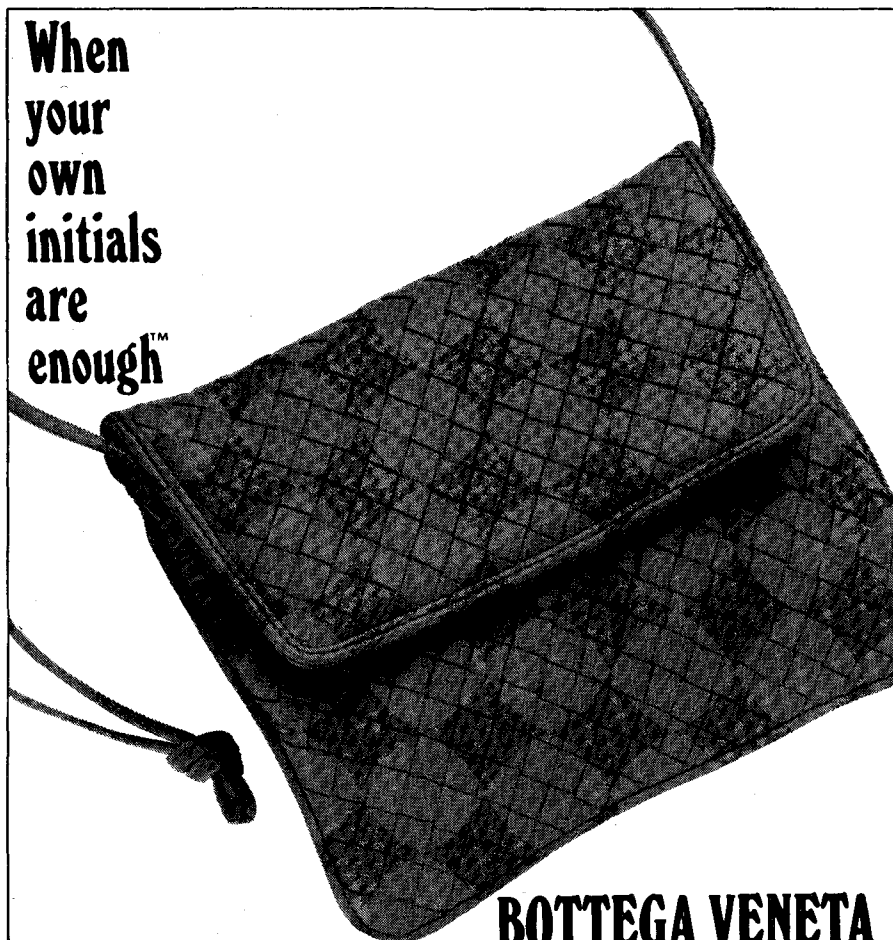


Sterling silver pencil and two pens, from Tiffany with a sterling "T". "T"-clip pencil, or pens with nylon-tip or ball point. Each, \$ 23.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • ZIP: 10022 • TEL: (212) 759-9110
TOLL-FREE PHONE ORDERS, EXCEPT NEW YORK STATE, 800-223-7775
Add \$2 for shipping plus sales tax • American Express • Diners Club • Master Charge • Visa • Design ©

**When
your
own
initials
are
enough™**



BOTTEGA VENETA
655 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.

toward Bastos, the man March wanted prosecuted. In a note leaked to the press, Primo de Rivera said in part, in his characteristic chatty, reasonable-parent style, "The Directory has yet to receive one single, personal, concrete accusation [against Bastos], although thousands of administrators and legal people are at work on this. All in all, one cannot help but pity a man surrounded up to this minute with great prestige . . . who now finds himself toppled by the unproven accusations made by an adversary. . . . We don't want anybody—and this includes the press—to lose his head in these difficult moments. To act beneficially, one must be serene and just. As far as the Directory is concerned, there must be only one proper course of action, and that is duty. We shall not be pushed into persecuting anybody."

In light of the fact that Bastos was subsequently cleared completely, it is perhaps surprising that no measures were taken against his accuser. But, on reflection, perhaps not. March, for one thing, was becoming a power of the press that Primo de Rivera was so anxious to have keep its head. In the middle nineteen-twenties, March bought two influential Madrid dailies, *Informaciones* and *La Libertad*. *Informaciones*, the new owner instructed its editors, was to lean to the right politically, while, for the sake of balance, or, possibly, prudence, *La Libertad* was to lean to the left. Around the same time, it seems to have dawned on Primo de Rivera by degrees that March had what the financially strapped government needed most—ready cash. In the first few months after March returned from France, the Director treated him with elegant disdain. But a gradual thaw ensued. In December, 1924, Primo de Rivera, hard pressed to put down military rebels in Morocco, swallowed his scruples and asked March to authorize tobacco distribution among Spanish troops there without invoking his rights as concessionaire of the tobacco monopoly. March was only too happy to comply, even though the move cost him about half a million pesetas a year, and he was rewarded with a personal expression of gratitude from the Director.

Having once accepted a favor from March, Primo de Rivera found the practice addictive. On one occasion, he wrote March asking for financial help for the *Military Mail*, a publication distributed to Spanish troops, which had been generally friendly to the Directory. March found himself able to help, and Primo de Rivera wrote him



Looking east from a terrace, the ocean, rose-tinted by the Caribbean sunset.

The most vibrant resort on Barbados has its quiet corners, too. Find yours, at Marriott's Sam Lord's Castle.

There's a national monument on Barbados. A castle built in 1820 by Samuel Hall Lord. Exactly how Sam Lord contrived his spectacular Caribbean estate is somewhat of a mystery. Some say piracy—others say guile.

But there's no mystery about the self-contained resort Marriott has constructed beside Sam Lord's mile-long, white sand beach.

72 landscaped acres

Marriott has created the resort to be a gem of contrasts. The beautifully preserved castle and the 177 terraced, air-conditioned guest rooms that surround it live in perfect harmony with each other and with hundreds of luscious tropical trees, plants and flowers.

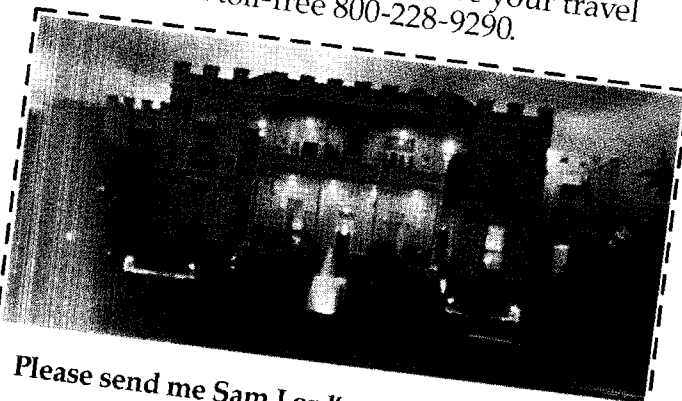
Most vibrant resort in Barbados

On the one hand, Sam Lord's offers you the relaxed elegance of the 19th century. On the other—live entertainment every night (samples: Bajan Festival and a Pirates' Shipwreck Barbecue), a disco, 7 lighted tennis courts, table tennis, shuffleboard, billiards, 3 pools (one for the children), 2 restaurants, a beach cafe.

Horseback riding, sailing, waterskiing and skin diving can be arranged. And 18 holes of golf are just minutes away. When Marriott does it, they do it right.®

Eight days, from \$175 per person, double occupancy, excluding meals, 10% service charge and 8% Barbados tax, May 1 to December 21.

For details, clip coupon, see your travel agent, or call toll-free 800-228-9290.



Please send me Sam Lord's splendid brochure.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____ NY-5/21

To: Marriott Hotels, 420 Lexington Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10017. Attn: Pam

Marriott's Sam Lord's Castle
St. Philip Parish, Barbados, West Indies

EUROPE STARTING JUNE 1 FROM BOSTON

PARIS, FRANKFURT, AMSTERDAM, BRUSSELS

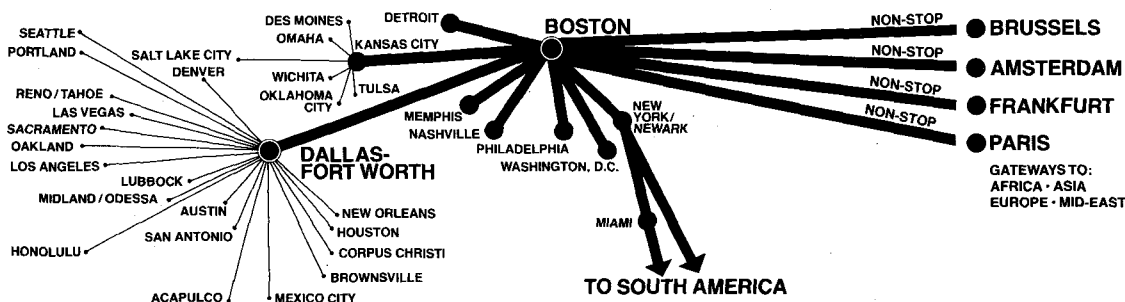
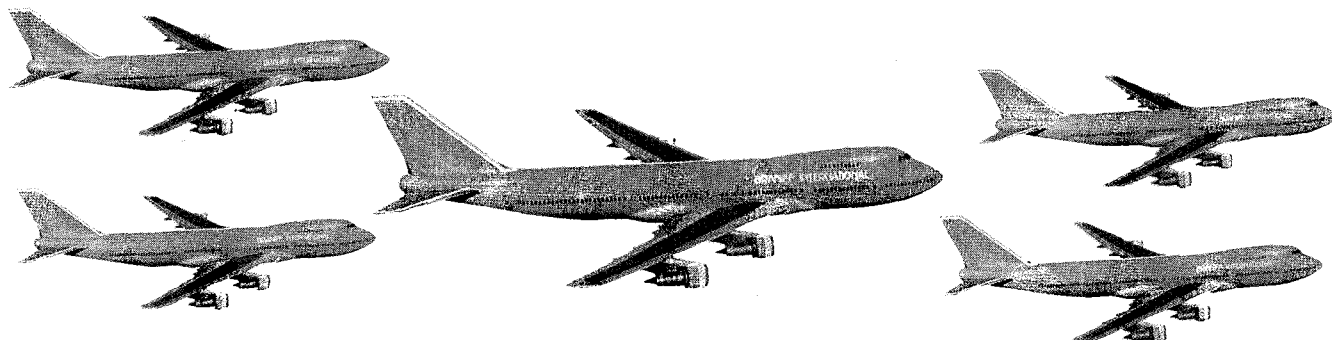
AS LOW AS **\$320** **NON-STOP FROM BOSTON**
ROUND TRIP
BUDGET/STANDBY FARES

PARIS: 747 service 3 times weekly. Non-stop Friday, Sunday. Only 747 service from Boston and New England.

FRANKFURT: 747 service 3 times weekly. Non-stop Tuesday, Thursday. The most 747 service from Boston and New England.

AMSTERDAM: 747 service Non-stop twice a week. Only service from Boston and New England.

BRUSSELS: Non-stops Monday and Saturday with DC-8-62 intercontinental jets.



On June 1 Braniff inaugurates Non-stop and thru-plane service to Paris, Frankfurt, Amsterdam and Brussels from Boston with 8 round trips weekly. This will be the only 747 service from New England to Paris and Amsterdam; the most 747's to Frankfurt; and the only service of any kind to Amsterdam and Paris' Orly Airport. At the same time, Braniff will begin Non-stop flights from Dallas-Fort Worth to the same four European cities. There will also be new Braniff Non-stop service daily between Boston and Dallas-Fort Worth, tying the two Braniff Gateway cities together.

BRANIFF'S TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE

There is advance seat selection for the transatlantic and Braniff connecting flights when you make your reservations or when you reconfirm your return flight (except for Budget and Standby passengers). Inflight service in the Economy Cabins is the same for all passengers. All Braniff flights, domestic and international, operate from the International Terminal at Boston.

ANNOUNCING NEW LOW AIR FARES TO EUROPE

Braniff is reducing Economy fares up to 15% and introducing super low Budget and Standby fares.

	Standby/Budget Round Trip	APEX Round Trip	Economy Round Trip
Boston - Paris	\$320	\$388	\$712
Boston - Frankfurt	326	411	756
Boston - Amsterdam	320	388	712
Boston - Brussels	320	388	712

Fares to Paris subject to government approvals.
Fares do not include \$3.00 departure tax.

Call for advance purchase and length of stay requirements.

For information and reservations, call your Travel Agent or Braniff.

BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL

Mainland U.S.A., Hawaii, Alaska, Canada, Mexico, South America, Britain *and Europe*

a short time later, "Very grateful for your earlier favors. The situation is still worrisome, and I beg you to consider giving more money." Whether or not March responded to this follow-up solicitation is unknown. It is clear, though, that on another occasion he buttressed his position as a philanthropist by giving six million pesetas, or about nine hundred thousand dollars, to the Queen of Spain for the construction of a children's hospital. Later evidence suggests that the money was used to redeem some jewels that the Spanish Royal Family had pawned in Paris. That neither Primo de Rivera nor March was party to this intrigue is suggested by a later dialogue in which the Director complained to March that the hospital had not yet been built (it never was), and March, equally mystified, replied, "I have no idea what's become of the six million pesetas."

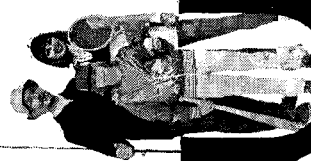
The good turn of March's that first brought a public expression of gratitude and praise from the Director concerned a business arrangement in Tangier, where the Spanish government was in need of a sharp trader familiar with North African commercial customs to acquire on Spain's behalf a large block of real estate there, which was privately held, and thus strengthen Spain's hand in North African commerce by establishing its possession of important African free-zone property. This was child's play for March. Having been called upon, he went to Tangier and, apparently using his own money, closed a deal highly favorable to Spain within twenty-four hours. This time, Primo de Rivera gave a dinner in March's honor, and the next day, when leaving King Alfonso's chambers, Primo de Rivera said, in the presence of various leading noblemen of Spain, "I have just given His Majesty good news about Spanish influence in Tangier. A great patriot has put his money to work for his country. All of us should learn from his example." The last pirate, clearly enough, had come a long way. Yet another long-desired plum fell to him in July, 1927, when the government, in exchange for certain financial concessions, at last authorized March to sell tobacco without competition in the key Spanish North African ports of Ceuta and Melilla. This grant, which completed March's conquest of the Spanish tobacco trade in North Africa, was made—as Primo de Rivera explicitly stated in another of his unbuttoned explanations—in appreciation of yet another act of patriotism and philanthropy on March's part: a promise to finance large-scale

Spanish colonization in Spanish Morocco.

With the Ceuta-Melilla grant, March had moved out of the smuggler class at last. What with the African monopoly, his shipping line, his real-estate interests, his newspapers, his utilities, his concurrent investments in petroleum, agriculture, textiles, and potash, and his Banca March, which he had founded in 1926, he could now make profits beyond the dreams of avarice without bothering to break the law. In a decade during which Primo de Rivera's policy of granting monopolies rather than encouraging competition led, as the British writer Gerald Brenan has pointed out, to large increases in consumer costs throughout Spain and to a Madrid "full of adventurers," March was an exemplary adventurer, holding court every afternoon in the grand salon of the Palace Hotel, where he was customarily surrounded by an admiring group of journalists, bankers, sycophants, and would-be adventurers. His problems with Primo de Rivera belonged to the past. The reverse, however, was not true. For two years after the 1927 tobacco grant, the relationship between the Director and the financier was the subject of such constant joking throughout Spain that finally, in July, 1929, the Director was goaded into issuing one more official note for public consumption, this one entitled "The Case of Mr. March." It read, in part:

It is insistently said in reference to Mr. March, "The initial source of this man's fortune could have been anything." But we do know that, since it has been in existence, the Directory has been free to make use of it for whatever patriotic or charitable ends we wished. And Mr. March has been very much at our disposal and has met our requirements willingly, with what must have been great sacrifice. Some [of his grants] have been purely charitable, while others have been needed for the public welfare, which could only have meant some personal loss for him; but he acted always for the benefit of the national interest. Undoubtedly, March's name was much discussed in Spain when the Directory came to power, and at that time he still had cases pending in the courts, from which he emerged *absolutely free and with a clean bill of health*. This regime has kept no one from attempting to restore his good name—less still if (in order to leave that name to his sons wiped clean of all scandal) he makes great sacrifices for the public good to compensate for possible past deeds. This is the case with Mr. March, with whom this was our only possible course of action: to declare him *urbi et orbi* a man above all suspicion and a man whom public justice has acquitted and to whom is given the right to purify whatever he touches.... Spain's

MASSACHUSETTS™



We have a special place for you.

NYR-521

For a free 1979 Vacation Planning Kit, clip and send to Massachusetts, Box 1775, Boston, MA 02105.

Name _____
Address _____
Town _____
State _____ Zip _____

iittala: design from finland

Ovalis...

classic oval vases
in three sizes.

Signed by
Tapio Wirkkala,
the giant
of Finnish design.

A beautiful,
special gift.
Look for
the iittala mark.

iittala  **finland**

iittala USA
225 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10010
(212) 689-7430

In the design
collection of
the Museum
of Modern Art



each day more fervently acclaimed regime cannot stop to examine each new mud puddle with which slanderers would wish to distract it.

Thus, the vaudeville skit ended with March's straw hat transformed into a halo.

IN the nineteen-thirties—the decade when the amiable farce that Primo de Rivera had made of Spanish political life changed first to chaos and then to tragedy—March's political role deepened and became more sinister. But even in this decade it began with a sort of comedy. In January, 1930, Primo de Rivera, increasingly unable to deal with Spain's economic troubles, was forced to resign; broken in health and spirits, he left Spain, and died within a few months in a second-class hotel in Paris—according to the British historian Hugh Thomas, “his last hours divided between brothel and confessional.” Then, in April, 1931, following a nationwide election in which supporters of the monarchy were heavily defeated in the cities and large towns, King Alfonso left Spain without formally abdicating, and the Spanish Republic was proclaimed. These events followed more than a year of plotting and political agitation by a coalition of politicians, representing various shades of anti-monarchist opinion, who were to be the first leaders of the Republican government. One of their maneuvers during the stage preparatory to their takeover was an attempt to enlist March as the revolution's banker. (The political, as well as the moral, risks of dealing with a former smuggler and darling of a dictator appear not to have greatly worried the revolutionists. Manuel Azaña, who came to be the leading political figure of Republican Spain, wrote later that “in those anguished times, one gave little thought to consequences.”) In August, 1930, three of the revolutionary leaders—Azaña, Miguel Maura, and Indalecio Prieto, all destined to be prominent officials of the Republic—happened to have dinner in a restaurant in San Sebastián when March was there. As Azaña recalled the incident, he noticed a man he did not know dining with “one of the loveliest women I have ever seen.” Azaña asked his companions who the man was, and one of them replied, “It is March.” (March was well known at the time for his public appearances with beautiful young women.) After the meal, according to Azaña, Prieto, who knew March, and who was never noted for discretion, jokingly called over to him, “You could drop a couple of million to



Mermaid Bracelet 1968
18 kt. gold
with ruby eye,
baroque South Sea
pearl and black
sea snail.

illustrated in color in
“The Art of Marguerite Stix”
by Richard McLanathan

a masterpiece by
Marguerite Stix

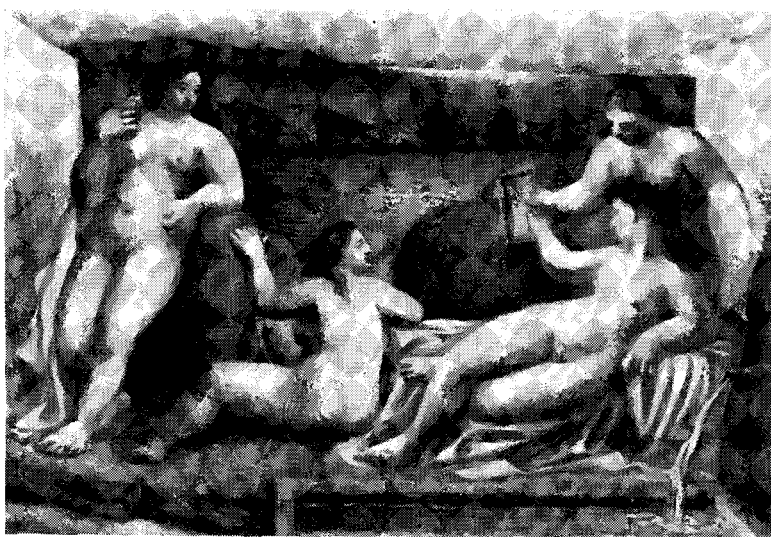
Joe De Mers Gallery
Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

get on the right side of the revolution and you'd never feel it," to which remark March's reaction was to "smile like a rabbit." Prieto, for his part, reported later that March had replied, "You will understand that with my social position and my interests I am not going to put myself in that position," and that some more joking had followed. In subsequent weeks, the joking was replaced by apparently serious negotiations between the revolutionary committee and March. In exchange for his financial support, the committee offered March a guarantee that he would not be held accountable for profits made during the Directory period, or for his relations with the Director; as a financial guarantee to go along with that political one, Maura offered to pledge as collateral his town and country houses, and another committee member, Alejandro Lerro, said he would pledge his real estate, too—an offer that appears less heroic in light of the fact that Lerro's property was already mortgaged.

Despite all these inducements, March remained aloof and noncommittal, to the point where the committee members finally came to believe that he was stringing them along—with no intention of financing their enterprise—merely to gain information about their resources and pass it along to their enemies. Accordingly, they broke off the negotiations, and, to what proved to be March's great disadvantage, the Republic came into being with no debts to him. The new Republican government was eager to have symbols of the wicked past to hold up as examples, and March, especially now that he had declined to bank the revolution, was one who filled the bill admirably. The new attorney general, Ángel Galarza, issued warrants for the arrest of various prominent figures of the Primo de Rivera regime, and on April 29, 1931, when the Republic was a mere fifteen days old, March attempted to repeat the first step of his dance with Primo de Rivera by again crossing the border into France. This time, however, the guards were either more adept or less corruptible: March was detained at Irún and returned to Madrid under guard.

In the skirmishing over what to do with him which occupied much of the Cabinet's and the Cortes' time and energy over the next thirteen and a half months, March had powerful allies. The Radical Party, headed by his friends Lerro and Iglesias, had ninety delegates in the Cortes, and was thus the second most important minority after the Socialists, with a hundred

MODERN PAINTINGS & DRAWINGS FROM THE ROSENBERG FAMILY COLLECTION



Pablo Picasso, *Classical Nudes by the Sea*,
1921, tempera on vellum. 4 x 6 inches

including 34 works by Picasso painted between 1918 and 1939;
15 works by Braque painted between 1922 and 1938;
3 works by Leger; 7 works by Laurencin;
and works by Matisse, Renoir and Degas

To be sold at auction in London
Tuesday, July 3 at 8 pm

Exhibition in New York
Tuesday, May 22 through Friday, May 25
at Sotheby Parke Bernet
980 Madison Avenue
New York 10021

Illustrated catalogue \$15 by mail in New York, order
with check enclosed to Sotheby Parke Bernet Dept. ER

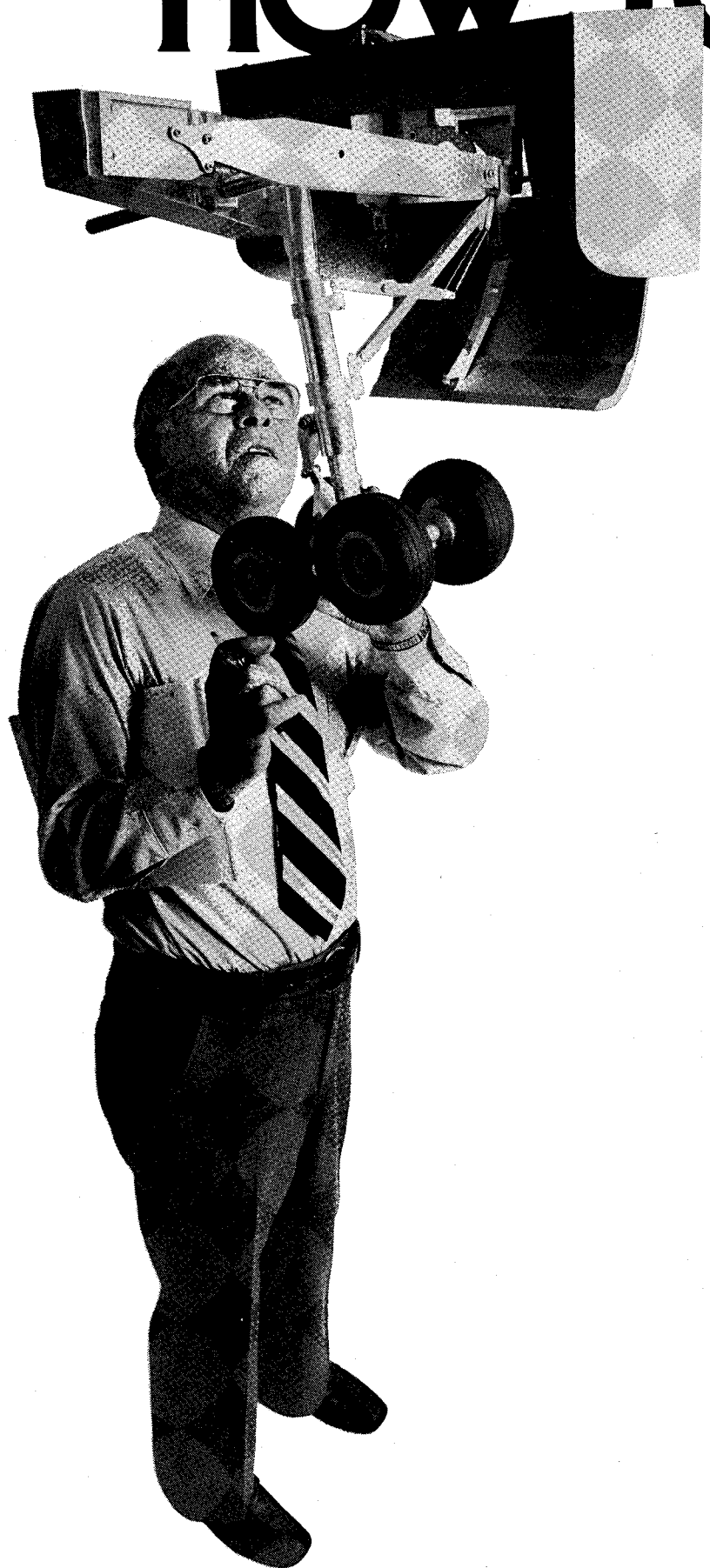
Inquiries in New York: David Nash (212) 472-3590

Sotheby Parke Bernet • London

Founded 1744 The world's leading firm of art auctioneers

Sotheby Parke Bernet & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street
London W1A 2AA telephone (01) 493-8080
cable Abinitio London telex 24454 SPBLONG

HOW TO



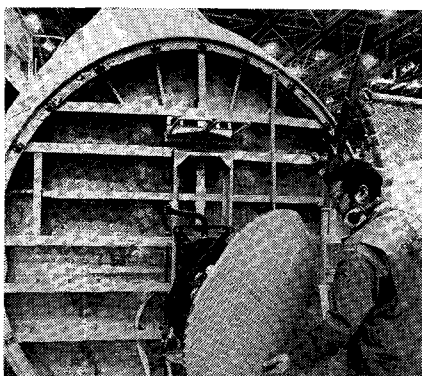
BUILD A BOEING.

When a 282-ton jet-liner lands so smoothly that sleeping passengers hardly stir, you can thank engineers like Bill Plommer.

Bill is one of Boeing's landing gear specialists par excellence. His team is now at work creating an advanced landing gear system for the 767.



It starts with an idea. Then the idea is put on paper in preliminary form. Stresses are calculated. Materials evaluated. Then everything is tested and re-



tested with precise models that give Bill a bird's-eye view of every working part.

What makes the job easy

is Boeing's experience on planes like the 707, 727, 737 and 747.

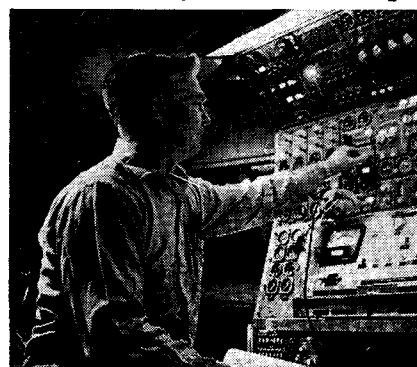


For example, in the life-span of a 747, it will make more than 20,000 takeoffs and landings in all parts of the world under all kinds of conditions.



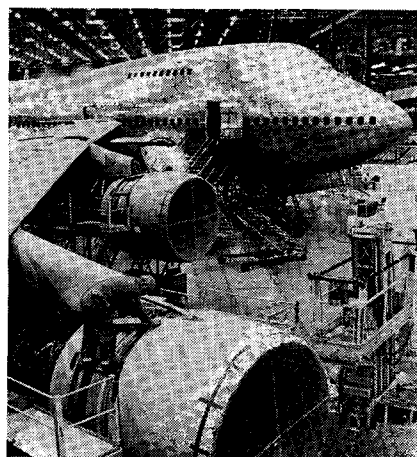
erating efficiencies are often applied in all Boeing models. It's a never-ending process of people working for perfection.

Lessons learned in new materials, systems, and op-

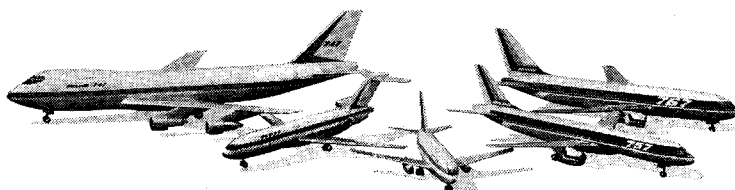


It starts with an idea. Then the idea is put on paper in preliminary form. Stresses are calculated. Materials evaluated. Then everything is tested and re-

tested with precise models that give Bill a bird's-eye view of every working part.



So every time a pilot touches down a Boeing jet-liner, you can expect the landing to be a little easier.



THE BOEING FAMILY
Getting people together.

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

GARDEN PINKS

and tulips and peonies bloom delicately on Wilroy's compliment gathering three part dress. The filmy jacket with raglan sleeves can be worn as a shirt. Sleeveless, back-zipping shell is in jersey as is the flaring, pleated pull-on skirt. Slim piping sash. Sudsable polyester. Rose pink/white; beige/white. 6-20. \$100.00

Add \$1.60 shipping
In N.Y. State add sales tax. Check,
M.O., American Express,
Visa/BankAmericard, Master Charge.

"UPSTAIRS"

the Brownstone Boutique
on the 22nd floor at
342 Madison Ave., Dept. N17,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Write or call for our **FREE
SUMMER BROCHURE**

Call 'Round-the-Clock
Toll-Free

800-221-2468

In N.Y. State call Toll-Free

800-522-2292

N.Y. City, Nassau, Westchester
212-953-1170



Our
Best Silver

Sterling—a gracious gift, an elegant possession. Cross sterling silver ball pens, pencils and soft tip pens for ladies and gentlemen are available at better stores worldwide—from \$20.00.*

CROSS
SINCE 1846

*Suggested Price

and sixteen; moreover, the Radicals were proportionately represented in the Cabinet. These friends, however, were powerless to prevent the new Finance Minister, the Socialist Prieto, from stripping March of his African tobacco monopoly that June. In August, the Cortes formed an Accountability Commission, made up of representatives of all political parties and charged with ferreting out the misdeeds of the Primo de Rivera regime, with particular reference to persons now serving as Cortes delegates. Naturally enough, its attention soon turned to March—and his to it. Sometime not long after the commission was created, Iglesias, representing March, went to one of its members, a Catalan delegate named Jaime Simó Bofarull, to say that "political persecution" of March would be "frankly inhuman and intolerable," and to offer a payment of twenty-five thousand pesetas, which Simó Bofarull refused. (According to Garriga, when March later learned the amount that Iglesias had offered, he was furious; the agreed-upon sum had been *two hundred* thousand. As for Iglesias, after Simó Bofarull told the Cabinet about the offer, he rose to praise the Catalan delegate in courtly language, but also to make a correction: the money had been offered as a "donation for a social function.") Following this, Attorney General Galarza sent agents to Calle Núñez de Balboa, where, after taking more than an hour to break down the door of March's house, they found him in his bedroom. When he asked what their orders were, they replied that their mission was already accomplished: the Attorney General had simply wanted to be sure that March was still in Madrid, and had not slipped out the door and back to the border.

In November, the Cabinet—which was supposed to be busy drafting a constitution for the Republic—debated the question of March at length and with heat. March, at his own request, appeared to plead his case. He was, he said, a man of the people; his arrival at his present fortunate financial status was the result of twenty-five years of ceaseless labor; although it would be "puerile" to deny that he had once dealt in contraband, to call him a contrabandist was an "error;" he had not made deals to aid Primo de Rivera; and, finally, the Republic should on principle respect wealth earned through labor rather than acquired through inheritance. The subsequent debate, continuing through three sessions, quickly

**TO CALL KRITER A CHAMPAGNE
BREAKS A FRENCH LAW.
NOT TO CALL IT CHAMPAGNE
BREAKS OUR HEART.**



Pearlree Imports, Inc., New York, New York • Sole U.S. Importers

According to French law, only sparkling wines that are made in the Champagne region can be called Champagne. And Kriter sparkling Blanc de Blancs is made in the beautifully lush wine-growing area just to the south.

So we can't call Kriter Champagne. But Kriter is made from specially selected

white grapes during vintage years, just like the finest Champagnes. And Kriter's sparkling light, dry taste is so well loved, that Kriter is a favorite around the world. And, of course, no domestic Champagne can even come close to matching Kriter's wonderful taste.

So try Kriter. Because the only differ-

ence you'll notice between Kriter and the finest Champagnes, is Kriter's reasonable price.

KRITER
The best selling sparkling wine in France.



The most civilized hotel in New York. Maybe the world.

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100

"I saw a Unicorn at the airport."

Headturning masculine fashion. Craftsmanship. Distinction. These endow the man who chooses eyeframes with the famous Bronzini Unicorn symbol. Ask to see the entire Bronzini Collection at your eyewear specialist.



BRONZINI
The Unicorn mark of success

BRONZINI VII
from Unilvis

© Ittek Corp. 1979

degenerated into a shouting match, during which the Cortes' president repeatedly had to call for order. When Galarza brought up the Garau affair, March replied icily that there was no proof of his complicity in it, and added that he hadn't believed that men as reckless as Galarza existed. He went on to maintain that during the period of the revolution Galarza had sent word to him that he had better change his attitude toward it or "a few gunmen would show up to kill him." (Galarza later admitted that this was substantially true.) At one point, Prieto—who had clearly undergone a change of heart toward March since the dinner meeting in San Sebastián the previous year—shouted from the government bench, "Mr. March should have been hanged by the Republic in the Puerta del Sol—and I would have pulled on his feet!" As Azaña, who had been a writer before he became a political leader, noted later, "March looked like an old, plucked rooster, set upon by enemies, but furious. I had the impression that I was seeing a man about to suffer a violent death. Trepidation and rage."

The debate came to little. Iglesias was declared "incompatible" with the Cortes but continued to sit in it anyway, while the Accountability Commission recommended the same fate for March, but the Cortes took no immediate action on the proposal. So March walked out still a delegate and still not formally charged with anything. The following February, by which time March's friends, the Radicals, had been purged from the government, the Cabinet met in secret session to decide whether or not to bring March to trial, and ended up voting the proposal down—partly because at that time Prime Minister Azaña was cautiously negotiating to get March to finance a Portuguese revolt against the dictator António de Oliveira Salazar. But time was running out for March. On June 8, 1932, the Portuguese intrigue having failed, the full Cortes again took up the matter of March—this time more resolutely, in a secret night session. March, defending himself against the principal charge—that he had obtained the 1927 tobacco concession from Primo de Rivera through bribery—was remarkably categorical. He had, he said, made a loan of twenty thousand pesetas to a Madrid printing house, at Primo de Rivera's request; he had credited the *Military Mail* with a hundred thousand pesetas, at the government's request; and, as a result of urging from the same quar-

Photographed at the UN Plaza Hotel.

PALM BEACH COMPANY, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. (212) 581-7520



You will look and feel more comfortable in summer clothes designed by John Weitz.

Consider the herringbone linen blend suit. The color is cool, the fabric breathes. This suit remains undaunted in weather that would wilt a lesser suit.

The open-weave blazer, in a worsted blend, is equally dauntless.

Both are proudly American. And both uphold a cherished John Weitz belief: The distinction lies in how the man looks, not in how much he pays.

The John Weitz Signature Collection by Palm Beach.

Weitz. The American designer for the American man.

Dine in a Botanic Garden circa 1818.

Here is the authentic beauty of old botanic prints, recreated from 19th-century Natural History books—and combined with exciting contemporary shaping!

"Botanic Garden," made in England, not only offers you a distinctive look as a total collection, it gives you a unique look *within* the collection.

Because the dinner plate comes in six different botanic-print designs. And the salad plate, in yet another six designs. Ditto, the bread-and-butter plate. And the cup.

Set a complete table for six and never repeat a

single design! It's like owning hand-painted dinnerware!

At a fraction of the cost. For example: the dinner plate, \$9.50; cup and saucer, \$9.50... other pieces, from \$6.50 to \$41.50. Dishwasher-safe and oven-safe.

Another beauty of this collection: lots of marvelous accessory pieces to use for dining or as great decorative accents throughout your home—like canisters and cachepots that double as planters.

See "Botanic Garden" at fine stores everywhere. For brochure, send 25¢ to Kosta Boda USA Ltd., Dept. PGR, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

PORTMEIRION

Distributed exclusively by Kosta Boda



ter, he had put up a hundred and twenty-five thousand pesetas each for a cancer institute and a church in Tetuán, and six million for the never-built children's hospital. "This is what my accusers consider bribery," March summed up, with what he evidently intended as triumphant irony. But the irony seems to have been lost on many delegates; just before adjourning, at four-fifteen in the morning, they voted, a hundred and forty-seven to seventy-four, to evict March from the Cortes and thereby deprive him of immunity from arrest.

Even so, the case might have ended up buried in parliamentary dithering but for the Ciceronian intervention of Finance Minister Carner during a public session of the Cortes held on June 14th to decide whether or not to have March arrested. Carner, who had been expected to speak in a dry, legalistic way, took the delegates by surprise by leaving behind the apparently endless wranglings and accusations of petty corruption, and putting March into the broad sweep of history by depicting him as one of those cold, wholly amoral, preternaturally forceful persons so rare that centuries may pass between the appearance of one and the next in any given place. When Carner ended with "Either the Republic will submit to him or he will submit to the Republic," the Cortes was in an uproar. There was another vote, this one unanimous, and the following day March was arrested and taken to Cárnel Modelo.

IT is possible to argue that one element of March's perverse genius was his ability to pick enemies who deserved him; in any event, the Republican parliament, by arrogating to itself the right to imprison a citizen without a proper indictment by the courts, exhibited a most un-Republican governmental tendency. Its permissive treatment of March in prison may have reflected a measure of guilt. Not only was he allowed to live there in comparative comfort, at his own considerable expense in tips and salaries, but he was also allowed to make gifts to his fellow prisoners. Each hallway at Modelo received its own football with his compliments, and he habitually kept his pockets full of five-peseta chits for the prison canteen, which he handed out at every opportunity, thereby becoming Modelo's own John D. Rockefeller—and a far more munificent one at that, since each of his chits was worth not a dime but something like forty-seven cents. On Christmas Eve,

1932, a van arrived from the Palace Hotel loaded with food and wine for a seasonal feast for all the prisoners. The order to the hotel appeared to have been sent and personally signed by March. Afterward, he insisted that he had never given the order and that his signature on it had been forged by a trickster seeking to get him in trouble; on Christmas Eve, however, he blandly accepted thanks, and general approbation, as the benefactor.

To his far greater advantage (and, as things turned out, to the Republic's disadvantage), March in prison was allowed unrestricted access to visitors, including political figures, and—even more surprising—to his vast financial resources outside. In August, 1932, José Sanjurjo, a hard-drinking, philandering general whose exploits against the Moroccan rebels had made him momentarily Spain's most famous soldier, attempted a coup d'état against the Republic. It was a total fiasco; most of the rebels were captured after some skirmishing in the Plaza de la Cibeles, in Madrid—right under the offices of the Ministry of War, from the balcony of which Prime Minister Azaña nonchalantly watched, a cigarette dangling from his lips—and Sanjurjo went to prison. It was later maintained that March, in collaboration with Lerroux, had planned to finance the Sanjurjo uprising but had then helped bring about its downfall by withdrawing his support at the last minute; his ally Lerroux may have been one of several early supporters of the conspiracy who betrayed it by tipping off the government in advance.

Thereafter, March pinned his political hopes on Lerroux. "The government of the Republic has been committing an iniquity and an infamy against a citizen," the Radical leader said publicly, in reference to March, going on to speak of "the envy that settles so easily in the soul of the multitude." (A respected Madrid lawyer stated, and Lerroux denied, that March had bribed Lerroux with a gift of sixty-three thousand pesetas, or about five thousand dollars.) Early in May, 1933, when March had been in prison almost eleven months, the director of prisons decided that things had gone far enough. He notified Azaña that March was engaged in "dangerous political maneuvers" involving "direct contact" with politicians of various stripes, including Anarchists, and even Communists, and ought to be moved to some prison outside Madrid, where such contacts would presumably be less



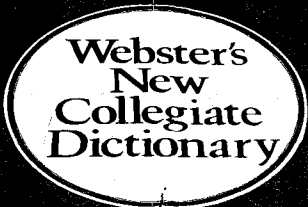
Blanc de Noir
— the newest member
of our family.

*Crushed & fermented
in the same time-honored
style as our "whites."*

*Chill & serve. Also,
great as an aperitif.*

SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTOR • PARROTT & CO. SAN FRANCISCO

seismic



**Webster's
New
Collegiate
Dictionary**

A Merriam-Webster

More than 150,000 entries. Over 22,000 new words. 27,000 examples showing the latest... eighth in the most widely approved dictionary.

91,000 precise definitions. meanings. appropriate word usage. us Collegiate series, home, office and school.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.
It's where the words live.

America's best-selling dictionary doesn't just define words—it brings words alive. So you won't have to quake in the face of "seismic" or get neurotic over the use of "paranoid" or feel defeated when you come across "kung fu." For this is the dictionary that offers thousands of quotations and usage examples plus scores of illustrations—all arranged to make meanings clearer than ever. Just \$10.95 wherever books are sold. Merriam-Webster, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

FROM MERRIAM-WEBSTER®

© G & C. MERRIAM 1977



Deansgate weaves pure cotton into a lightweight tropicord suit that breezes through Summer's most sultry days. \$150, Madison Room, 2nd floor.

The Deansgate Collection at Barney's.

Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street, New York. Open evenings 'til 9:30. Free parking.

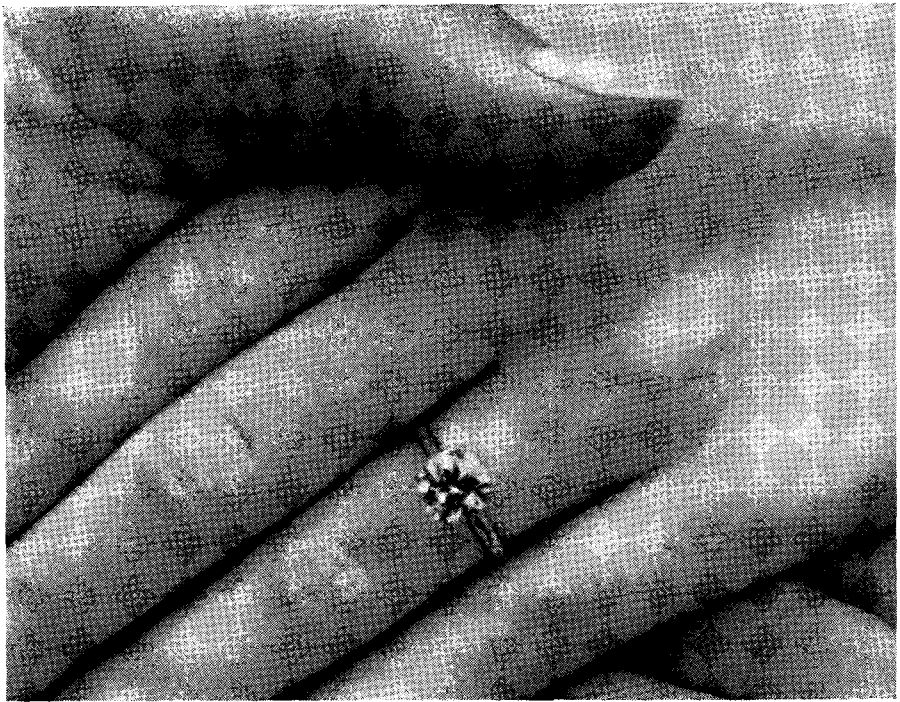
convenient. Acting on the suggestion, Azaña had March moved to the prison of Alcalá de Henares, the ancient university town, some thirty kilometres to the northeast, which is famous as the birthplace of Catherine of Aragon and of Miguel de Cervantes. But at Alcalá de Henares, March, instead of reducing his political activity, raised it to a new pitch. A member of the Garau family of Algiers, March's enemies since 1916, maintained that during the summer of 1933 March attempted unsuccessfully to hatch a plot to have Azaña and Prieto murdered. What is certain is that during July, March gained control, by one means or another and to one extent or another, of three more Madrid newspapers—*El Sol*, *La Voz*, and *Luz*—which had previously been supporters of the government. Together with the two papers he already owned, that gave him virtual mastery of the city's press. March then offered "his press" to the government in exchange for his freedom, but the offer was refused. March's press retaliated with even more virulent attacks on the government. Azaña noted plaintively in his diary, "In *Luz*, they call me stupid where once they called me a genius. In *El Sol*, they speak of my mind as of a madman's or a brute's."

Early in September, 1933, the people of Majorca, still loyal to their beleaguered fellow-islander, defiantly elected March to, of all things, the Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees, one of the Republic's highest political bodies, whose duty was to judge the actions of the sitting government on such matters as abuse of power and safeguarding the rights of individuals. His election was quickly annulled, but his prestige and influence continued to grow. The unceasing barrage of the March press against the government helped bring on a Cabinet crisis and the fall of the Azaña regime. "Either this Republic swings conservative or there will be no republic," March, airily paraphrasing his condemnner Carner, said to a New York *Times* reporter on September 9th. The same day, Lerroux, March's choice, was called upon to form a new government. March, the *Times* reported, was "the man behind the crisis." From a prison cell—or, rather, a prison suite—he had brought about a change of national leadership. Anti-Lerroux mobs rioted in Madrid on the eleventh, and the Radical leader was barely able to form a government, which in any case fell three weeks later, without having mustered the strength or the daring to release its principal sponsor from prison. Thus

power reverted to March's enemies. By October 27th, when an indictment of March was finally filed in a Madrid paramilitary court, he had evidently decided to take matters into his own hands. Six days later, he made one of the more sensational prison escapes of modern history.

His absence from Alcalá de Henares prison was "discovered" on the morning of November 3rd, when his personal servants arrived, as usual, from Madrid. What had happened soon became clear from the graphic accounts of those concerned. The previous day, March had dropped by the office of Martín Arnáiz Moreno, a warden of the prison, which was conveniently next to March's quarters. As Arnáiz explained later, "he told me that he was the victim of a runaround and that he had been unjustly imprisoned. . . . He was very anxious and particularly susceptible, because of the delicate condition of his health. He was afraid he would die if he remained in prison much longer. Because Mr. March's declarations were of a highly reasonable and justified nature, I promised to grant him his freedom." Shortly after ten o'clock that night, Arnáiz unlocked March's door. March walked out, and was immediately met by another prison official—his personal guard, Eugenio Vargas Rodríguez—who escorted him to his chauffeured limousine, waiting nearby. March—and Vargas, too—climbed in, and the car roared away, headed for Gibraltar. During the twelve-hour trip to the border, there was a change of cars and an addition to the company of passengers; the new passenger was Raimundo Burguera, a trusted March employee and manager of El Tesorillo, a March estate barely on the Spanish side of the Gibraltar border. At the border, the party smoothly passed through both Spanish and British customs without March's being so much as asked to get out of the car, allegedly because over the previous weeks Burguera had been making the same passage in the same vehicle over and over again, thereby inducing the customs men to think of him as an innocent commuter. March stayed in Gibraltar four days, and then sailed, unchallenged, to Marseilles—still accompanied by Vargas, the compassionate jailer, who cheerfully told reporters there that he had decided to retire and live in Greece.

The escape projected March, generally known for secretiveness, into a state of voluble euphoria. Quantities of prose, rich in righteous indignation and patriotism, flowed from his tongue and



The most romantic purchase of your life should also be a most knowledgeable one.

The diamond you select should be as brilliant and beautiful as the dreams you share today. You want it to be enjoyed for a lifetime.

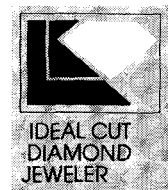
That's why you should choose knowledgeably and never compromise on the beauty and value of the diamond you buy, regardless of its size. You should look for a diamond that's been cut and polished to bring out all of its natural brilliance and beauty, one that meets the exacting standards that have been established as ideal. These are called ideal cut diamonds.

Why is cut so important? Because with diamonds, unlike colored gems, beauty depends on light reflection.

When a diamond is ideally cut, its 58 facets are placed in precise relation to the others. They act as tiny mirrors, constantly capturing and reflecting light and bouncing it back through the top of the stone in a brilliant blaze. A diamond cut too shallow to make it look bigger lets some of the light "leak out" through the bottom and appears watery. One cut too deep lets light "leak" through the sides and appears black in the center when compared to an ideal cut diamond.

LK Ideal Cut Diamonds ensure you of getting the most beauty and value for your investment.

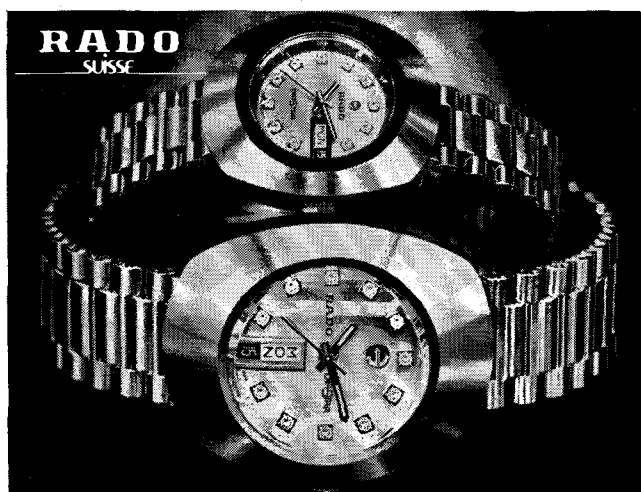
They are available at fine jewelers throughout the country who display this symbol:



If you'd like more information, call or write:

Lazare Kaplan & Sons, Inc.
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 757-5200

Switzerland's Unbelievable Watch



You won't find another watch like it! Super water-resistant with tungsten carbide case, synthetic sapphire crystal, polished with diamond powder for a lustre that lasts a lifetime . . . that's why Rado is UNBELIEVABLE!

Available at these and other fine stores:

In New York At: Havils Jewelers, Patchogue, L.I./F.R. Letwinger, Jackson Hgts./Nivardo Jewelry, New York City

In New Jersey At: Alois Jewelers, Jersey City/M. Batan, Perth Amboy/Bazaar Salerno, Elizabeth/Continental Jewelers, W. New York/Hamilton Co., Inc., Trenton/M. Jordan, Newark/Kurz & Co., Passaic/Salerno Variedades, Elizabeth/Varadero Jewelry Corp. Union City/Villa Jewelry, Passaic/Romart Jewelers, Passaic/El Diamante, W. New York/Futurama Jewelers, Union City/St. Jude Jewelry, Union City

Fortunoff, the source.

WESTBURY, L.I. • NEW YORK CITY • PARAMUS, N.J.

Write for free color brochure and store nearest you.

Rado Watch Co., Inc. 27 W. 23rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10010

pen for several days. In a series of press conferences held in Gibraltar soon after his arrival there, he attacked the Accountability Commission for having kept him locked up for so long without trial; quoted a Socialist member of the commission as having said that he should remain imprisoned, if only "for the evil he had done to the Socialist Party;" and ended up with his own analysis: "They did it with the hope of taking from me my patrimony with the least excuse." On the telephone to the *Daily Telegraph* in London, he explained that at Alcalá de Henares the jailer Vargas "helped me to my car, as I was feeble almost to death from my long confinement and ill treatment in prison." (March's doctor was quoted in Gibraltar as having said that he was suffering from a "nervous breakdown" but that his condition was "not considered serious." Apart from that, no professional opinions on the state of his health were published.) "The jailer offered to come with me," March continued chattily. "The prison adjutant might have come, too, for he believes my escape was justified. But he stayed behind to vindicate his action in the light of reason and equity." March then went on to remark that it was a good thing the border guards had not required him to get out of the car, because at the time of crossing he had still been wearing his prison trousers.

March's most fulsome exposition of his thoughts and feelings, though, was contained in a letter addressed to his lawyer, José Antonio Canals, dated "Dawn, November 3, 1933" but evidently written earlier, in prison, since at that hour he was en route to the border. Clearly intended for publication—and, in fact, published in *La Libertad* the next day—the letter was, if nothing else, happily free of the bloodless, tongue-tied, lawyer-ridden prose style so characteristic of United States businessmen, past and present. Certainly to some extent striving consciously for comic effect, it showed the kind of cheerful cynicism—like that of "The Threepenny Opera" in Germany—that often appears shortly before the coming of Fascism. The letter read, in part:

If my decision to escape has had a successful outcome, I will be far from my homeland by the time these lines are in your hands. Those of you who know my love of Spain will understand how profoundly bitter I am to leave her and how powerful the reasons must be which have led me to take this step. I can bear no more, dear friends...after seventeen months of captivity, I am in such a weakened state that, if I were to allow it to

Hold the Fort.



And you'll hold one of the most enjoyable Bordeaux wines you've ever had.

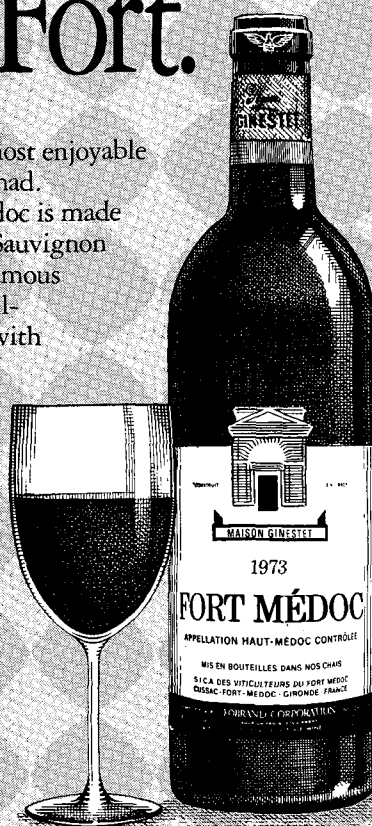
That's because Fort Medoc is made from the same aristocratic Cabernet Sauvignon and rich Merlot grapes as the most famous Chateaux wines. It's a vigorous, well-balanced wine that goes beautifully with steak and other hearty foods.

Hold the Fort once, and you'll never give it up.

FORT MÉDOC®

Imported from the
Haut-Médoc, France.

A Ginestet wine, imported exclusively by Kobrand, N.Y.



continue, the homicidal intention of those who want to do away with me would be fully realized. I want to spare them a guilty conscience....

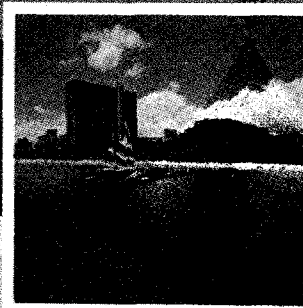
Maintaining my hopes, I spent a year and a half in prison. My soul was burdened with pain. I knew that, outside my cell, a savage horde of demagogues, sectarians, heartless opportunists, mercenaries, and traitors were giving poor Spain the same treatment they were giving me.... I kept waiting for relief, and relief did not come.... No use the fervent protests by writers of every stripe, no use—in short—the reaction of all noble spirits to the iniquity which was being perpetrated against me. The Accountability Commission imprisoned me without right or reason. Its design was that I should perish in prison or go mad.... I was convinced that a few more days of captivity would have meant death....

I cannot close this letter without humbly begging all who had stood by me in the past to forgive me.... I trust you will take into account that my physical resistance was running out, and forgive my rebellious gesture. Your forgiveness will assure my peace of mind. The judgment of the others does not concern me: I know that they will howl like starving dogs deprived of a coveted bone. I know many are afraid that with my freedom their shameless behavior will be revealed. I don't care. They did not complete their task. When the coming elections are over and Spain is a country where one can live, in which the personal rights of citizens are more than a myth, I won't be able to return to her fast enough, in order to take you into my open arms.

Meanwhile, to a remarkable extent, Spain was taking March into *its* arms. The police, immediately after hearing about the escape, held for questioning a number of obvious associates of March, including his son Juan; the secretary of his shipping line; officials of *La Libertad* and *Informaciones*; and the lawyer Canals. None of them could be implicated in his escape, and they were released. Thereafter, the government vacillated about whether or not to ask for March's extradition, and ended up doing nothing. This inaction may have been in part a response to a big upsurge of public sentiment in favor of March's escape, which was widely perceived as being in the great, ancient tradition of Spanish picaresque, in which the rogue-hero survives by defeating authority with his wits. Like the midget on J. P. Morgan's knee, the escape had precipitated an overnight reversal of public opinion about a previously hated rich man. "All Spain was chuckling" over the event, according to a report by Claude G. Bowers, the United States Ambassador to Spain at the time. "In the cynical, ribald laughter of the cafés, men told this story and roared with the joy of it." Most of the press—not only the

There are over 100 shops and services through and through. Village Wards, the exotic alleyways of the Rainbow Bazaar, and the treasures of the Pacific.

Hula and Hoola's, and sunset dinners, and private lunch and personal service. Come and see for yourself why there's no place like Hilton in Hawaii.



HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE

Call your local Hilton Reservation Service or your travel agent.

VENTURA

IT'S THE BEST CLOTHING
YOUR CLOTHING
COULD EVER HAVE



At Ventura, we view luggage as clothing for clothing. Because, like you, your possessions should travel in safety and style. Our luggage is packed with the most intelligent structural features, then dressed in a wide choice of fashionable coverings and colors.

And, for extra convenience, we add energy saving wheels and trusty digital locks. This is Ventura. The finest luggage in the world.

Shown: Presidential 500 Collection: Coverings of elegant "Scotch" tweed Vectrex, treated with Zepel® for stain resistance, and trimmed with superb harness belting leather. Collection includes 29 pieces for men and women. Color as shown. Ventura Travelware. \$300. to \$65, others to \$2800.

Ventura. The Intelligent Solution.

ZEPEL

At B. Altman & Co., Bloomingdale's, Brandeis, Broadway Dept. Stores, Dayton's, Marshall Field and Co., G. Fox & Co., Gimbel's Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Wm. Hengeler, J. L. Hudson, Ivey's Carolinas, Lipman Wolfe, Jordan Marsh Florida, Rich's, Rike's, Robinson's Southern California, Robert Simpson Co. Toronto and other fine luggage and department stores exclusively. Send 25c for "Tips on Packing" to Ventura, Dept. NY21, L.I. City, N.Y. 11101.



"March press"—seemed to feel about the same way. "IF ONLY THERE WERE MORE VARGAS," read a banner headline in one Madrid daily. The Spanish Leftist press, of course, took the occasion to renew its attacks on March and all that he represented, but in London—where, as would become evident later, March in 1933 already had a strong financial foothold—the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail* took his side, on the premise, demonstrably false, that his opponents in government had been Communists. As if all that were not enough response to his plea for forgiveness, in the general election of November 19th, which resulted in a sweeping triumph of the Right and Center and the reinstallation of Lerroux as Prime Minister, March was reelected to the Cortes as a Majorcan delegate.

After remaining prudently, and quietly, in France for four and a half months, March, fulfilling the promise made in his letter to Canals, returned to Majorca, where he was ceremonially welcomed home at the Transmediterranean dock—his dock—by his father, his son, and local officials of the Banca March. No move to reimprison him was made then, or would ever be made.

"AGAIN the mean, meagre figure of Juan March was seen lounging in the lobby of the Palace Hotel," Bowers wrote later. March's activities during the almost two years between his return from France and the election of February, 1936, are comparatively obscure, and perhaps not by chance. Hugh Thomas believes that March was then devoting himself to speculation against the Spanish currency for the purpose of sabotaging the Republic; if so, his efforts were unsuccessful, because the peseta remained remarkably stable against other currencies during most of the period, which was marked by rapid disintegration of the Republic in other respects. Bowers relates that early in 1936, after the Sub-Minister of Finance had ventured to interfere with an attempt by March to get a government refund of eighteen million pesetas to his Spanish Porto Pi Oil Company, March "crowded the corridors of the Ministry of Finance with agents, armed with bribe money." The agents were ejected, and the refund was not paid; what the episode makes clear is that March "the last pirate" (who would reappear in a new guise in the postwar world) had not in 1936 given way entirely to March the embattled statesman. But the fact is that later evidence strongly

suggests that March's principal preoccupation in 1935 and early 1936 was secret political intrigue—specifically, the financing of the Nationalist coalition that in July, 1936, would launch the Spanish Civil War.

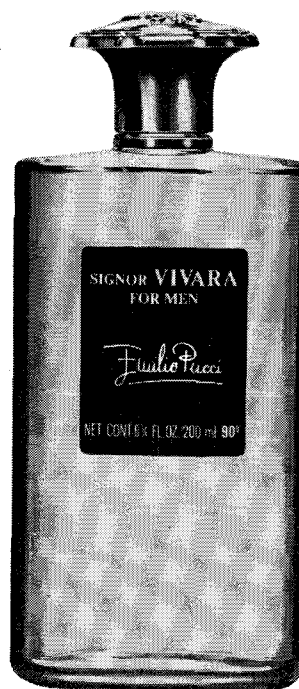
The result of the general election of February, 1936—a sweeping victory for the new coalition of Leftist parties called the Popular Front—was anticipated, with trepidation, by many Spaniards identified as enemies of the Left, March among them. By the day after the election, as an aura of impending class war filled the Spanish air, the two country clubs near Madrid were deserted, society functions in that city were cancelled, train reservations out of it were unobtainable, and The Rock hotel in Gibraltar was packed with members of the Spanish nobility and aristocracy who had made their escapes in the previous days. As for March, at ten-thirty on the morning of election day he crossed the border into France, accompanied by his family, thereby accomplishing his third successful flight into exile out of four attempts. (That same day, the voters of Majorca re-elected him, as usual, as one of their deputies in the Cortes.) In the following months—while the government was busy with such undertakings as forcing employers to rehire employees they had sacked after the strikes of 1934, and settling tens of thousands of peasants on land seized from large holders—March, in France, was, Thomas says, "in close touch with the military conspirators." March is generally known outside Spain, to the extent that he is known at all, as the man who financed Franco's rise to power. The precise extent to which he did will not be known until all Spanish documents on the subject are opened to scrutiny. However, much information has come to light, some of it quite recently.

To begin with, March and the Nationalist coalition were by no means natural allies. As Carner noted in his famous speech, March was the least ideological of men, ordinarily deriving his principles—if they can be given that name—from his personal financial interest. (Indeed, in studying March closely over a long period one comes gradually to think of him as some strange human mutant—a disembodied mind, detached from all emotions but acquisitiveness. It is not just that one misses idealism, affection, hope, or fear; finally, one asks, Where is jealousy? Where, despite March's occasional bluster, are real malice, pettiness, even vengeance?) Moreover,

My hat off! SIGNOR VIVARA



EMILIO PUCCI



Cologne • After Shave • Soap

Distributed by Emilio Pucci Perfumes International, Inc.,
24 East 64th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021/(212) 752-4777





RSVP, the St. Regis.

There's just no place in all New York like the St. Regis for your party, wedding, bar mitzvah, banquet, or that important executive meeting. The St. Regis is urbane, civilized, traditional yet very much today. And beautifully located. It is, in fact, New York the way you want it. So, before you send out those RSVP cards, call our Banquet Manager at (212) PL 3-4500.



**St. Regis-Sheraton
Hotel**

SHERATON HOTELS AND INNS, WORLDWIDE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 753-4500

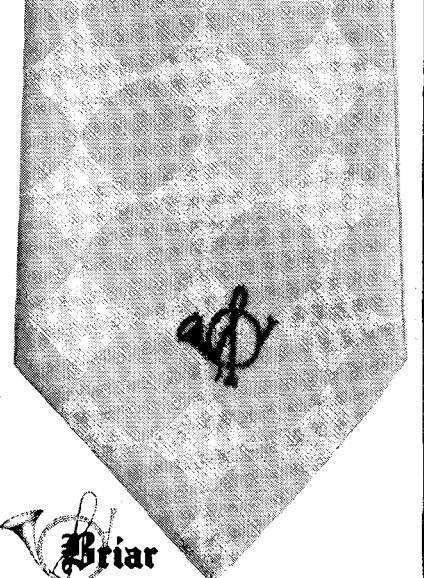
each of the various elements in the coalition had reason to oppose or dislike March, and vice versa. The Falange, the Spanish Fascist Party, founded in 1933 by Miguel Primo de Rivera's son José Antonio, was categorically opposed to individualistic capitalism, while March, for his part, was disturbed from the first about the possible effect on his fortunes of the Falange programs for agrarian reform and the nationalization of banks. The landed and titled gentry tended to regard March with the disdain that aristocrats in all times and places reserve for the upstart rich; for example, the aristocrats of Majorca had for years excluded him from their private club in Palma. The military officers who would lead the revolt tended to share the aristocrats' prejudice. As for the Catholic politicians, led by José María Gil Robles, if they were serious about their faith they could scarcely condone March's notorious business methods and practices. Two powerful bonds remained: mutual opposition to the Republic, and the fact that March had money when the Nationalists needed it.

Those were bonds enough. In June, 1936, the month before the uprising began, March sent messages to Franco—himself in semi-exile at Tenerife, in the Canary Islands, where he had been sent by the Ministry of War to keep him at a safe distance from mainland Spain—expressing his predisposition toward the counter-revolutionary cause and promising financial help to the conspirators in case of its failure. "It appears that March guaranteed the safety of all the principal figures involved in planning the insurrection," Díaz Nosty says. "It appears that this special 'insurance policy' amounted to one million pesetas per capita. The safety of the plotters' families was also guaranteed as completely as possible."

The most publicized, and probably the most spectacular, assistance that March gave was his paying for the aircraft that carried Franco from the Canaries to Spanish Morocco to take command of the Nationalist Army. Franco, having been chosen almost at the last minute by the junta of rebellious generals to be their leader, showed a tendency to procrastinate, whereupon a group of his fellow-conspirators decided to force his hand by arranging without his knowledge to have a plane go and call for him. In the first week of July, one of these men approached March in Biarritz, and he agreed immediately to finance the

WHAT'S NEW...

The cool, crisp look of Irish Linen



Crisp Irish linen ties feature the newest status symbol... Briar's own horn & crop, embroidered in pure silk. Available in navy, brown, maroon, camel. \$12.50



Norton Ditto

Bank of the Southwest Bldg.
Houston, Texas 77002
and
Post Oak Shopping Center

Exclusive
executive shirts...

HARVIE & HUDSON
Jermyn Street London SW1

Exclusive patterns created
by our own design team,
in the finest pure cotton.



To: **Harvie & Hudson, 77 Jermyn St.,
St James's, London SW1**
Tel. 01-930 3949 01-839 3578
Please send me your free brochure

Name _____

Address _____

plane-sending operation, whereupon the London correspondent of the Monarchist daily *ABC*, Luis Bolín, was instructed by his editor, the Marquis Luca de Tena, who was a strong Nationalist sympathizer, to procure a plane capable of flying directly from the Canary Islands to Morocco. The money, Luca de Tena explained, was to be provided by the London merchant banking firm of Kleinwort, Sons & Company, Ltd.—of which, according to a later affidavit of Cyril H. Kleinwort, of that firm, March had been a client since December, 1930. Bolín then chartered from the Olley Airways Company, of Croydon, on the outskirts of London, a transport-bomber called a Dragon Rapide. (Or else, as Díaz Nosty insists, the plane was bought outright; whichever was the case, the money came from March's sterling account at the Kleinwort bank.) On July 11th, the Dragon Rapide flew from Croydon to Lisbon with a British pilot and with a passenger complement consisting of Bolín, a retired British major, and two young women, one of them the major's daughter and the other a friend of hers. Neither the pilot nor any of the passengers except Bolín knew the purpose of the journey; the pilot was a hired hand, and the British passengers, arranged for as decoys by English sympathizers with the Nationalist side, believed that they were on a joyride. Four days later, the Dragon Rapide—this time without the British passengers, who were left to enjoy themselves in Lisbon—flew to Las Palmas, on Grand Canary Island, to fulfill its mission of picking up Franco and delivering him to Spanish Morocco.

There remained the somewhat awkward problem of getting Franco from his station at Tenerife, separated from Grand Canary by about forty miles of water, to Las Palmas, where the Dragon Rapide was waiting for him. An excuse was tragically provided when, on the day after the plane's arrival, the military governor of Las Palmas accidentally killed himself at target practice, and Franco got permission from the Ministry of War in Madrid to go to Las Palmas for his colleague's funeral. This he did, by boat, on the night of July 16th-17th. By evening of the eighteenth, the Spanish African ports of Ceuta, Tetuán, and Melilla had been seized by the Nationalists, with the help of the Spanish Foreign Legion. On the morning of that day, Franco, after first issuing a manifesto from Las Palmas, left in the Dragon Rapide bound for Tetuán,

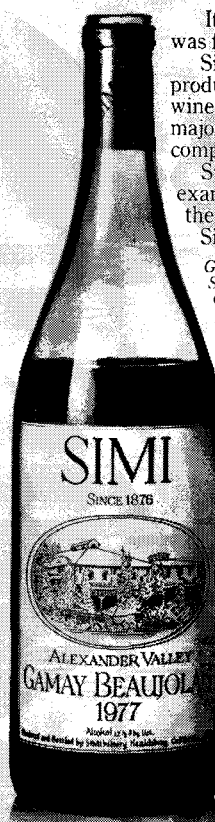
Saks Fifth Avenue



Our pure wool cardigan... to deal the unseasonal breeze a stunning blow. An easy classic—all, ribby, light-weight softness—with a shawl collar, raglan sleeves and self-belt. By Marisa Christina, in burgundy, navy, puce, or dark green. Sizes S,M,L; \$48. In Sweater Collections... where we are all the things you are.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

1876. A very good year.



It was the year the Simi Winery was founded in California.

Since then, they have consistently produced a premium line of varietal wines that have consistently won major awards at California wine competitions.

Simi Gamay Beaujolais, for example. A Gold Medal winner at the 1977 Orange County Fair. Simi. Nine very good wines.

Gamay Beaujolais, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Zinfandel, Gewürztraminer, Chenin Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling, Chardonnay, Rose of Cabernet Sauvignon.

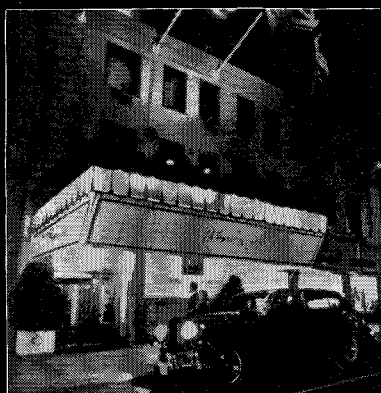
"How was New York?"

"Hectic.

Board meeting,
stockholder's
referendum,
a lot of dashing
around.

But I stayed at
a very soothing
hotel on Madison
at 69th."

"You must mean
The Westbury."



Secluded, discreetly
luxurious, The Westbury is
absolutely the right place
to stay when you visit
New York. Fastidious European
service. A breathtaking new
lobby. Great guest rooms. And
five stunning new banquet
rooms. For reservations, see
your travel agent or call toll-
free 800-223-5672 nationwide,
800-442-5886 in New York
State, or (212) 535-2000 direct.

THE WESTBURY HOTEL

IN NEW YORK CITY
Madison at 69th Street
New York, N.Y.
(212) 535-2000

A Trust Houses Forte Hotel



making unscheduled landings at Agadir and Casablanca, perhaps to telephone ahead and make sure that his friends were firmly in charge of things at his destination. The same day, fighting began on the Spanish mainland, and the terrible war that both exemplified and exaggerated all the social and ideological conflicts of its time was begun.

In the early days of the war, March, travelling frequently between Biarritz, Rome, London, and Lisbon, played a crucial role in obtaining Italian military help for the Spanish Nationalists. On July 22nd—the same day that in Madrid, now ruled by the Socialist Trade Union, March's mansion was being seized by the Socialist-

Communist Youth to serve as its headquarters—March was reported by French Communist sources to be in Biarritz engaged in nothing less than plotting the course of the revolt, along with Gil Robles and the Falangist José Antonio Primo de Rivera. What is certain is that on the twenty-third he met in Biarritz with several of the leading conspirators to help prepare a request for Italian aid; and on the twenty-fifth the conspirators proceeded to Rome (perhaps accompanied by March) to ask the Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, for twelve combat aircraft for shipment to North Africa. Ciano apparently demanded payment in advance, and March apparently met the demand without question. According to one account, the sum was one million pounds sterling; according to another, March simplified matters by buying control of the Savoia Corporation, manufacturers of the aircraft. Confirmation of sorts of some transaction along these lines came on July 30th, when six Italian aviators landed at Berkane, French Morocco, where they were detained by French authorities and, through their attorney, told a local court that they were on their way to join the Franco forces in planes paid for by March.

At almost exactly the same time, according to what Garriga was told by the secretary to General Emilio Mola, Franco's second-in-command until his death the following year, March turned up at Mola's headquarters in Pamplona and handed over a document listing securities worth almost six hundred million pesetas, or around eighty-two million dollars, that he was putting at Mola's disposal should he need it to raise funds. One of Mola's aides was "overcome with emotion," Garriga says, adding that "March's financial

intervention in Pamplona was one of the decisive factors that allowed the generals to continue to fight." (Díaz Nosty, in repeating the story, expresses doubt that March came to Pamplona in person; and, indeed, apart from the risk involved, his known travel schedule that week makes it seem unlikely that he did.)

In August, the month after the government had confiscated March's Transmediterranean shipping line—at

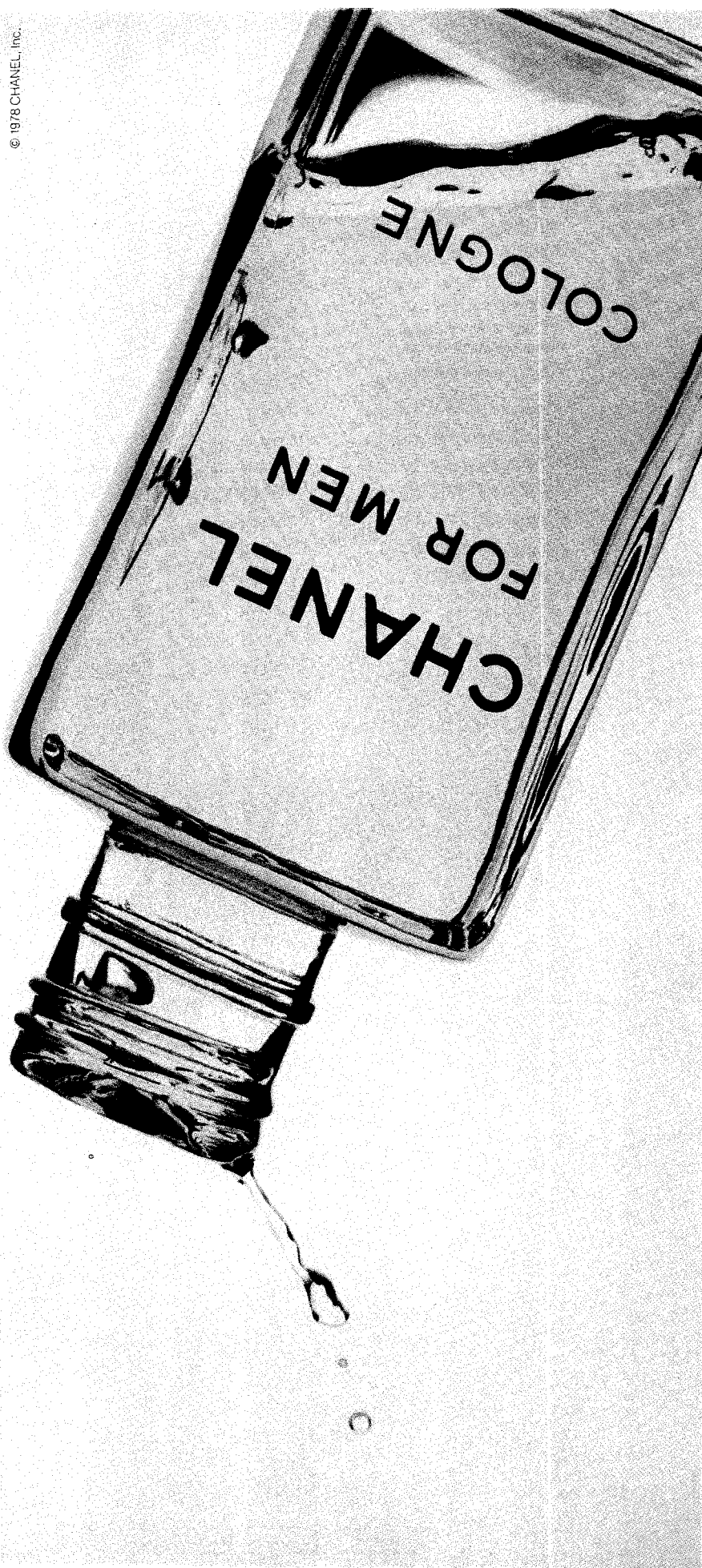


little personal cost to him, inasmuch as on July 11th he had forehandedly withdrawn all the company's liquid funds and ordered its newest and best ships to safe areas—March used his expertise and his connections to make pur-

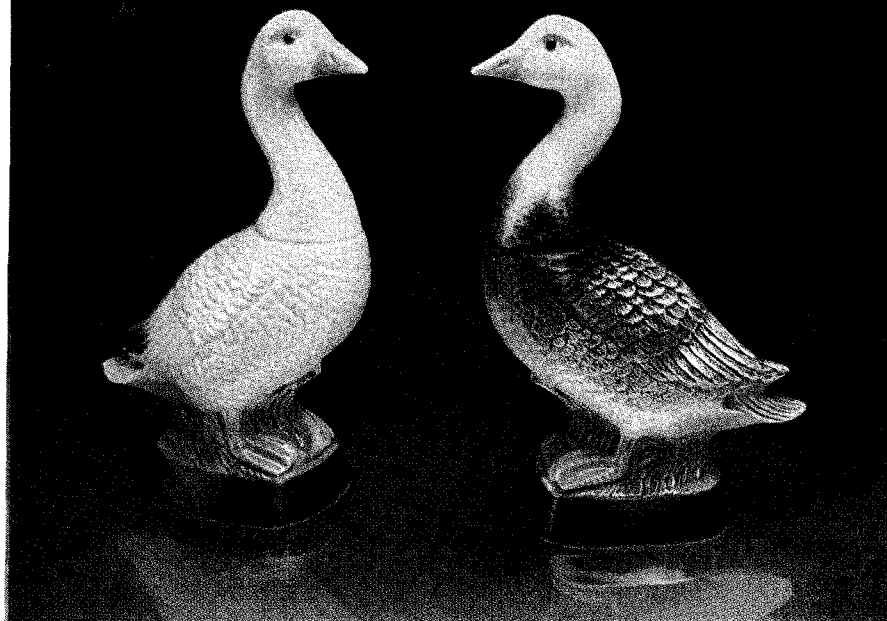
chases of foreign exchange for the Nationalists, whose desperate need for it is dramatized by evidence that at one point their foreign currency reserves had dwindled to the equivalent of fourteen hundred dollars. (The Nationalists, in mid-March of 1937, issued a decree requiring all citizens and organizations within territory they had captured to surrender their foreign currency, foreign securities, and gold in exchange for Nationalist pesetas. There is some evidence that March profited, and cheated the Nationalists, by amassing such assets for himself and taking them abroad shortly before the decree.) What virtually all authorities are agreed on is that March personally financed in large part the Italian intervention that secured Majorca for the Nationalists in the latter half of August. The island had fallen to them without a struggle at the start of the war, but on August 16th a Republican force made up of Catalans, and numbering perhaps twelve thousand five hundred, landed and established a beachhead on its eastern coast. Shortly afterward, the beachhead was attacked by three March-financed Savoia bombers with Italian crews, accompanied by an Italian fighter squadron—and attacked so relentlessly and effectively that within a matter of days the few surviving Republican troops had been thrown back into the sea. The Italian attack was soon followed by the arrival, as effective Majorcan dictator, of a farcical yet unbelievably fanatical and cruel Italian Fascist named Arconovaldo Bonaccorsi, who called himself Count Rossi. Driving a red racing car, wearing a black Fascist uniform and a large white cross on his chest, and carrying on his person a one-man arsenal consisting of pistols, knives, daggers, cartridge belts, and grenade belts, for

four months he roamed the island spreading casual death. The French writer Georges Bernanos, a Catholic monarchist who was living on Majorca at the time, and who originally sympathized with the counter-revolution, recorded later that by the spring of 1937 there had been some three thousand assassinations on Majorca, among the victims being whole families wiped out on the basis of hearsay evidence that they had ventured to cheer Catalan planes flying overhead. "In the end, they ceased to horrify," Bernanos wrote of the Fascist murders. March cannot be held personally responsible for them, or for Bonaccorsi—only for the Italian attack that prepared the way for Bonaccorsi's regime in his homeland and that probably would not have occurred on the tactically unimportant island without his intervention.

That March may have been involved in financing the counter-revolution well before the start of the war; that his credits in Britain played a huge role in the financing; and that his relations with the Nationalists were anything but smooth—all these things are suggested by evidence that has recently come to light in a surprising way. Not long before Franco's death, in November, 1975, a young economic historian, Angel Viñas, of the University of Valencia, was commissioned by the Franco Ministry of Finance to do a book on a question to which the Ministry had never known the precise answer: What happened to the Spanish gold reserve, which at the beginning of the Civil War was the fourth-largest national gold reserve in the world and by its end had all but disappeared? Viñas was given free access to certain relevant and previously secret documents. His book, "Spanish Gold in the Civil War," revealed that most of the national treasure had been sold in 1936 and 1937 to the Soviet Union and the Bank of France to finance the Republican side in the war. Published in the autumn of 1976, a year after Franco's death, the book was suddenly suppressed after Viñas, doing a publicity appearance on television—the not always happy lot of eager modern authors in many countries—made some remarks that apparently miffed government officials. It was rereleased, just as suddenly, the following August—as a result, Viñas believes, of a government reshuffle—and Viñas was allowed even wider access to secret files, to do further research, for a new edition. While doing this research, Viñas came upon various documents relating to March's dealings



THE BEAM COLLECTION



Snow Goose

Blue Goose

Every detail of their rare beauty, captured in genuine Regal China porcelain, has been authenticated by Dr. Lester E. Fisher, Director of Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoological Gardens. Take pride in owning and giving Beam's true-to-life collectables. Those you remember will appreciate your thoughtfulness long after they have enjoyed the noble contents of these distinctive decanters. Contains .750 liter of 100-month-old Beam Whiskey. First in the Beam authenticated series. Twelve inches high. Available where fine spirits are sold.

80 Proof. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Distilled and Bottled by The James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Ky.



**COTTON
CLASSICS™**

Our finest shirt collection. 100% mercerized San Joaquin cotton. Cool and comfortable. No-iron Fusilier collar stays neat and smooth. Classics. At fine stores everywhere.

MUNSINGWEAR®

We bring quality to life

Munsingwear, Inc. Minneapolis, MN 55405

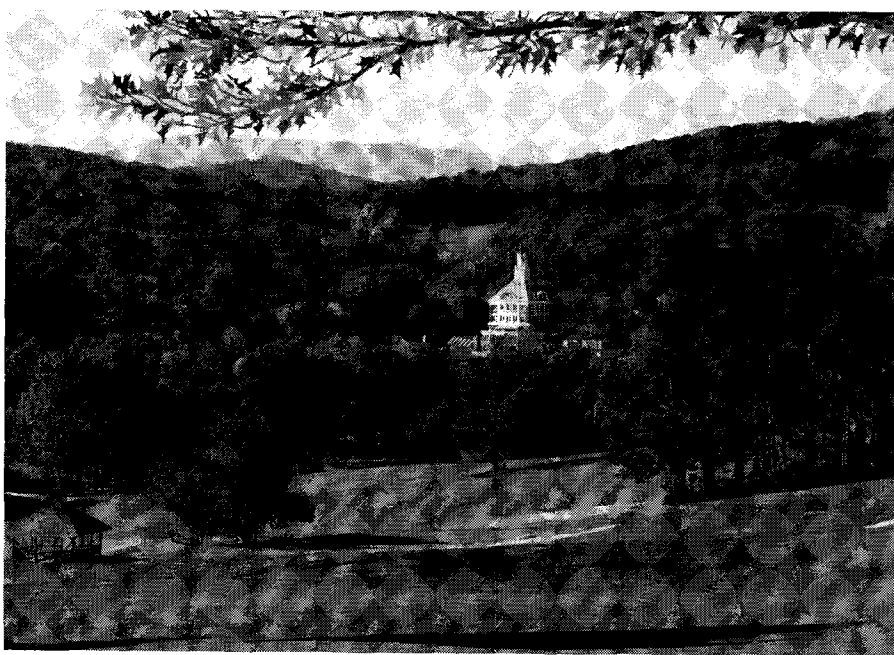
with the Nationalists, and in November, 1977, he told me of his new findings.

According to Viñas's sources, as early as April, 1936—three months before the outbreak of the insurrection—a contract was made under which the Kleinwort bank in London would supply credit to the Nationalists, to be drawn on as needed, and personally guaranteed by March. The limit of credits, originally five hundred thousand pounds, was raised in August and September to eight hundred thousand pounds, and in December it reached a peak of nine hundred and forty-two thousand, or more than four and a half million dollars. But what was abundantly clear from the documents he found, Viñas says, was that March, in so liberally putting his resources at the counter-revolutionists' disposal, was careful to insist on a sound commercial basis—and, indeed, sometimes drove such a hard bargain that the generals were greatly annoyed. A Nationalist agent's report in the Spanish military archives, dated July 25th, states pointedly that in agreeing to pay for the first Italian military aircraft March requested a formal order and a receipt signed by a representative of the Nationalist leadership. The tone of the report suggests that the request was resented. That attitude becomes explicit in another document—an agent's report made in August, in which the agent quotes March as complaining that the military junta was no longer paying much attention to him. "I inspired Juan March to put his credit to the service of the fatherland, and begged him to approach the junta in a way that wouldn't be so commercial," the agent reported.

Whether or not March accepted the plea not to be so commercial, and whether or not the junta resumed paying attention to him, his financial operations in the second half of 1936 were on a gigantic scale. Other papers found by Viñas show that on September 3rd March deposited forty-nine and a half metric tons of gold in the Bank of Italy, and that on September 9th he deposited seventy-two metric tons more. In 1936, a metric ton of gold was worth about one million two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. The source and ownership of the gold that March deposited and the purpose for which he deposited it are not known; surely it is a reasonable speculation that he had acquired much if not all of it for his own benefit, in exchange for pesetas, by exploiting the privileged trading position that the Nationalists

had given him, and that he chose the Bank of Italy, which at that time functioned as a private bank as well as a government one, as the safest available depository. Whatever the case, the fact that one man could within a week make gold deposits greater than the national gold reserves of any but a few of the world's nations vividly shows the financial power he was then able to command.

As the Nationalists prospered militarily, Italy decided to support them at its own expense, as a political matter, and credits from British and American banks and corporations became more readily available to them. (In particular, The Texas Company—later called Texaco, Inc.—made vast shipments of oil to Franco between late 1936 and early 1939; as to payments, Franco's negotiator wrote later, "we paid what we could pay, when we could pay it.") Consequently, Franco became less dependent upon March. Late in 1936, rumors spread that March had refused to continue financing the war and was demanding repayment of sums due him. Even one Republican journal wrote of "the traitorous and miserly Majorcan's urgent demands," and implied that the Franco regime's pillaging of the treasure of the famous Virgin of the Cathedral of Nuestra Señora del Pilar, in Zaragoza—the jewels were reported to have brought some fifty million dollars in London and other cities—had been made necessary by March's tightfistedness. Nevertheless, through the first half of 1937 he continued to serve Franco regularly as a financial diplomat and purchasing agent. On April 11th, with the insurgents pressing Bilbao, March arrived by ship in Naples, and announced that he was headed for Rome to join his family, some of whom were then living there. In Rome, he refused to see newsmen, and they reported that his purpose there was believed to be to confer with Italian officials and to purchase supplies for the Nationalists. In late May, at another critical point in the war, March again sailed for Italy, this time from Gibraltar, and this time accompanied by a delegation of Spanish notables, including the Duke of Alba, a jaunty, scholarly man—at one time or another director of the Royal Academy of History and president of the board of governors of the Prado, and the author of several books—who had become Franco's chief link with the Spanish nobility. In Naples, again en route to Rome, March told reporters that he was in Italy as a tourist. Some of his countrymen in



The Homestead. It delights your emotions as well as your senses. 16,000 glorious Alleghany Mountain acres. A tradition of warmth, grace and elegance, manifested by superb service, cuisine and accommodations, plus the very finest outlets for your energy: championship golf, tennis,

swimming, health spa, riding, hiking, fishing, skeet and trap and more. So come to this place of breathtaking beauty, filled with simple pleasures. It's what the world needs more of today. For reservations see your travel agent. Or call toll-free 800-336-5771; in Virginia 800-542-5734.

THE HOMESTEAD

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445

THE EYES OF AMERICA: ART FROM 1792-1979



Charles E. Burchfield (1893-1967) *Peach Trees*, July 10, 1916

Fully illustrated catalogue available for \$10.00

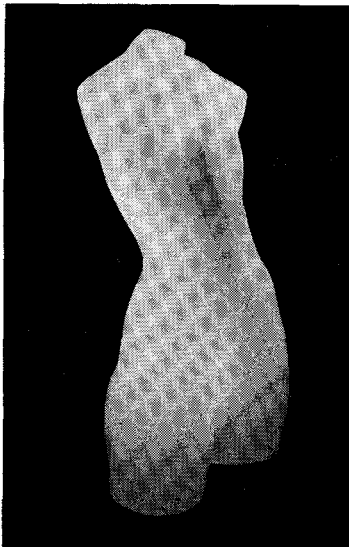
Kennedy Galleries

40 West 57th Street (5th Floor) New York 10019 (212) 541-9600

Open Tuesday-Saturday 9:30-5:30

Closed May 26-28

Thereafter, Summer Hours: Monday-Friday 9:30-5:30



"Eurydice" by Maurice Legendre
Edition 150, 12 1/2 h x 7 w.

Possess light. Not the source of it. The soul of it.

Sculptures en pâte de verre.
Art Glass but, more, Art Crystal.
Crystal and color combined for
eternity through the ancient
lost wax method of casting.
A three thousand five hundred year
old process now only possible from
Cristallerie DAUM, France.

Commissioned works
by some of the world's most
important sculptors.

Including a soon to be
introduced collection by
notable American sculptors.

World wide editions from
twenty to three hundred.
From \$700US to \$4000US.

Each piece signed.

Numbered.

Accompanied by a
Certificate of Authenticity.

A prestigious investment
that you can live with.

For privileged museums and
private collectors.



"Buddha" by Roy Adzak
Edition 75, 13 1/2 h x 6 w.



For a full color brochure please send
\$1US to Heredities Ltd.
P.O. Box 641, Hampton, N.H. 03842
For the name of your nearest dealer call
Toll Free 1-800-258-0836

Gibraltar, however, which at that time was still a nesting place for Spanish aristocrats sympathetic to Franco but waiting out the war at a safe distance, said that March's and Alba's mission was to dissuade Premier Mussolini from withdrawing the thousands of Italian "volunteer" troops fighting for the Nationalists in Spain. Then, in early July, March was reported on his way to Italy yet again, this time from Algeciras.

Opinions and calculations as to the extent and value of March's over-all financial contribution to Franco's victory vary widely. One Nationalist official declared, with what was certainly Latin exaggeration, that March had offered his personal fortune down to the last centavo. A future Franco Cabinet officer called his support "the sole decisive factor in Spain's triumph over Communism." Viñas, however, feels that while March's contribution was crucial tactically, especially at the beginning of the war, when Franco had virtually no other sources to draw upon, it did not determine the war's outcome. Díaz Nosty, accepting as a "working figure" an estimate by *El Pueblo*, of Valencia, in 1937 that March had "donated one billion pesetas for the purchase of fratricidal weapons," points out that on the basis of an authoritative estimate that the war cost the Nationalists about ten billion pesetas, "we can tentatively state that one of every ten pesetas spent on the war had been advanced by March."

Thus, with the Republican surrender on April 1, 1939, and Franco's accession to the position of dictator, Carner's 1932 prediction—that either the Republic would submit to him or he to it—in a fashion came true. Now, of course, March's personal financial prospects were bright indeed. For the first time, a man in his personal debt for past services had become head of state—and head of state without democratic checks on his power. March now enjoyed a kind of advantage that no financier in even the most complaisant or corrupt representatively governed state—not a Jay Gould under a Grant Administration, for example—ever had available to him. He was quick to use the advantage. His confiscated properties were promptly restored to him. In February, 1939—by which time the British government was waiting only for the Republicans' surrender before recognizing the Franco regime—the firm of J. March & Company, Ltd., was formed in London, its formally announced purpose being "to facilitate the entry of British products and



Copenhagen is filled with magic. As you walk its enchanted streets, look up every now and then to see Good Luck Storks nesting on slated roofs. You lucky lady, can't you just see yourself in something utterly bewitching by Birger Christensen?

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark



By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

*Dromoland
Castle*



IRELAND'S FINEST

And DROMOLAND'S CHARMING CLARE INN
Luxurious Living in historic surroundings

Just 8 miles from Shannon Airport
DROMOLAND CASTLE, NEWMARKET-ON-FERGUS,
CO. CLARE, IRELAND Phone (061) Shannon 71144 Telex 6854

U.S. Reservations

McDonough Hotels, P.O. Box 1825
Parkersburg, WV 26101 Telex 86-9412
TOLL FREE 800 624-1921

DAQ'S BAR
Just Room for 80
Interesting People

DAQ's

Next to Hugo's in the
Pittsburgh Hyatt House



capital into Spain in order to collaborate in the reconstruction necessary owing to the havoc wrought by war." However, the impression gained by Thomas J. Hamilton, of the *New York Times*, was that the firm's ambitions were a good deal higher, wider, and less purely humanitarian than that. "Deep within the financial district I found the new company's modest office," Hamilton wrote later. "March . . . was not in London. The manager was more than willing to explain his chief's aims. The new company intended to take over Spain's trade with the entire world."

NEITHER J. March & Company nor March himself succeeded in doing that. The period just before and during the Second World War was nevertheless a golden age for him. The currency tangles created by such a war, imposed for the first time on a sophisticated modern economy involving many interdependent nations, were just March's meat. Through the middle months of 1939 and into the early months of the war, J. March & Company exploited its privilege of acting as a middleman in the Spanish export-import trade. Maintaining a separate account with each country, it collected foreign currency generated by Spanish exports, reimbursing the exporter in pesetas; then it either held the foreign currency in banks outside Spain or sold it to the Spanish government at a profit. This amiable rake-off system ended shortly after the outbreak of war when conscientious officials hostile to March and his methods came to the Spanish Ministry of Industry and Commerce. For the first time in his career, March then turned to large-scale dealings with the United States. A Majorcan story has it that early in the war a priest from Pennsylvania, visiting relatives in Majorca, expressed a wish to help out Spanish priests there with money but was refused permission by the United States to bring dollars into Spain. Presented with the problem, March is supposed to have said, "Tell the good father I'll pay for Spanish Masses in Majorca if he'll buy cigarettes for me in Kentucky." The deal fell through, so the story goes, when a Louisville firm reported to Washington a priest's order for millions of cigarettes for Spain.

But March, of course, had other, and bigger, fish to fry in the United States and elsewhere. Using neutral Spain and Portugal as convenient platforms, he attempted to return to his old wartime game of playing off the

LIQUORE STREGA, THE HAUNTING LIQUEUR FROM ITALY, HAS A BEWITCHING TOTE BAG FOR YOU.



Please send me _____ (indicate quantity) Italian Strega Tote Bags with the waterproof lining—from the Alberti Collection—at \$6.75 each.

Name _____

Street _____

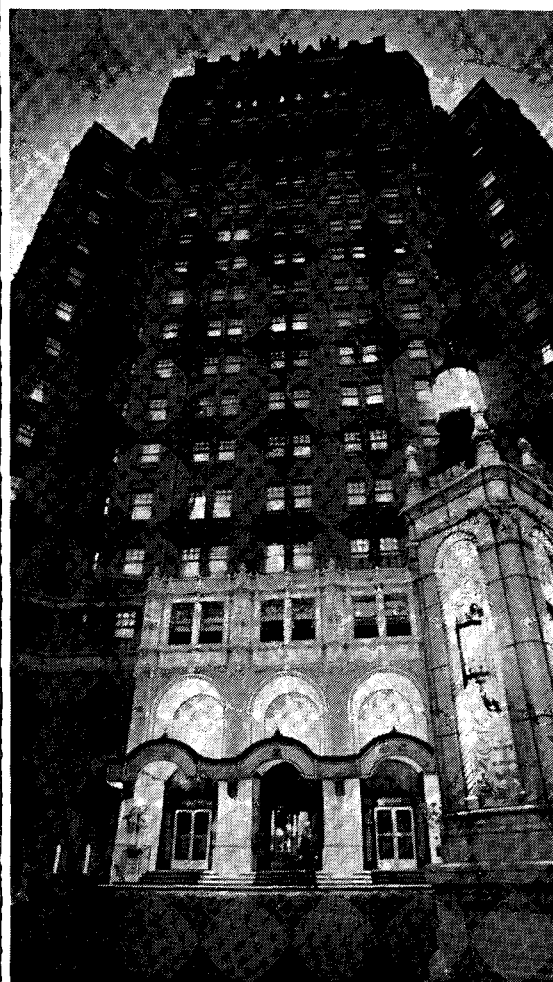
City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Tote is 14" x 17½". Just send a check or money order, payable to Schenley Imports Co., to P.O. Box 349, Rockville Centre, New York 11570. Offer good only where permitted by law. Allow three weeks for delivery. Offer limited. Liqueur Strega, Eighty Proof, Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1979.

NY-5



Inter-Continental. The only name that could complement The Mark Hopkins.

On top of The City, at Number One Nob Hill, The Mark Hopkins has stood as a landmark of hospitality in San Francisco for decades. And today, Inter-Continental has renewed, refurbished and remodelled this great hotel from the lobby to the famous Top of the Mark. For reservations see your travel agent or call 800-327-0200 (in Florida 800-432-2673).

THE
Mark Hopkins

AN INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL

Number One Nob Hill
San Francisco, California 94108
Telephone: (415) 392-3434

incomparable

ALL 3 are YOUNG RESORTS.



SUGARBUSH INN

WARREN, VERMONT

A resort for all seasons. John Gardiner Tennis Clinics. 16 tennis courts. Robert Trent Jones 18-hole championship course. Sauna. heated outdoor pool riding, skiing, cross country skiing. Inclusive Plans for all sports and family. Tel. 802-583-2301.



Plantation Inn

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, W.I.

A luxurious way to escape. True colonial atmosphere. Impeccable Jamaican service. 120 dedicated staff for 130 guests. Cuisine to exacting standards. Two beaches, tennis, golf and all water sports.



Plantation Club

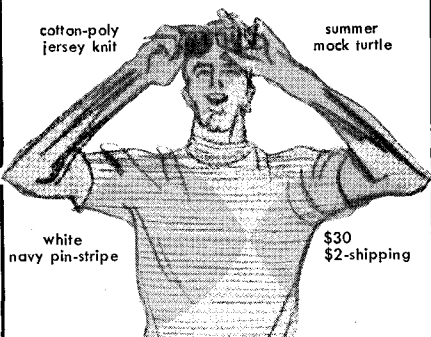
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE • BERMUDA
The charm and elegance of an unique Bermudian cottage colony. Golf and tennis at their very best. Exquisite cuisine and memorable service to round out the finest Bermuda has to offer.

See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell, 777 Third Ave., N.Y. 10017
(212) 371-1323

Alexander Shields

cotton-poly
jersey knit

summer
mock turtle



white
navy pin-stripe

\$30
\$2-shipping

484 PARK AVE. AT 58TH ST. • NEW YORK 10022

belligerents against each other. At the end of 1941, he went to bomb-devastated London, where, using the office facilities of the Franco government's press attaché there (his friend the Duke of Alba, now Spanish Ambassador to Britain, had the grace or the caution to refuse him use of the Embassy), he reestablished old contacts with important figures in the City of London. It seems clear that he also had conversations with representatives of the British government, promising it information obtained from his shipping operations, and threatening it with the use of his influence to reduce or cut off the shipment of Spanish iron ore to Britain. At about the same time, March made earnest efforts through the German Navy Secret Service to treat with the Nazi side. That these efforts were largely unsuccessful may have been in part due to the fact that March was alleged to have Jewish ancestry; like many Majorcans, he was thought to be descended from Jews who had been converted to Christianity during the Inquisition. At all events, he seems to have emerged from his various negotiations with a limited but valuable British license to ply his trade, nefarious or otherwise, in exchange for his cooperation with the British as to information and supplies.

The results of this arrangement surfaced spectacularly in December, 1941, when the Isla de Tenerife, a freighter of March's Transmediterranean line, bound for Lisbon, was seized at a Staten Island pier by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, and five men associated with the ship—her captain and chief radio operator, two representatives of Transmediterranean, and a Spanish-born shipping broker with a British passport—were taken into federal custody, charged with attempting to export prohibited commodities and with violating the Trading with the Enemy Act. As to the former offense, the Isla was caught red-handed, inasmuch as the federal authorities had found aboard her large quantities of radio parts, parachute silk, and lubricating oil, and, on the pier alongside, apparently waiting to be loaded, thirty thousand dollars' worth of additional silk and more than a hundred fifty-five-gallon drums of oil. These materials were blandly listed on the ship's manifest as "ship's stores;" the authorities believed they were war matériel destined for Germany. The incident caused an international uproar, and the Spanish government felt obliged to issue a statement reasserting its non-belligerent status. Nevertheless,

The most luxurious First Class to Greece.

(It's also the least expensive)



Be above it all. Fly First Class to Greece with Olympic Airways.

Find total relaxation in Olympic's exclusive upstairs cabin. Just 12 seats. A separate lounge area. Two attendants. Two restrooms.

Superb cuisine and French champagne. All in an atmosphere that is quiet, private and elegant.

And roundtrip fare from New York is \$410 lower than any other airline flying nonstop to Athens.

Convenient connections to the Middle East and Africa.

OLYMPIC
AIRWAYS

gold...may not improve his game, but will do wonders for his ego!

14K golf marker
\$47.



14K golf tee
\$125.



MC-VISA

Free insured delivery anywhere in USA
please add applicable NY sales tax

the **Pierpont**
Collection
(212) 242-2900
160 Prospect Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238

Both pieces shown actual size. Send for our free brochure



2-Piece PINE CHAIR

Fantastic design! Seat fits thru slot in back for strong indoor/outdoor comfort. 20" x 32" x 30 1/2" high. To store, seat slides flush into back section.

(only 6 1/2" wide)

\$21 00

UNFINISHED

\$24 00

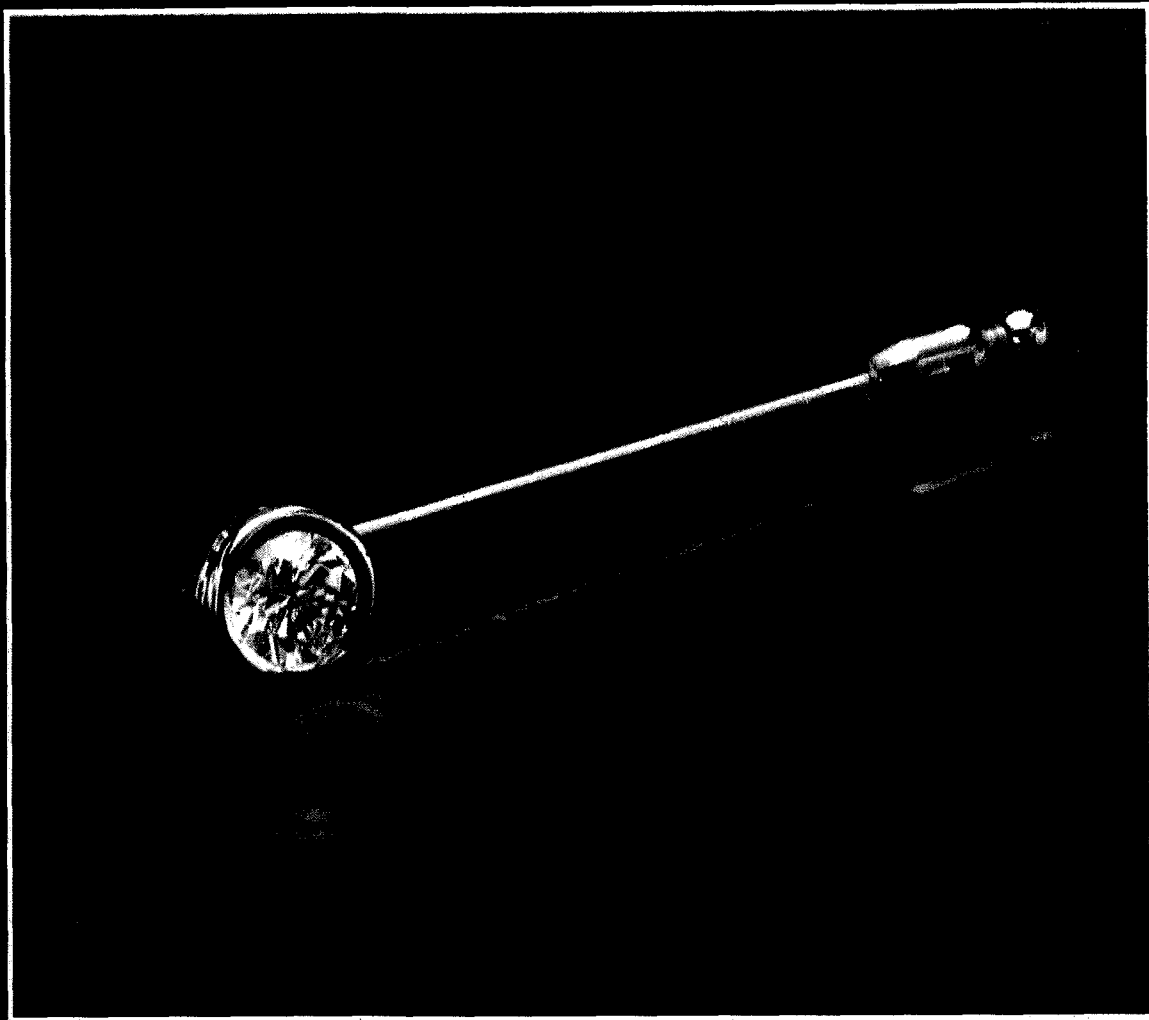
STAINED

THE STORE THAT
STILL PACKS A SURPRISE
COUNTRY LIVING

Add \$3 shpg. ea.
W. of Miss. R.
add \$5 each

320 King St. N5, ALEXANDRIA
VIRGINIA 22314 703-549-4424

The diamond solitaire.



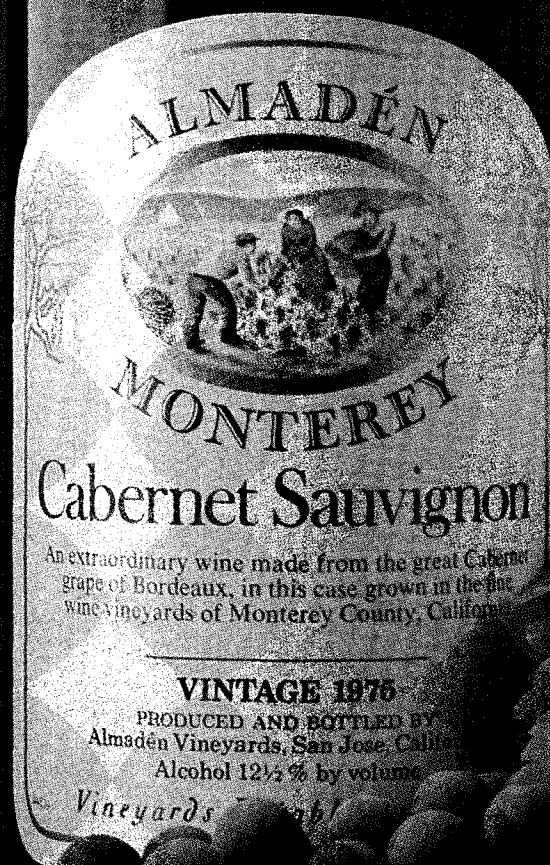
A rare gift.

A $1\frac{1}{8}$ carat diamond. Set simply and elegantly.
To sparkle on its own. Of lasting value,
because diamonds of about 1 carat and up are rare.
(The one shown here is worth about \$5,950.)

The diamond solitaire.
It is the gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The $1\frac{1}{8}$ carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail.
Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. DeBeers.



We are proud of the birthdates of our children, the grapes of Almadén.

Yes, we are very proud. And we show our pride by putting a vintage date on our classic varietal wines.

Because each vintage—each year's harvest—is like a new child. A child we lovingly care for as it develops and matures. And we give each its just recognition by giving it a vintage date.

For you, the vintage date adds yet another dimension to the en-

joyment of our classic varietal wines. Because each vintage has a different personality. Subtle differences you may taste and enjoy.



©Almadén Vineyards, Inc. 1979, San Jose, California

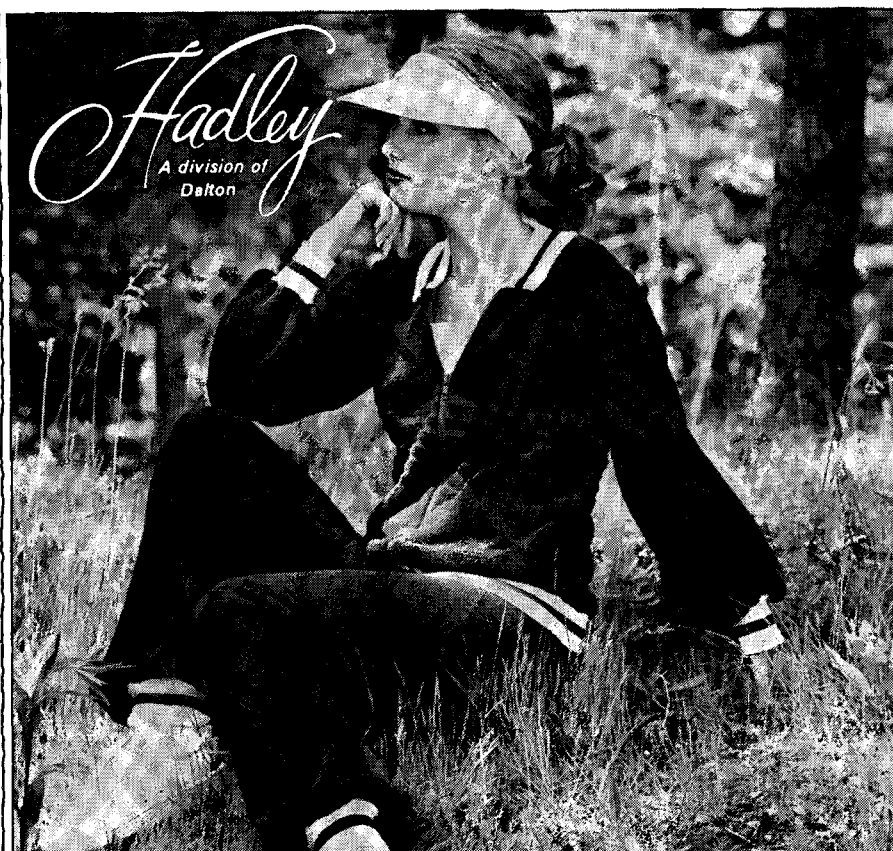
Also, while all our wines are ready to drink when purchased, you may sometimes wish to set a few bottles aside. Here you will find the vintage date helpful in giving the wine the additional aging you desire.

We invite you to enjoy the incomparable quality of our vintage-dated wines. An incomparable quality you will find in our entire family of Almadén wines.

in New York the matter was quickly disposed of. Charges were dismissed against the two Transmediterranean representatives, who subsequently complained through their lawyer that the accusation alone caused them to lose a South American connection that had "netted them two hundred and fifty thousand dollars annually." The Isla's captain and the shipping broker were allowed to plead nolo contendere to the charge of exporting prohibited matériel, and were fined a thousand dollars each. Transmediterranean pleaded guilty to the same charge, paid twenty thousand dollars in fines and costs, and forfeited some of the cargo; and on January 12, 1942, the Isla was released, to steam away unhampered. The United States Attorney said that the government's investigation had failed to prove that the cargo was to end up in Nazi hands, and the shipping broker's lawyer praised the Department of Justice for its fairness in the case. Well he may have, if one is to credit later reports from United States Treasury sources that the investigation had shown the Lisbon consignee of the Isla's cargo to be a veteran smuggler with diplomatic connections, that the investigators had recommended the blacklisting of March's ships for United States trade, and that the lenient handling of the accused and the refusal to blacklist March had been the result of British intercession.

For whatever reason, the British government—which in the postwar period would find itself able and willing to give March's business career a couple of huge and unaccountable boosts—seemed willing during wartime to go far out of its way to help him. At one point, an American Treasury agent, commenting on a hundred tons of Mexican sisal shipped to March under British certification, said, "This authority, granted by the British Economic Warfare Ministry, is only given when [the] ultimate consignee is known and considered friendly to British interests." In 1943, according to the memoirs of Gil Robles, the British government confirmed its soft spot for March by putting him on a list of six Spaniards who were to be granted asylum in the British Embassy in Madrid if they should ever find themselves in trouble there.

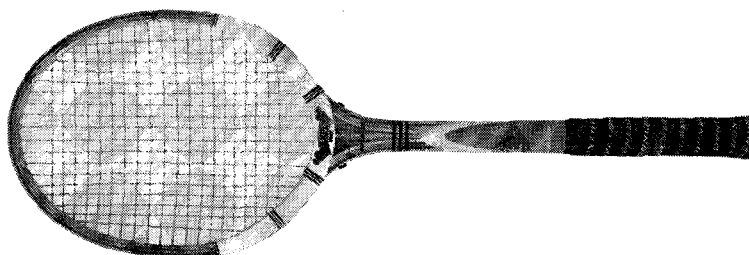
Indeed, for a time during the latter stages of the war there were serious risks of such trouble for March. In 1939, he is supposed to have boasted, "Franco can refuse me nothing." Within a year or so, however, Franco's ministers were refusing him as



Exercise your right to fashion fitness in Hadley Active sportswear... and feel great! Sizes 6 to 18. From about \$24 to about \$64. At pro shops and fine stores everywhere. Hadley Dalton Blvd., Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.



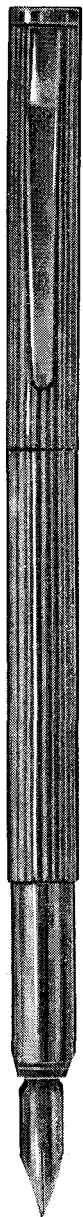
WHAT'S THE ONLY RACQUET TO HAVE WON TWO GRAND SLAMS?



MAXPLY FORT® BY **DUNLOP**
THE BETTER YOU ARE THE MORE YOU NEED IT.

**MONT
BLANC**
noblesse

*the exciting
new writing
experience*



Noblesse is crafted with traditional Montblanc perfection. Deep engravings through layers of precious metals create a brilliant relief of enduring elegance.

Noblesse fountain pen \$132, ballpoint \$66 and pencil \$67. In 14 Kt. heavy gold electroplate or gleaming rhodium electroplate. Ask at your pen store to see other models in the Noblesse line. Individually or in sets, beautifully gift boxed.

Incomparable flexibility of the all new long-profile 14 Kt. gold fountain pen nib accentuates the writing style of every personality. Choice of extra-fine to broad nib. Each fountain pen is provided with two Montblanc ink cartridges and an interchangeable converter for alternate piston filling as desired.

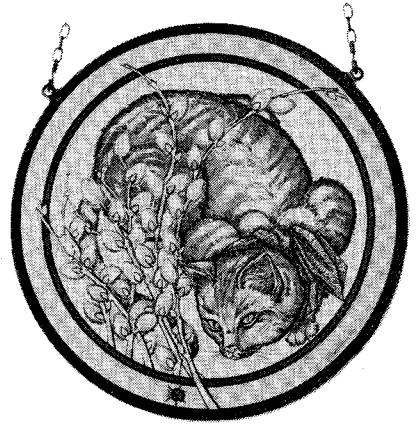
For full-color literature describing the complete world-famous Montblanc line, write to Koh-I-Noor Rapidograph, Inc., 100 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. 08804, exclusive U.S. and Canadian representative.

Montblanc writing instruments and writing inks are available at fine stores, stationers, college stores and pen shops everywhere.

much as they could, on the ground that his operations were depriving the government of foreign currency and causing domestic inflation. There even came to be some question of March's personal safety in Spain. In January, 1943, he became officially a resident of Lisbon, where, in fact, he had spent much of his time over the previous three years. In good March style, this move served several purposes: besides getting him formally away from the political shoals of Madrid, it made legal his maintenance of foreign-currency accounts outside Spain (for which, as a resident Spaniard, he had earlier been theoretically subject to the death penalty), and it put him in his natural milieu—Lisbon in wartime being the European center of both espionage and black-market activities. Nor, once safely established there, could March restrain himself from mixing in anti-Franco politics. Even as he was raking in new fortunes from speculating in wolfram and trading with the Americas (and also "losing his hair," while his complexion took on a "strange rubbery appearance," as Upton Sinclair had Lanny Budd note in the novel "Presidential Mission"), he found time for a flirtation with the Lisbon-based Spanish-monarchist movement, which now sought to overthrow Franco and place on the vacant throne Juan de Borbón, the heir to Alfonso XIII. The Allied powers openly supported Juan and the monarchists, and March was clearly coming to believe that in the event of an Allied victory Franco would be deposed and the Spanish monarchy restored. In Lisbon in July, 1943, March rashly let it be known that he believed the crown might be restored under certain conditions, even though four months earlier he had been warned by the Spanish government not to "get entangled in political activities." Then, in a strange episode in mid-1944, he apparently offered a blank check to the National Alliance of Democratic Organizations, an anti-Franco coalition, and, in the process, referred to Franco as "that dog." As the story was later told to Díaz Nosty by Régulo Martínez, the head of the National Alliance, March and one of his men, Tomás Peire, met with the National Alliance leaders at the house of a female friend of March's, and March said, "I would give half of my fortune and then some . . . if you got that dog out of there." When Régulo Martínez reminded him that he had supported Franco, March replied, "For that very reason, because I've helped him, I know him inside out." And

For relief of dull panes.

Hang Glassmasters' hand-made Art Glass in your windows. The rich colors of our butterflies, birds, racing yachts and more won't fade. We guarantee them for 50 years. We're in fine gift stores everywhere. Write for a list of stores in your area.



glassmasters inc.
Our Art Glass is made beautiful
to stay beautiful. We guarantee it.

Dept. TNR, 154 West 18th Street, N.Y., N.Y., 10011

The Lion Pendant



Sterling Silver or
Gold on Sterling \$30
14K Gold \$145

18" Chain
Sterling or Gold
on Sterling \$5
14K Gold \$30

Post Paid
3 Week Delivery
Master Charge and
VISA accepted

Shown Approx
Actual Size

Write for Free Brochure

Shaw-Leibowitz

Rt. 1, Box 421 • New Cumberland, W. Va. 26047 • 304-564-3108
Design © Shaw-Leibowitz 1977



Wear the T-Shirt That Saves Lives!

When you wear this original-design shirt, you're not only looking great—you're also saving lives of abandoned, stray and abused animals. Help support our cageless adoption shelter and other humane programs. Wear our shirt for only \$6.95 (+ 75¢ ea. mailing). Or become a Tree House member and get one FREE. \$25 Family; \$10 Supporting. State Navy or Gold. Size S,M,L,XL. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

MasterCharge & Visa accepted.
Send card *, exp. date & signature.

Tree House Animal Foundation, Inc.
Box 11174-K5, Chicago, Illinois 60611

"Have they told you it's expensive over here? Fiddlesticks! You should have asked us."

We'd have told you that British Airways can offer you a vacation in Britain as down-to-earth in cost as it is uplifting in content.

DOLLAR STRETCHER™ TOURS, LIKE FLY/DRIVE BRITAIN: 7 DAYS, \$175 FOR TWO.

Nobody knows Britain's byways and bargains better than the airline that lives here. Our Dollar Stretcher Holidays prove it. In London. All through Britain. Example: our Fly/Drive Britain Holiday gives you a car with unlimited mileage for 7 days, just \$175 for two. (Petrol's on you.)

LODGINGS, MEALS AND MUCH MORE FOR A MERE PITTANCE.

Britain's remarkably reasonable, you'll find. A nice London hotel can be yours for as little as \$15 a night (breakfast included). Quaint country inns for even

less. Tickets to hit shows for half those on Broadway. Hearty pub lunches for about \$1.50. And trains and buses to take you 'round the town or 'round the countryside for pennies per mile.

A \$429 ROUNTRIP RESERVED SEAT TO LONDON'S HEATHROW AIRPORT.

Our Dollar Stretcher Fare brings you to London's central airport from New York for \$429 roundtrip on the day you want to travel. (Our Standby Fare is a mere \$299 roundtrip.)

Now that you know the facts, get the details. See your Travel Agent or mail us the coupon below for our "Dollar Stretcher Holidays" brochure. Or call British Airways at the toll-free number in your local directory. We'll welcome you with high spirits and low prices. Aren't you glad you asked?



Hotel rate per person, based on double occupancy. Book our Dollar Stretcher Fare 21 days in advance, stay 7 days to 6 months. Airfare available from all 9 gateway cities, subject to government approval and lower before June 1.

British Airways, Box 457, Dept. 153-004
Fresh Meadows, N.Y. 11365

Dear Robert Morley: I want a spirited holiday—but let's keep the costs down! Please send me your "Dollar Stretcher Holidays to Britain & Europe" brochure on how to do so.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Travel Agent is _____

**British
airways**



We'll take more care of you
to Britain, Europe, the World.

See the White House this weekend.



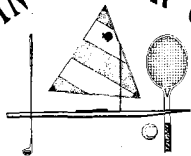
From the Sheraton-Carlton.

We invite you to enjoy our Washington Weekend in European style. After a multimillion-dollar restoration, this gem of a hotel gleams with renewed elegance. Just two blocks from the White House. On arrival Friday evening, you will be served champagne and cheese in your room or suite. Enjoy a lavish breakfast Saturday morning. And our traditional Carlton Champagne Brunch on Sunday morning. Our 3-day/2-night weekend of luxury is only \$125 a couple, plus taxes. A suite is just \$20 more. For reservations, call toll-free 800-325-3535 or (202) 638-2626 in Washington. Reservations must be made in advance.



The Sheraton-Carlton
SHERATON HOTELS AND INNS, WORLDWIDE
923 SIXTEENTH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20006

BASIN HARBOR CLUB



The Change of Pace Place

Spend a happy vacation on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain. Golf, tennis, water sports, supervised children's program, dancing and excellent dining. A special place for friendly people. It's time well spent.

Write or call today for details.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Box 8A, Vergennes, Vermont 05491 802-475-2311

Régulo Martínez says that March had the gall to add, "Besides, I'm a Republican. Tomás, get the checks." Tomás Peire then placed a blank check in front of Régulo Martínez, who refused it, on the ground that it would not be proper for the Alliance to accept March's support.

It all led to nothing. With the end of the Second World War, in 1945, the Allied powers at first continued to support Juan de Borbón and to oppose Franco, whose government was refused representation in the United Nations; but with the start of the Cold War, soon afterward, they came generally to see Franco as a bulwark against Communism and stopped seriously trying to promote his overthrow. As for March, he emerged from his wartime political indiscretions unscathed. Franco, whether or not he ever heard in any detail about March's meeting with the National Alliance, was willing in the new, more stable condition of his dictatorship after 1945 to welcome March back into his good graces. As early as July, 1945, an old admirer of March's, Juan Antonio Suances, was made Minister of Industry and Commerce—an unmistakable signal that Franco was ready to forgive and forget, and that his former benefactor was free to come home and claim what was due him.

Franco had reasons for his magnanimity. A number of the leading business enterprises in Spain, among them Barcelona Traction, were owned principally or wholly by foreigners. It was the postwar policy of the Franco government to help bring these enterprises under Spanish ownership, when possible, without incurring the compensation costs or the international opprobrium, or both, ordinarily attendant upon outright government expropriation of foreign property. By allowing or encouraging March to seize such an enterprise, Franco could now in one stroke use March and reward him for past services. Thus, March was at last in a position to benefit both his country and his bank accounts by becoming an economic privateer. —JOHN BROOKS

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

They were seemingly diverse personalities: Cornell, athlete, a lover of the outdoors; McClintic, complete opposite, spurning physical activity, once rejected by his draft board as being too weak. Their traits apparently complemented one another. Mosel describes them canoeing down a river—Cornell rowing furiously; Guthrie script in hand, pouring over it.—*Los Angeles Times*.

He should be bailing, not pouring.

WHEN IS A TANKARD NOT JUST ANOTHER TANKARD?



When it's the legendary Belleek Wine Tankard, hand crafted of Parian China of Ireland with hand painted leaves and grapes. Limited quantity, subject to prior sale. Complimentary gift wrap if desired.

\$51.50 ppd. 5 1/4" Ht.

MC · VISA · AE · PERSONAL CHECKS

Kruckemeyer and Cohn

Leading Midwest Jewelers Since 1895
309-311 Main St.; Evansville, Ind. 47708

Ph. Toll Free 1-800-457-3536

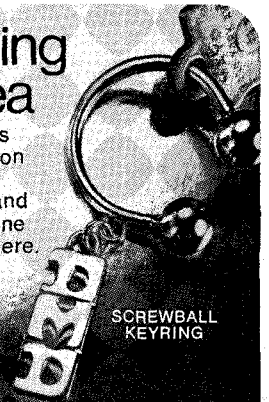
(Ind. residents ph collect (812) 464-9111)

Special Collector's literature on request or complimentary with order.

A Sterling Gift Idea

From America's largest collection of Sterling and Gold Jewelry and Gift items. At fine stores everywhere.

Write for free brochure and nearest store.



SCREWBALL
KEYRING

Lorraine Doskow INC.
Montrose, New York 10548

Archeological and Cultural Expedition to

Tunisia

Ancient Carthage, awesome ruins of Imperial Rome, fascinating Islamic fortresses and Saharan Oases. Visit the most fascinating ruins in North Africa. Explore Berber villages, mountain and desert oases. Small escorted groups, expert lecturers. Spring and fall departures. Write for details.

Society Expeditions

Dept. NY Box 5088, University Station, Seattle, WA 98105

Name _____

Street _____

City/State/Zip _____

Expeditions also to: ☐ Antarctica ☐ Afghanistan
☐ New Guinea ☐ Galapagos ☐ Easter Island
☐ Patagonia ☐ Mongolia ☐ Amazon

INTRODUCING COCONUT CUISINE.

The exotic flavor of coconut that has entranced visitors to the tropics for generations can now be enjoyed at home.

The answer is Coco Casa Cream of Coconut, a whole new form of coconut. It's a smooth, white, consistent cream that finally delivers the very essence of fresh coconut.

Shake it with rum for frothy Pina Coladas. Use it to make delicious coconut-based appetizers, entrees and desserts.

Recipes for all the dishes on this page are either on the label, under the resealable lid or from Holland House Brands Company, Department CC, Ridgefield, New Jersey 07657.

You'll find Coco Casa Cream of Coconut where you buy your cocktail mixes or in the baking section of your supermarket.

COCO CASATM CREAM OF COCONUT FROM HOLLAND HOUSE.[®]



HEAVENLY COCONUT CAKE

COCO CREME CELESTE

COCONUT CREAM PIE

TROUT COCO ALMONDINE

PINA COLADA

COCONUT FRIED SHRIMP

COCO HORS D'OEUVRES
(RIBS, WINGS, RUMAKI)

PENTAX SYSTEM 10.

THE FIRST 110 SLR AS PRECISE AS A FINE WATCH AND ALMOST AS SMALL.

It might make you feel good to know that if you sometimes think you are hard to satisfy, we believe *we* are almost impossible to satisfy. Ever.

This attitude was the reason we spent years and millions of dollars seeking a way to drastically improve the 110 camera.

And we have succeeded. Almost beyond our own expectations. And certainly far beyond the expectations of the photographic press.

The new Pentax System 10 is the first 110 SLR (single lens reflex) with interchangeable lenses, a power winder, a dedicated auto flash and a host of accessory close-up lenses, filters, lens shades and carrying case.

We've overcome the limitation of the fuzzy 110 picture.

In fact, this unretouched enlargement was actually taken with the Pentax System 10 camera, using its telephoto lens.

The image is razor sharp and free of perceptible grain.



What also makes System 10 unique and so astonishing is its incredible lack of size and weight, coupled with the most sophisticated SLR technology.

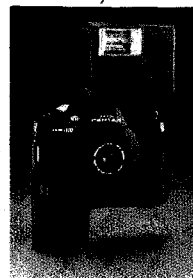
It measures $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{9}{10} \times 1\frac{4}{5}$ " and weighs less than 6 oz.

System 10 is designed to be the ideal complement to your 35mm SLR. The whole system can fit in a small area of your current camera case, in place of a zoom lens (but your pocket will do in a pinch).

And frankly, there are times when you just don't want to carry a 35mm SLR around. But up to now, everything else has been a compromise.

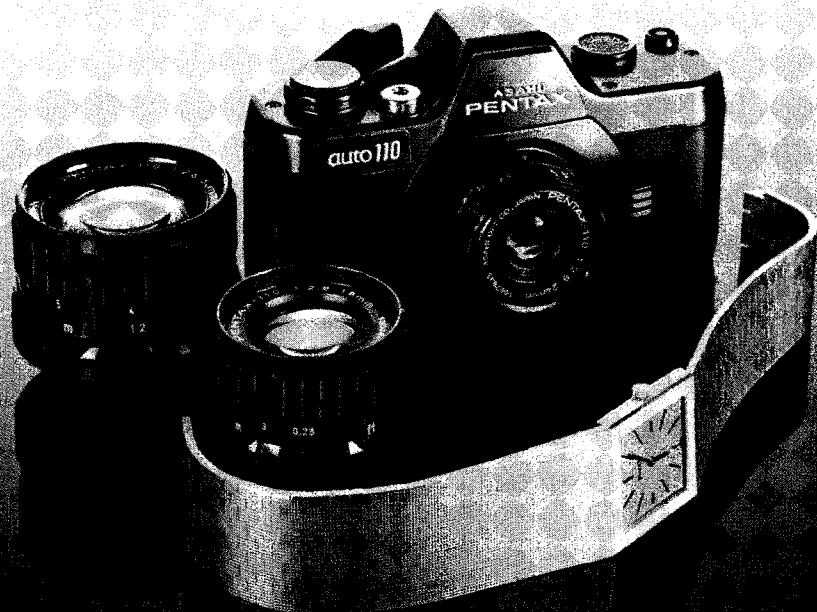
Now, with the Pentax System 10, you'll never again have to say "I wish I had my camera with me."

Pentax System 10. Available in limited quantities only at select fine photographic stores.



TECHNICAL DATA

Type: TTL metering 110 SLR camera, bayonet mount (80-degree setting angle).
Film: Cartridge 110 film format; ASA set automatically for film in use.
Lenses: Pentax-110 24mm f/2.8; focusing range: 0.35m to ∞ . Pentax-110 50mm f/2.8 telephoto; focusing range: 0.9m to ∞ . Pentax-110 18mm f/2.8 wide angle; focusing range: 0.25m to ∞ .
Viewfinder: Eye-level pentaprism finder with instant-return mirror; green or yellow LEDs indicate correct handheld exposure, or need for flash/tripod.
Exposure Metering: Center-weighted; TTL metering at full aperture via SPD cell; EV Range: 3-17 (24mm f/2.8 lens, ASA 100).
Shutter/Automatic Diaphragm: Programmed electronic shutter with programmed body diaphragm. Range: 1/2 to 1/13.5.
Other Features: Two interchangeable lenses; variable-angle focusing; flash sync with AF-110 auto flash; tripod socket; lens mount; battery; battery holder; exposure counter; viewfinder; lens shade; lens cap; lens cap holder.
Power Source: Two AA batteries (not included).
Weight: 172g (6.1oz) (body only).



PENTAX®

SYSTEM 10

THE THEATRE

Archaic Brats

A NEW musical called "The Utter Glory of Morrissey Hall," which opened and closed at the Mark Hellinger last week, might well have served as the feverish spring offering of some not very gifted theatre group at an Ivy League college in the dim fifties. It was relentlessly arch and silly, and not a single word uttered or sung in the course of it failed to ring false—and, moreover, to ring false at second hand: we heard insistent echoes of Ronald Searle, Muriel Spark, William Golding, Richard Hughes, and even Rudyard Kipling. The scene was a girls' school somewhere in the English countryside, and it became apparent at once that the play's American authors (Clark Gesner and Nagle Jackson wrote the book, and Mr. Gesner wrote the lyrics and the music) considered the very notion of girls' schools to be intrinsically hilarious and the notion of England to be ditto. And especially the England of proper accents, proper manners, and proper attitudes, behind which one was invited to discover envy, sloth, anger, lust, and other age-old defects of human nature permitted to flourish. Well! It is surely late in the day to be making English hypocrisy a subject for satire, and Mr. Gesner's and Mr. Jackson's larking about at the expense of eccentric teachers and sadistic pupils in an imaginary landscape was quick to set my teeth on edge, until between one noisy prank and the next I found myself catching forty winks and sometimes, with luck, eighty.

"St. Trinian's"—beg pardon: "Morrissey Hall"—had the advantage of a charming maze of a set, designed and lighted by Howard Bay; it showed us several rooms, on two levels, of an immense Gothic Revival mansion that must once have seen better days. One of the rooms was the office of the headmistress, Julia Faysle, who raised begonias and quoted Tennyson, and just here we could note how consistently inconsistent our authors were: they sought to gain a laugh from the arrival at the school of a can of pornographic film, which could be assumed to be a contemporary event, and they almost simultaneously sought to

gain a laugh from the reference, invariably by his full title, to Alfred, Lord Tennyson, who would surely have been a favorite poet not of Mrs. Faysle but of her grandmother. In comedy, one fiddles with time at one's peril; a nervous, boyish oscillation between the present and the past was fatal to the tiny intentions of "Morrissey Hall."

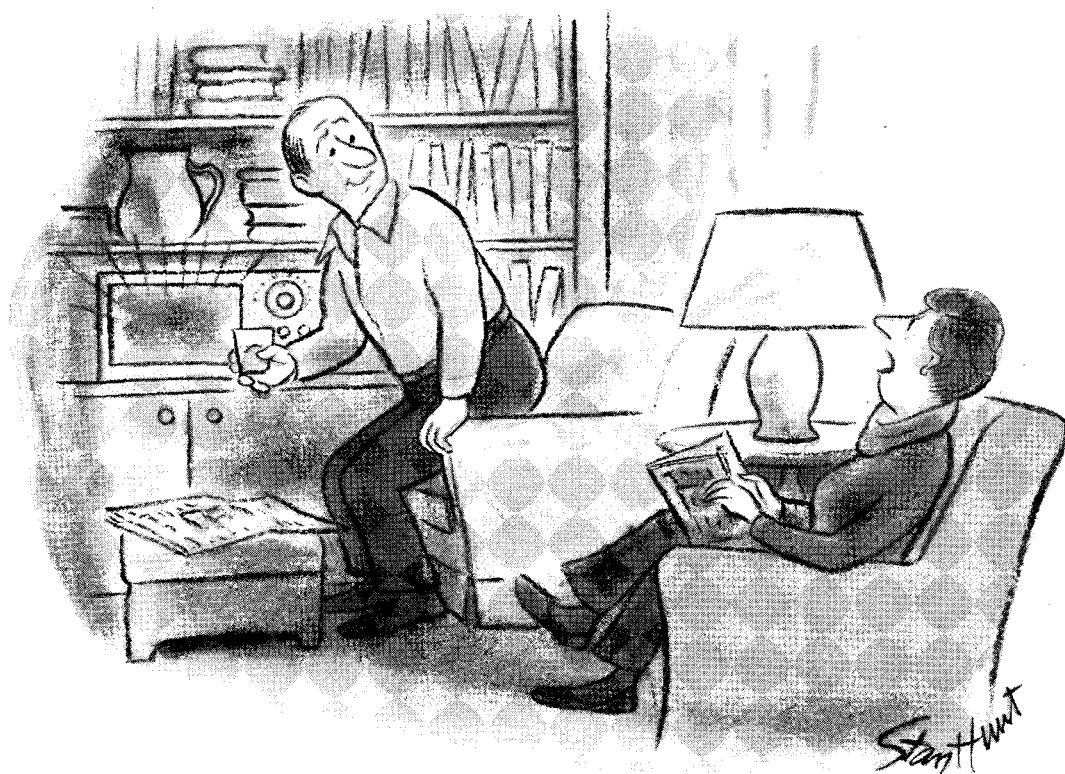
The unfortunate star of the musical was Celeste Holm, who is an able actress and an able singer, and who, as Mrs. Faysle, had little to do in the course of the evening except to keep her person out of the way of the bruising adolescent monsters who were placed in her charge. There are occasions on which simply to have survived amounts to a triumph, and I salute Miss Holm for having achieved this unwelcome feat. As Mrs. Faysle's secretary, Marilyn Caskey sang pleasingly. The character she played is that forlorn creature whom nobody falls in love with until she removes her glasses; what a rebuke to the Ophthalmological Foundation of America she and her kind amount to! The rest of the very large cast, obliged as they were to represent screeching brats, left me cold as well as somnolent. The pinafores and other costumes were designed by Da-

vid Graden, and the dances were staged by Buddy Schwab. The show was directed by co-author Jackson, with a self-confidence that one marvels at without admiring. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Displaced Person

A RETIRED Trinidadian teacher, Albert Jordan, in Port of Spain, is the hero of Derek Walcott's "Remembrance," lately at the Public. He is a sardonic, humorous old man, bored and fed up, an "anachronism" in independent Trinidad, his head (and heart) crammed with English poetry, and still grief-stricken at the death of his elder son in a riot years before, when a British policeman's gun went off accidentally. A black man unable to feel a part of the black world, Jordan is yet too wise to feel at home in the British tradition. He is not only a teacher but a celebrated writer of poems and short stories, and when the play opens he is seated at a table being interviewed by a young reporter from a local paper who is tape-recording his reminiscences and a few of his autobiographical stories. The recording is the point of departure for the action, and as it progresses we see a younger Jordan in the classroom drilling Gray's "Elegy," line by line, into the heads of his frisky, heckling students. We see him returning home late at night, arm



"For God's sake! You don't have to call your travel agent every time that QXR announcer tells you to call your travel agent."



Beautiful Lingerie!

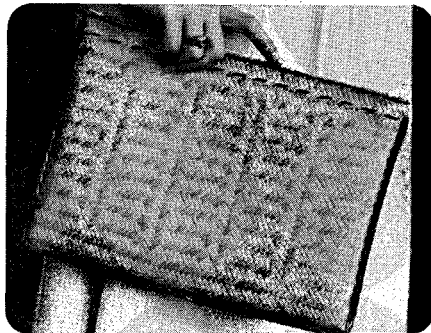
Luxurious lingerie at affordable prices. Camisoles, tap pants, gowns, kimonos, teddies, French bras, bikinis and more. Only at ...

Victoria's Secret

Send for our
free catalogue
Dept. NY-5
P.O. Box 31442
San Francisco, CA 94131

Visit our boutiques at 2245 Union St., San Francisco & in Palo Alto, CA.

The rustic beauty of handwoven bamboo.



Our bamboo clutch is sporty for day ... yet pretty enough to carry at night. With a natural texture that's ideal for spring and summer, it's lightweight and just the right size to tuck under your arm. Each clutch is handcrafted so no two are quite alike. Avg. size: a roomy 9"x12", with zippered closure. **\$19.00 ppd.**

"ESCAPE from the ordinary"

Norm Thompson

Dept. 01-110
P.O. Box 3999
Portland, OR 97208

Order TOLL FREE anytime 1-800-547-1160
(Excluding Oregon, Hawaii, and Alaska)

Bamboo clutch No. 3285F Qty:

Total amount of purchase:

☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ Master Chg. ☐ Am. Exp.

Card #

M.C. Intbk. # Exp. date

Sig. X

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Send FREE "Escape from the ordinary" catlg.

in arm with his oldest friend, the editor of the reporter's paper, both of them drunk and singing a calypso song about Adolf Hitler and the conquest of Germany; we see him with his marvellous wife, who never allows her justified impatience with him to break through; we see him with his younger son, a Pop artist who paints a large American flag on the roof of the family house and then refuses to sell the roof (and the house) to a brash Yankee art prospector. The final story in the first act is set in the nineteen-forties, when Jordan falls in love with an English Wren stationed in Port of Spain and then, unable to face the consequences of his dreams, runs away when she agrees to marry him. In the second act, the stories and reminiscences are over. A young white American dancer, broke and down on her luck, has sought refuge and found it with the Jordans. Her resemblance to the Wren (both parts were very well played by Laurie Kennedy) brings a lot of old feelings to the boil, and there is a resolution of sorts.

"Remembrance" is a loosely constructed play (and none the worse for that), slowing and darkening as it proceeds. Its chief pleasures lie in its details and its lines. Mr. Walcott is a poet, and his writing is of a quality we seldom hear in the theatre. As Jordan, Roscoe Lee Browne captured the full anguish and wit of this exasperating, inspired man. Cynthia Belgrave, as was to be expected, was marvellous as the marvellous wife, and Earle Hyman, Frankie Faison, Lou Ferguson, and Gil Rogers were fine, too, as editor, son, reporter, and Yankee, respectively. Scenery by Wynn P. Thomas, costumes by Judy Dearing, and lighting by Spencer Mosse—all commendable.

AS Georges Feydeau's "La Puce à l'Oreille" was performed by the sublime Comédie-Française in the wind-up of its recent engagement at the Brooklyn Academy, it turned out to be the funniest play on earth, instead of one of the funniest. —EDITH OLIVER

The word *swine* can be defined as a general term for any or all of the various suoid mammals and can be used as either a singular or plural noun. As a singular, it can be replaced by either of two very common words, *hog* and *pig*, as well as by the less well known, but equally proper, *baconer* (chiefly British usage), *porker*, and *porker*. As a plural, *swine* can be replaced not only by *hogs* and *pigs* but also by the seldom used *hoggery*, *piggery*, and *porkery*. —Robert Devereux in *Verbatim*.

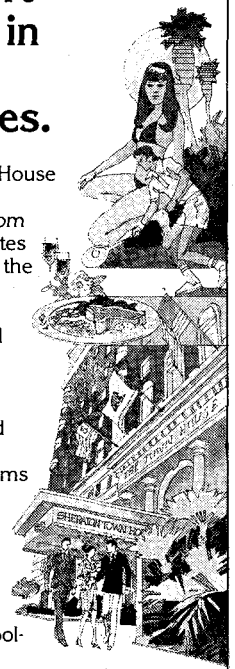
And *porkery*.

Taste resort amenities in mid-town Los Angeles.

The Sheraton-Town House is right on Wilshire Boulevard, across from Lafayette Park, minutes from downtown and the L.A. Convention Center. It's an oasis of gardens and recreation with four night-lighted tennis courts, olympic-size heated pool, and two fine restaurants. Newly renovated rooms are extraordinarily spacious. Facilities for meetings and banquets for up to 500. Rates from \$35 for singles and from \$48 for new pool-side lanai rooms. Guaranteed corporate rate \$35 single.

For reservations call toll-free 800-325-3535 or ask your Travel Agent.

Sheraton-Town House
SHERATON HOTELS & INNS WORLDWIDE
2961 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90017



taste Sheraton



Galerie des Monnaies of Geneva, Ltd. Rare Coins & Medals



Rare ancient and foreign coins and medals

U.S. Gold, Silver & Copper Coins
Kruggerands

Bought and Sold at Competitive Prices

We are New York's leading dealer in rare coins

Robert E. Westfall
Jeffrey P. Bergelt

Estate Appraisals
Public Auctions

970 Madison Avenue (corner 76th Street) New York, N.Y. 10021
Telephone (212) 734-9700

Branches in GENEVA DUSSELDORF PARIS
Members: IAPN, ANA, PNG

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath ... and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.



LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Sotheby Parke Bernet Monaco S.A.

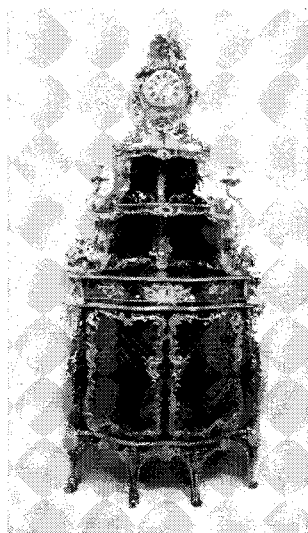
par le Ministère de M^e M-Th Escaut-Marquet, Huissier à Monaco in association with the Société des Bains de Mer

Magnificent French Furniture and Works of Art From the Collection of Mr. Akram Ojeh

including works by Boulle, Carel, Carlin, Cramer, Cressent, Denizot, Dubois, Fromageau, Gouthière, Jacob, Lacroix, Latz, Leleu, Michard, Molitor, Rémy, Riesener, van Risenburgh, Roentgen, Saunier, Sené, Tilliard, Topino, and others. Numerous ormolu and ormolu-mounted porcelain objects, and very rare 17th century oriental carpets.



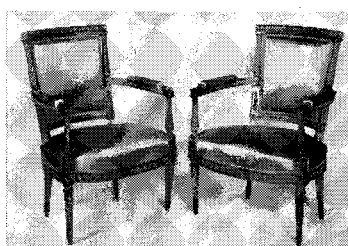
Detail of a corner mount of the highly important Louis XV ormolu-mounted marquetry corner cabinet, stamped I. Dubois



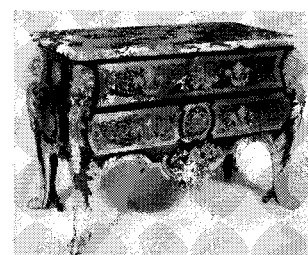
Magnificent & Highly Important Louis XV Corner Cabinet, stamped I. Dubois



Louis XVI Secrétaire à abattant, attributed to Bernard Molitor



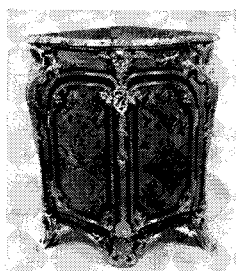
Pair Louis XVI Giltwood Fauteuils, attributed to Georges Jacob



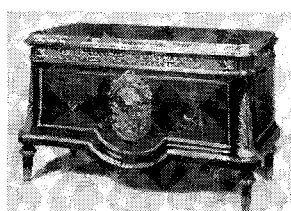
Pair Louis XIV Boulle Marquetry Commodes



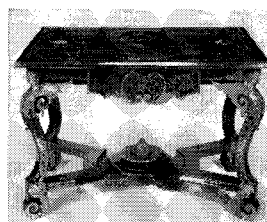
Louis XV Writing Table, stamped Carel



Pair of Louis XV encoignures, stamped I. P. Latz



Louis XVI Commode, stamped J. F. Leleu



Louis XIV Boulle Marquetry Center Table



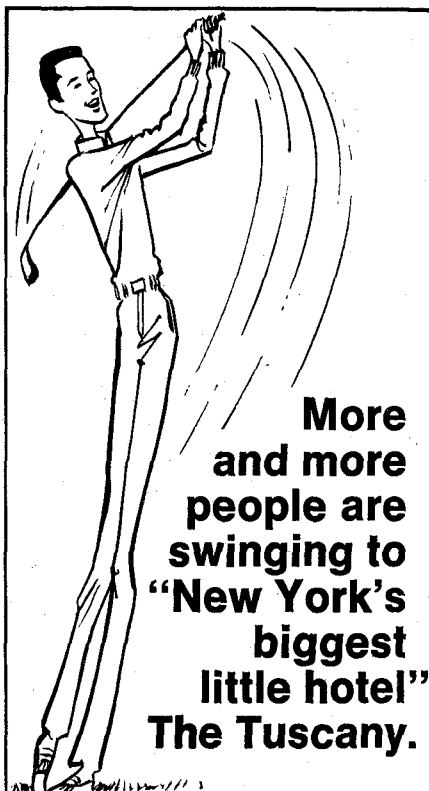
Louis XV Mechanical Writing Table

Auction: Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 25 and 26 at 9:45 p.m.

Inquiries in New York: (212) 472-3514

Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc. 980 Madison Avenue New York 10021

Sotheby Parke Bernet, Monaco S.A., Sporting D'Hiver, Place du Casino, P.O. Box 45, Monte Carlo, Telephone (93) 30-8880, Telex 479471 SPBMON MC



**More
and more
people are
swinging to
"New York's
biggest
little hotel"
The Tuscany.**

And here are some of the reasons.

Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounge chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV, pulsating, triple-spray Supershower and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.

Dine in relaxed elegance in the new Tuscany Room at lunch or dinner (musical accompaniments nightly). Relax in the congenial bar. Near Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops & theatres. May we send you a brochure?

**THE
Tuscany**
A DORAL HOTEL

39th Street, just east of Park Avenue
New York 10016.
Telephone: (212) 686-1600

*Elegant
English Voile
Cool Cotton*

"Roses in Mist" soft, old fashioned, 100% pure combed cotton voile. Damask roses on misty dark ground. Dress has flattering long torso with covered buttons to flouncy skirt. Round shoulder band, panel front, full long sleeves, self-tie belt. Dry clean only. Sizes S-M-L \$84.95 ppd.

Write for new
color catalogue

**J. JILL
LTD.**

Dept. N521, Stockbridge Rd., Great Barrington, MA 01230



DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY
MAY 10, 1979

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

SUZANNAH LESSARD reports in her excellent Profile of Bermuda that the islands have since the Second World War "raced through the age of the robber baron, the era of the unions and of big government, the evolution of a large, instinctively conservative middle class, the coming of race riots and the civil-rights movement, the reaction against middle-class values and consumerism, the disillusionments brought about by inflation, recession, and the slowing of growth, [and] the romance of Socialism and of Third World revolution." She says that from a plane "you can see that the wild, mysterious beauty, word of which is supposed to have inspired Shakespeare to write 'The Tempest,' is a thing of the past," and that "what you find on landing is a thoroughly discovered place, a thoroughly inhabited, gardened, cared-for, used place: man's domain, not nature's; an invented place, whose charm is no longer a wilderness charm but that of something made by people." She concludes that "if one balances the price of the old beauty against what has been gained, there can be no doubt that the Bermudians have made a good bargain."

The price, though, was high. I got to know the old beauty very well when it was in its last flowering, and it was unique. As a child, I lived for over a year in the islands with my mother and stepfather and two brothers during the winters of 1935 and 1938. Despite a certain amount of genteel Victorian and Edwardian growth, the islands had not changed much since they were settled, in the seventeenth century. There were no automobiles, trucks, or buses, and the white crushed-coral roads were rough and pathlike. People got about on bicycles, in carriages and wagons, and in boats. (When my stepfather woke one morning with a strange rash, he had to pedal six miles to Hamilton to see a doctor, who declared that he had nothing more than fleas.) They also rode on the Bermuda Railway, which made its leisurely, considerate way along the spine of the islands and accepted

both passengers and their bikes. There was more silence than noise: the chief sounds were air moving through the cedars (which were almost wiped out by a blight in the forties and fifties, and were replaced by pinelike trees from Australia called casuarinas), birds, bicycle and carriage bells, wagon wheels, and horses' hooves. On the south shore, the waves added a steady bass. The smells of jasmine and honeysuckle carpeted the islands; the sweet air was a constant presence. Miss Lessard points out that the "American elite" had become established in Bermuda by the mid-twenties. We were second-generation, and not elite. The grand people stayed in the big houses on the cliffs down toward the Mid-Ocean Club and in the posh hotels, like the Princess and the Castle Harbour. On our first visit, we lived in Smith's Parish, in a rectangular, two-story eight-room house set back a hundred yards from the South Shore Road. Called Winter Haven, it was painted a pale yellow and had the customary rainwater-white roof. There were outbuildings behind, and fifty yards through the trees a small stable, which held a horse and surrey that had come with the house. No other dwelling was visible, and a wooded empty hill rose behind the house. Insects and animals encircled us. At night, food was put in a kitchen safe covered with wire mesh and standing in dishes of oil—a moated fortress endlessly besieged by lobster-size cockroaches. Spiders sat in every window



curtain, and it was best to bang your shoes in the morning to dislodge the centipedes that sometimes curled up in them. Bermuda has no snakes, but it is covered with frogs and toads, some of them tanklike creatures almost a foot

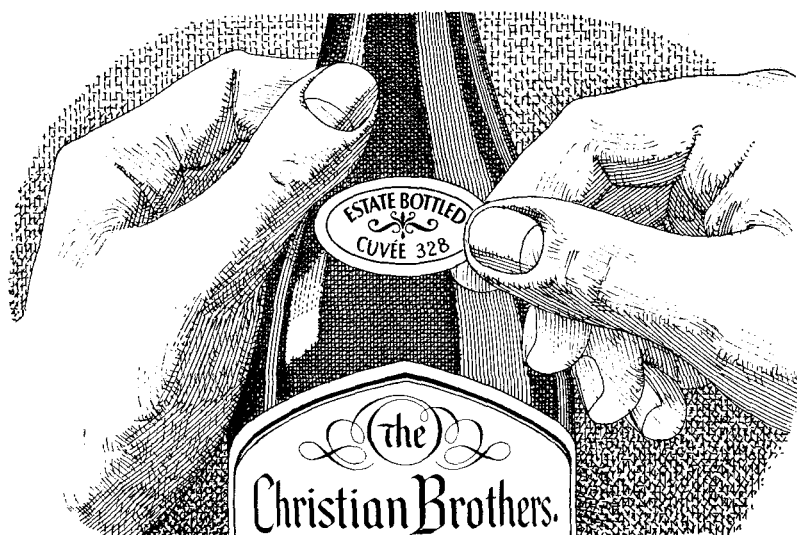
in length. They lived in caves in the lawn, and they once got into the cistern under the porch where our water was stored, forcing us to resort to bottled water and the outbuildings. The horse foaled while we were there, and bit my older brother when he got too close to the colt. A small farm to the east of us had goats and pigs, and I remember their pigs being slaughtered, scalded, and scraped.

I was eight and my brothers were thirteen and four. My older brother and I were sent to Whitney Institute, which stood among playing fields atop a steep hill over Harrington Sound,

about a mile and a half from us. My brother had started at Saltus Grammar School, near Hamilton, but was moved because of the twelve-mile round-trip pedal and the fact that I, a home-loving child, couldn't make it to school alone on my bike without weeping the whole way. Being dumped in an English school *was* strange. We studied subjects I had never heard of—Latin and Greek and algebra—and a singular emphasis was put on sports, even on the marbles and tops that were ceaselessly played in the dirt courtyard beside the school. The days at Whitney Institute seemed crabbed and uphill, and the teachers' English accents as peculiar as the Latin words they decorated. The headmaster, an Englishman named Charles Parsons-Smerdon, was small and round and bald, and he wore James Joyce spectacles. He gave my brother, of whom he was especially fond, a signed copy of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" at the end of the year, and when he came for dinner at Winter Haven in the spring he lost his false teeth under the living-room sofa—an event that dispatched my mother, who was helpless before any form of slapstick.

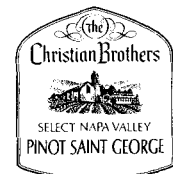
Our life centered on Devil's Hole and the ocean. Devil's Hole was a crossroads a couple of hundred yards up the road. It had a grocery run by a tall, affable man called Eve, and it was named for a mysterious thirty-five-foot-deep saltwater pool that was enclosed in a building next to Eve's store. The pool, open to the sky, glistened and trembled, and it was filled with groupers and parrot fish and sea turtles, which formed an umbrella over large unidentifiable shapes that never came near the surface. For a penny, you rented a fishing pole with a hookless string to which was fastened a fist-size piece of bait. You cast from a narrow bridge, and if one of the sluggish, massive, overfed fish took the bait and dropped back into the depths, you were given another piece of bait before you had to pay again. (Bermuda changed so little before the Second World War that a description of Devil's Hole set down in the eighteenth-century tallies perfectly with what we knew.) If Devil's Hole was a game, the ocean was not. William Beebe had just made his three-thousand-foot descent in a bathysphere, and everybody had seen the color pictures in the *National Geographic* of the extraordinary gingerbread-and-neon creatures that lived in the blackness beyond the barrier reef. Almost immediately, we had been taken to the new aquarium in

BROTHER TIMOTHY'S NAPA VALLEY NOTEBOOK



What the words "Estate Bottled" mean.

A special neck label on several of our Napa Valley wines designates them as "Estate Bottled." On our bottlings, this indicates that the wine is made entirely from our own grapes grown in our Napa Valley vineyards and then harvested and vinified by us. These vineyards, in various areas of the Valley, were especially planted by us many years ago for the ideal growing conditions they provide to each of the three noble varietal wine grapes we use for our Estate Bottlings.



Our **Pinot Saint George** grapes are planted in the volcanic ash soils in the hills around the Monastery. This deep red wine is full-flavored, rich and smooth, with a bit of earthiness in its taste. It is a good companion with a fine roast or a rare steak.

Pineau de la Loire is one of our delightful white wine grapes. It prefers the gravelly loam of another of our Napa Valley vineyard areas. The Christian Brothers bottling of this wine is fresh and fruity from its slow, cool

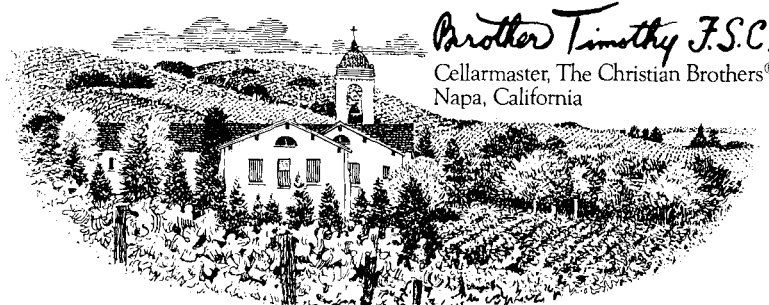


fermentation, and is preferred with fish and lighter meats.

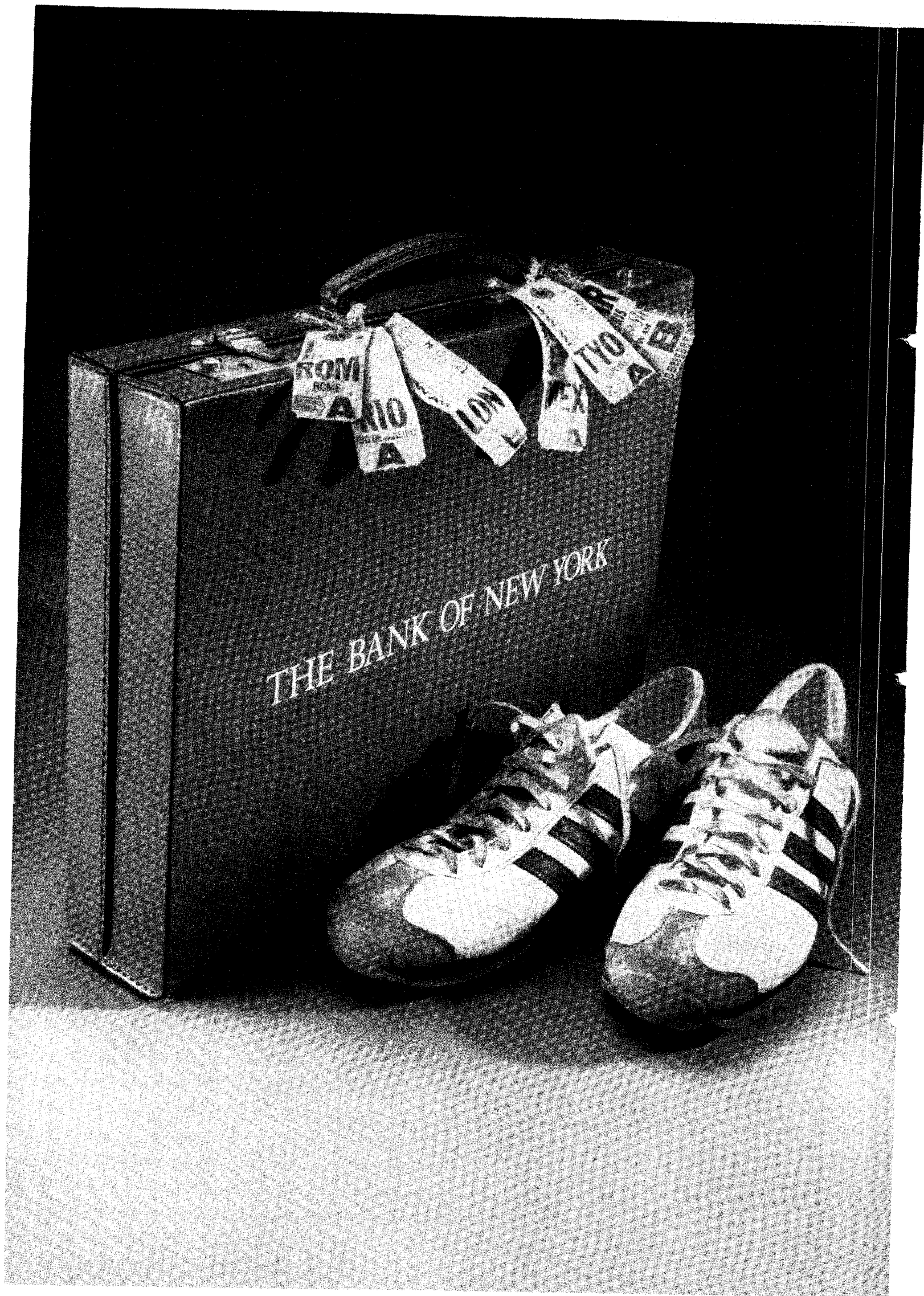


The Christian Brothers **Napa Fumé Blanc** is produced entirely from the Sauvignon Blanc grape, grown in our vineyards near the heart of the Napa Valley. These grapes, among the first to ripen in the Fall, have a distinctive fruitiness and fragrance which you will find captured in the wine. Enjoy it with fowl, shellfish or cheese dishes.

Each of our Estate Bottled Wines also carries the cuvée number so that you can reorder the same wine if you desire. We invite you to try these special wines, made with our traditional quality and care, from our home in the Napa Valley.



WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTORS: FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.



When one of America's largest multinationals wanted a multi-million financing, they came to America's 19th largest bank.

Why? Because we can move faster than the other 18.

The Bank of New York was able to respond almost immediately to this giant consumer product company's request for foreign financing. So quickly and favorably, in fact, that they came back later with a request for domestic financing. To which we responded just as quickly.

Not for the sake of setting some kind of speed record. Indeed, our ability to act quickly is merely the end result of the bank's thorough understanding of the foreign and domestic financing needs of multinational companies.

One on one: our simple secret.

In a world of specialization, we have steadfastly remained generalists. Your Bank of New York calling officer never has to delay your request while he refers it to an industry specialist.

He knows your company. He knows all the various industries your national and international operations may encompass. He follows your credit request from beginning to end. When necessary, he can call on senior bank management for immediate answers or further policy clarification. But only when necessary—

the fewer people he must involve, the less chance there is that your foreign financing request will get entangled in inter-departmental red tape. And the faster our response can be.

A tradition of international service.

The Bank of New York was founded in 1784 to finance the international trade of this nation. Over the succeeding years, as American corporations expanded their operations into the major markets of the world, we were there to help. Today, we are an important lender to multinational corporations around the globe.

Nearly 200 years of knowledge and experience have helped us simplify our approach to serving your needs, no matter how complicated.

Another highly significant fact.

The Bank of New York is a \$6-billion bank, the nation's 19th largest.

A bank with a lending limit of more than \$38-million. A bank that can participate significantly in even the largest foreign or domestic financings.

Whenever, and wherever, you need us.

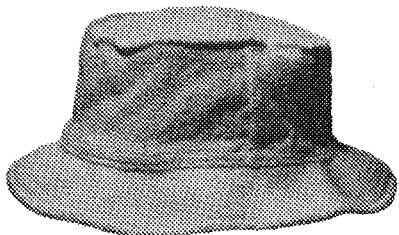
There is only one bank this old. And this new.

THE BANK OF NEW YORK

Member FDIC

©1978 THE BANK OF NEW YORK

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
 San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



**Soft Cotton Terry Cloth
 Aussie Hat for Men & Women
 3 for \$19.50**

Our breathable, washable, pure cotton terry toweling hat is ideal for all outdoor activities. Use it to mop your brow on warm days, or dip it in water for a refreshing lift. Flattering for men and women, in white, maize or sky blue. Sizes S(6½-6¾), M(7-7½), L(7½-7¾), XL(7¾-7¾), XXL(7¾-7¾). ☐ Please send catalogue.

TELEPHONE (415) 397-7733

A2E219

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
 No. 150, Post St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108
 Hat(71121): Size _____ Colour _____ Qty. _____
 Check ☐ Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
 Card # _____ Expir. _____
 Add \$2.50 Ship. & Hdlg. Cal. Deliv. Add Sales Tax

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____



**STERLING
 SILVER
 RAZORS**

Our hand-crafted razors, designed to hold all twin-bladed cartridges, are both practical and elegant. Each comes gift boxed in a specially made wooden case. Solid sterling \$56.90 postage paid. Sterling and rosewood \$36.90 postage paid. Solid sterling can be monogrammed for \$1 per letter.

Please send _____ solid Sterling @ \$56.90; _____ Sterling & rosewood @ \$36.90. Monogram with the following initials _____ (Circle last initial.) \$1 per letter.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

☐ American Express Exp. date _____

Account # _____

☐ PLEASE SEND FREE CATALOG 8

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Britches of Georgetowne, 1247 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
 Washington, D.C. 20007, (703) 548-0200

Flatts and shown the moray eels and octopuses and barracuda that hung around on our side of the reef. We had also seen schools of barracuda seventy-five feet offshore. They resembled long rulers, and they moved very fast in perfect parallel formation. The fishermen said they would strip you to the bone in minutes. Across the road from Winter Haven was a small, forbidding cove, filled with rocks and crabs and ringed by razor-sharp coral. We swam next to it, at John Smith's Bay. The beach was about eighty yards long and thirty yards wide. A smooth, boatlike hump of coral broke it in the middle at low tide, and at its far end was a shallow cave, a natural arcade to get out of the sun in. Bermudians never swam between September and May, so we had the place to ourselves except in midafternoon, when the fishermen landed in their boats and cleaned their catch on a huge driftwood log at the near end of the beach. One of them was Christy Smith, and once in a while my mother would hire him to row us two or three miles down the island toward Castle Harbour. We would stop along the way for a picnic, and swim at one of the spectacular, high-backed beaches that march along that part of the coast, many of them with their own caves and with ballroom-floor coral bottoms. Skin diving was unknown, but Christy had a square glass-bottomed box that made the sand at fifty feet look touchable and the coral reefs—alternately brilliant Technicolor and forbidding black—sinister. My older brother had a two-seater kayak of thin canvas painted with airplane dope, and one morning he and I paddled, without leave, a mile or so down the coast, and I was sick with fright. The water was as smooth as the sky, and the same color, and we stayed a hundred yards offshore, where it was thirty feet deep. Without Christy's box, we could not see into the water clearly, but we could make out the reefs, with their black, gobbling caves, and we knew about the slender buttes of coral that rose toward the surface, stopping perhaps four inches below. We had hit one in Christy's dory and got away with it, but we guessed what it would do to our kitelike kayak. We weathered our mother's rage when she found out what we had done, and Bermuda time—an effortless, slow-motion procession—went on. I memorized stanza after stanza of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" one weekend for school, lying in the jagged Bermuda grass in front of the house. My mother and stepfather drove themselves

**Paul Sullivan
 Sportswear**



Fine active sportswear for men, available at leading stores and shops throughout the country.

For the store nearest you, contact:
**Paul Sullivan Sportswear, 51 Osgood St.,
 Methuen, MA 01844 (617) 688-1076**

**The
 Island
 of
 Martha's
 Vineyard**

Send \$1 for Full Vacation Kit
 Maps, Pictorial Guide, All Details on
 Accommodations, Services & Reservations
MARTHA'S VINEYARD INFORMATION
 Vineyard Haven 105, Mass. 02568

Breckenridge

ONE OF COLORADO'S FINEST
 VACATION RESORTS

Superb Lodging

Memorable Restaurants

Shops of Distinction

Surrounded by the clear, high Rockies

Refreshingly inexpensive seven night
 Packages available from \$106.00 pp double



Breckenridge Resort Association
 Box 1909 Breckenridge, CO 80424 (303) 453-2918



Here are the winners of the 1979 National Book Awards

FICTION

Tim O'Brien
Going After Cacciato
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence

HISTORY

Richard Beale Davis
Intellectual Life in the Colonial South 1585-1763
University of Tennessee Press

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Robert Kennedy and His Times
Houghton Mifflin Company

POETRY

James Merrill
Mirabell: Books of Number
Atheneum

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

Peter Matthiessen
The Snow Leopard
The Viking Press

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

Katherine Paterson
The Great Gilly Hopkins
Thomas Y. Crowell Company

TRANSLATION

Clayton Eshleman and José Rubia Barcia
César Vallejo
The Complete Posthumous Poetry
University of California Press

THE 1979 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS □ 30th ANNIVERSARY

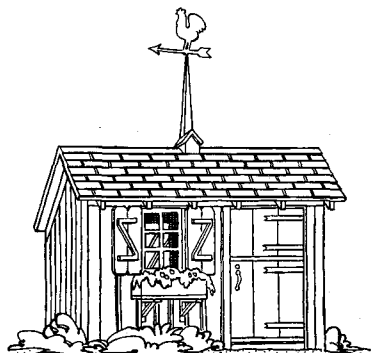
Awards presented at Carnegie Hall on April 25, 1979; Dick Cavett,
Master of Ceremonies; Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Speaker.

Sponsored by the Association of American
Publishers and its General Publishing Division.



Photo by Martha Holmes

18 attractive ways to solve your storage problems



Choose from 18 architect-designed models of Walpole all-wood storage buildings.

- Finest materials and craftsmanship
- Bolt-joined for easy assembly

Walpole Woodworkers®

Dept. NY5-79, 767 East St.
Walpole, MA 02081 (617) 329-0770
Enclosed is \$1 for my Walpole Catalog of Small Buildings, including tool & pool houses and stables.

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

The Big Name in Small Buildings.

Chinese Food Lovers!

The only newsletter about Chinese cooking in the home.

\$7.50 a year (6 issues).

Become a subscriber to WOK TALK and open your life to one of the great cuisines of the world. You will be given menu ideas, easy-to-follow recipes, cooking tips - everything you will need to prepare and enjoy authentic Chinese style dishes.

Enclosed with WOK TALK is our mail order shopping list of hard-to-find canned, dried and preserved foods, spices, condiments, teas and cooking equipment. Plus *personalized* fortune cookies!

Subscribe now. Only \$7.50 for one year (six 8-page issues). Satisfaction guaranteed. Send your check or money order to:

The Chinese Grocer

Dept. AFJ, 209 Post Street at Grant
San Francisco, California 94108

Your Name _____

Street _____

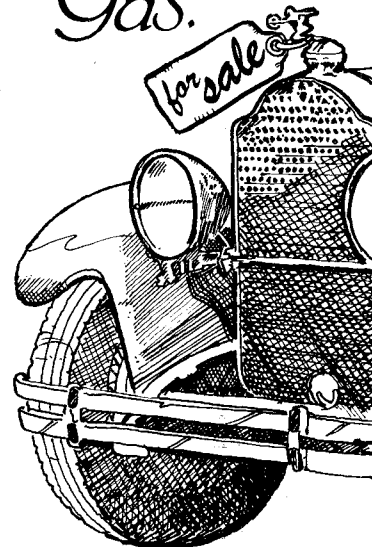
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

P.S. Help a friend get their wok out of the closet and onto the stove. Send them a subscription, and we will enclose a gift card with your greetings!

to church and out to dinner parties in the surrey, getting back each time intact and pleased. My older brother took ukulele lessons from a fledgling Talbot brother, and the first things he learned were "Show Me the Way to Go Home" and "The Sidewalks of New York." Our au-pair girl went out with an English sailor stationed in Somerset, and he gave me a Navy bayonet, either out of what seemed to me stunning kindness or as a bribe. We sailed home on the nineteenth of June—brown from the sun, slightly English, wild-haired, wild-brained, our feet leather from coral—and our stepfather, who has lived by Bermuda time his whole life, almost missed the boat, the glorious Queen of Bermuda.

MY parents must have found the loosely inhabited corner of Smith's Parish where we lived confining, for in 1938 they rented Tucker's Island, at the western end of the Great Sound, near Somerset. It was a couple of hundred yards from the mainland, and several times that from Somerset Bridge, where we got our mail. It was half a mile long, and had a mate—Morgan's Island, which was a hundred yards southeast, about a quarter of a mile across, and uninhabited except for a herd of goats. Tucker's Island was a miniature Bermuda. The same fishhook shape, it had a substantial cave, supposedly one of the first ever found on the islands; a deep harbor, not unlike Hamilton Harbour, and into which everything, including sharks, swam; a Harrington Sound lagoon, which connected the harbor and the south side of the island; an old house, two stories high and painted blue-green; an underwater cave that opened off a deep pool at the edge of the back lawn and looked as if it housed giant octopuses; ruins of limestone cells and an enormous outdoor tub, used by prisoners during the Boer War; cliffs, hills, dales, paths, woods, donkeys, several cultivated fields, a caretaker, and an eighteen-foot open launch to get off the island, weather permitting. No one could figure out how to get my younger brother and me to school (my older brother had gone off to boarding school), so it was decided that we would be tutored by my stepfather. He was an indefatigable golfer; the plan worked for perhaps a month and then dwindled and died. My brother and I turned into wild things. I used to sit by the hour on the dock in the harbor and watch the huge fish come in, and I once set my

Classical Gas.

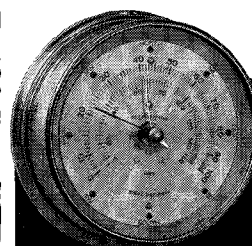


James C. Leake and Antiques, Inc.
present

550 Classic, Antique, Special Interest
and Sports Automobiles at auction
June 1-2-3, 1979 at Expo
Square in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

For information write to
Antiques, Inc. P.O. Box 1887
Muskogee, Oklahoma 74401.

PUBLIC INVITED



SIMPLY THE FINEST WIND SPEED/DIRECTION SYSTEM

MADE. Bring the topical world of weather to your home or office with this precision wind speed gauge and wind direction vane combined on spun aluminum dial sealed in a handsome 6.5" diameter solid brass case. Complete "Maestro" system includes patented Gust Register which shows highest wind speed since last reset, 8 light-emitting diodes indicating wind direction, sensors, wire and mounting hardware. Tested at MIT and Mt. Washington. Five year warranty. \$285 complete. Write for brochure on "Maestro" wind system and other fine matching weather instruments.

MAXIMUM INC.
428 SOUTH AVE., NATICK, MA 01760

TWO OF NEW YORK'S
GREATEST RESTAURANTS IS THE

ASSEMBLY

Prime of STEAKS • Freshest of FISH

16 West 51st Street • LT 1-3580
IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

The sayings of Chairman Malcolm

"Everybody has to be somebody to somebody to be anybody."

"Age: It should be a license not a limitation."

"The ultimate in optimism: Confidence that there is no next world."

"Never say die until you've done it."

"People who never get carried away should be."

"Souls are not for walking on."

Chairman Mao

THE SAYINGS OF CHAIRMAN MALCOLM
Malcolm Forbes

Priceless sayings for only \$5.95

Here's a capital gift suggestion for you or your company's business list. Give a millionaire's sayings for only \$5.95. It's the ideal gift for the capitalists of your choice—the new book by magazine Editor-in-Chief Malcolm Forbes: "The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm."

An answer to Chairman Mao's Little Red Book, this volume is bound in rich, lucre-green vinyl.

It's a collection of funny, provocative, and often outrageously punny one-liners. Quotable, even applicable, glints of 14-karat wisdom. Over a half a thousand of them—all negotiable at any soiree, tête-à-tête or business luncheon. Presented in this very gift-givable book subtitled: "The Capitalist's Handbook."

You can order these priceless sayings individually or in bulk through your nearest Capitalist bookstore or by completing the coupon.

Here's what they're saying about "The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm":

Ann Landers, Daily News, New York

"I just read your book, and it was delicious. I ate it."

Ken Powers, Sr., The Nashville Banner

"Whatever you're doing, stop! Pick up the telephone. Now, start calling every bookstore in town until you find one that has a copy of Chairman Malcolm's *Sayings*. How have we done so well for so long without it?"

"This little book is witty, wise, serene, sometimes sober and at other times tipsy; but always great, terrific, and in all ways, well worth its price."

Barry Gray, Radio Station WMCA, New York

"I've read it, and I recommend it to you unconditionally. It is a terrific book, with a thousand things that you'll want to repeat, and memorize..."

John Weisman, Los Angeles Times

"It is unlikely, though possible, that students at the Wharton or Harvard Business Schools will wander through the quad with this little green book open, memorizing Forbes' capitalistic pearls. On the other hand maybe they should."

If you cannot find "The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm"

at your nearest Capitalist bookstore (because the diligent chaps have already sold out), then use this coupon

to order one or more for yourself or others. Send \$5.95 in check or money order, plus 75¢ for postage and handling for each copy you order to Harper & Row, Mail Order Dept., No. 1235D, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022. Please add applicable sales tax.

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____ covering _____ copies of "The Sayings of Chairman Malcolm."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

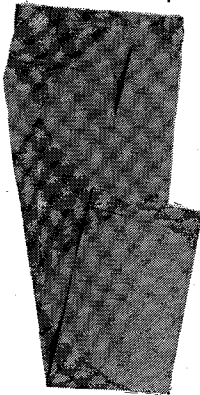
State _____

Zip _____

**Forbes:
Capitalist Tool**

L.L.Bean®

Outdoor Sporting Specialties



Summer Weight Slacks

Cool and comfortable slacks for warm weather wear. Longwearing, light weight poplin of 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% combed cotton. Washable, no ironing required. Plain front style with two front and two hip pockets. Well tailored for a comfortable trim fit.

Three colors, Lt. Green, Lt. Blue, Tan. Even waist sizes 30 to 46. Inseams 29", 31", 33". \$14.50 ppd.

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Please Ship Postpaid
Summer Weight Slacks @ \$14.50

Color _____ Size _____ Inseam _____

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

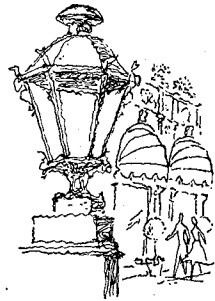
Card Number _____
Exp. Date _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.
828 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

brother adrift in a dinghy just for the hell of it. I liked to lie on top of a cliff above an inlet that had probably been used as a swimming hole by the Boer prisoners. The cliff was about thirty feet high, and it ended in a shallow underwater cave that was inhabited by lawyer fish. These were two feet long, and were smart and jumpy, and had the reputation of being almost uncatchable. If I lay long enough on the cliff, two or three of them would poke their snouts out, their bellies resting lightly on the pale sand. I'd bang my hand once on the cliff top, and they'd shoot back into the cave, not to reappear for at least an hour. The Boer prisoners occupied my brother and me a good deal. We guarded them in their roofless cells, watched them bathe, two or three at a time, in their immense tub, and marched them up and down the island. Weather, incidental at Winter Haven, dominated Tucker's Island. We were trapped four or five days at a time by winter storms, and I can recall my stepfather phoning from the mainland, his voice crackling and distant, to say that he would have to stay over, because it was still too rough to get back. Then my mother and brother and I would sit down to supper, and the wind would tear at a dining-room door that opened onto the courtyard at the back of the house. But it didn't sound like wind; it was a man standing there whistling. When a storm blew itself out, we would drive five miles to Hamilton in the launch, passing over the Great Sound, threading our way between Burt's Island and Darrell's Island, over Granaway Deep and through Timlin's Narrows, past Doctor's Island, and into Hamilton Harbour proper. Most of these islands were empty—their dark-green cedar finery broken by occasional Boer War ruins or by whitish rock-strewn clearings. We docked at Front Street, next to the Queen or Monarch of Bermuda, or one of the Lady boats—small, elegant Canadian passenger freighters that plied between Halifax, Boston, Hamilton, and the West Indies. My mother would lay in food for the next northeaster, and I would check the back-street haunts I had turned up when we were at Winter Haven. They carried cap pistols and penny candy, and they were flyblown. When I got a brand-new George VI threepence—a twelve-sided coin issued in 1937, soon after King George had taken the throne—I'd flip it into the water after we were out in the harbor again, just to watch its odd gold shape flicker and turn and

For those
who appreciate
the difference.



Grand luxe service. A welcome that recalls the graciousness of early California. Cuisine to delight the connoisseur. Where Wilshire

Boulevard meets Rodeo Drive, you will find a hotel dedicated to the discriminating international traveler.

Annals of Architecture

Beverly Wilshire Hotel

Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212 • (213) 275-4282
Room reservations (800) 421-4354
In California (800) 282-4804
Member of the Preferred Hotels Association
Represented by HRI
The Leading Hotels of the World

from...
MAUS & HOFFMAN



a shoe for driving...

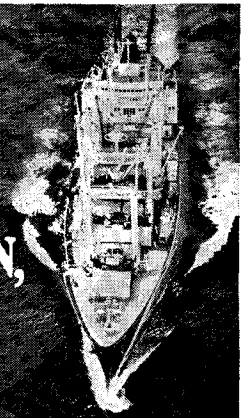
Add an extra touch of comfort to your motoring pleasure. Great for boating, walking or just plain relaxing. Lightweight with non-skid sole and unlined soft calfskin uppers. White, tan or navy by Johnston & Murphy. Sizes 7-13, N and M ... \$60

MAUS & HOFFMAN

710 East Las Olas Boulevard
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33305
Bal Harbour • Palm Beach • Boca Raton

Add \$2 for Handling • Major credit cards.
Florida residents add \$2.40 state sales tax.

ON
YOUR
NEXT
VACATION,
DON'T
BE A
TOURIST.



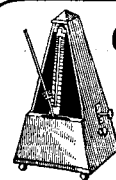
Ship out on our Cargoliner cruises to the sunny Caribbean, Panama and the West Coast of South America.

We limit the number of passengers to twelve. That way we can give you the best in service and every personal attention to make you feel part of our ocean-going adventure, rather than just a sightseer. We sail every week from the East Coast.

See your Travel Agent. Or call us at (212) 466-1069. Ships of U.S. Registry.

DELTA CARGOLINER CRUISES

One World Trade Center, New York 10048.



**Carnegie
A-440
Pizza
Hall**

2212
Carmel
Valley Rd.
Del Mar, Ca.
Only 15
minutes
north of
San Diego
(714) 755-6778

dance as it sank. We went home in April, and I suspect that Tucker's Island had taken my mother and stepfather closer to the bone of Bermuda than they were ready for. The wind and water, the loneliness, the Boer War ghosts had tried their New York hearts, and they had finally backed off.

I DIDN'T return to Bermuda until 1965, when its various revolutions were well under way. I stayed near Winter Haven, and I couldn't believe the din and smell of the motorbikes and cars. Nor could I believe that the Bermuda Railway had been sold, tracks and all, and carted away to South America. The coral roads were covered with tar, and John Smith's beach had been divided: one part was a private club and the other was crowded with tourists. Winter Haven was shuttered and forlorn. The cedars surrounding it were gone, and the lawn was unkempt. When I walked up to have a look at the house, a caretaker appeared and told me I was trespassing. I said I'd lived in the house for seven or eight months in the thirties, but he didn't believe me. No one had lived there as long as he could remember, he said. A day or two later, I took a cab west along the south shore of the island to see what I could of Tucker's Island. I didn't expect much, because I'd heard that Tucker's and Morgan's had been joined and then attached to the mainland, forming a giant United States naval base. It took a while to find the house. It was painted the same color, but it was surrounded by barracks and concrete, and a broad, raised road separated it from the harbor. The cabdriver said his mother had worked there as a cook before the war for some Americans, and I told him my stepfather's name. He asked if that was the man who'd been the runner-up in the Mid-Ocean Club golf tournament and had his picture in the paper with the governor, and I said yes. I suddenly remembered the picture: my stepfather, who is short, being handed a silver cup the size of a samovar by the governor, who was tall.

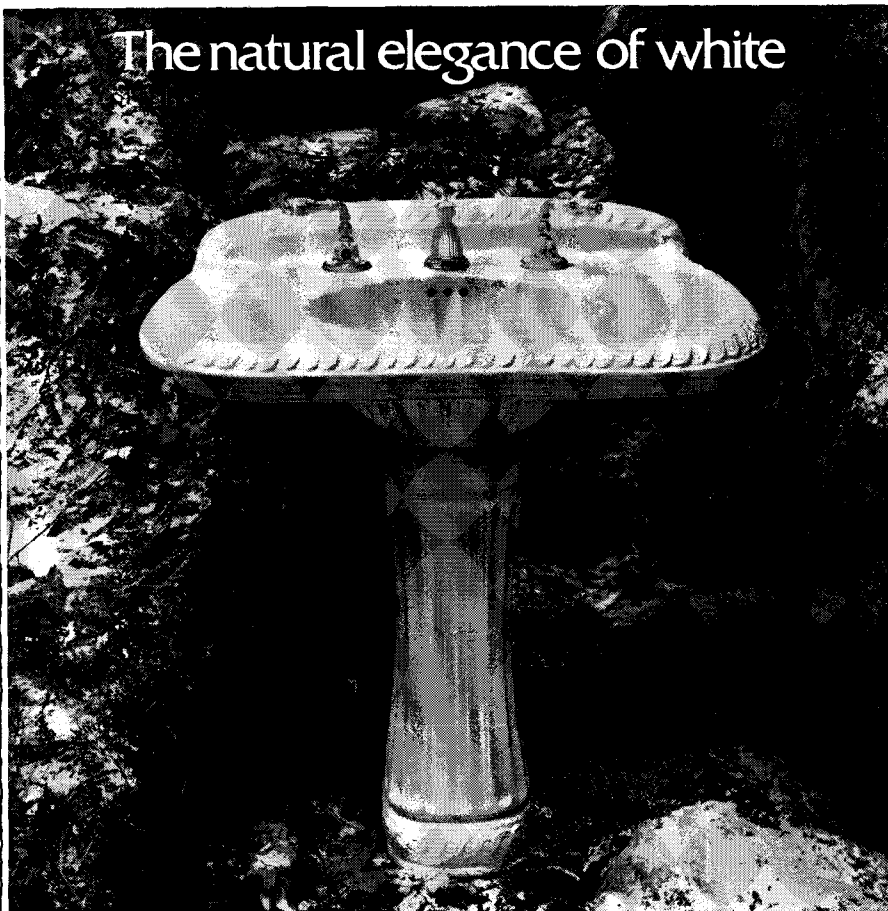
Yours sincerely,
WHITNEY BALLIETT

Among other early arrivals were Mia Farrow in a low cut white gown with rhinestones, worn by two other unidentified women.

—Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.

Who will be remembered, nevertheless.

The natural elegance of white



Sherle Wagner

60 East 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 Plaza 8-3300

FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SEND \$5 TO DEPT. ONLY

UNLIMITED TIMEPIECE \$39⁹⁵ FOR A LIMITED TIME.

PROFESSIONAL STOPWATCH
Records net times, lap times, 1st-2nd place times up to 1 hour.

LIGHTWEIGHT
Perfect for runners, track and field, backpacking, sailing, tennis.

1000TH SECOND ACCURACY
Accurate to ± 15 seconds per month, only possible with an electronic watch.



CASIO PRECISION WRISTWATCH.
Digital readout visible at all times, even in the dark via a built-in light.

CALENDAR.
Push button for day-date readout.

ONE YEAR WARRANTY.
Replaceable battery has 18-month life. Handsome black resin case.

Please send me:

☐ Casio electronic watch. Order B46-410 \$39.95. Offer expires 8/1/79.
☐ Free 99 page color R.E.I. catalog. ☐ I want to be a Co-op member, enclosed is \$2.
Order easy by calling toll free: 1-800-426-4840. Alaska and Hawaii call 800-426-4770.
Washington State call 1-800-562-4894.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

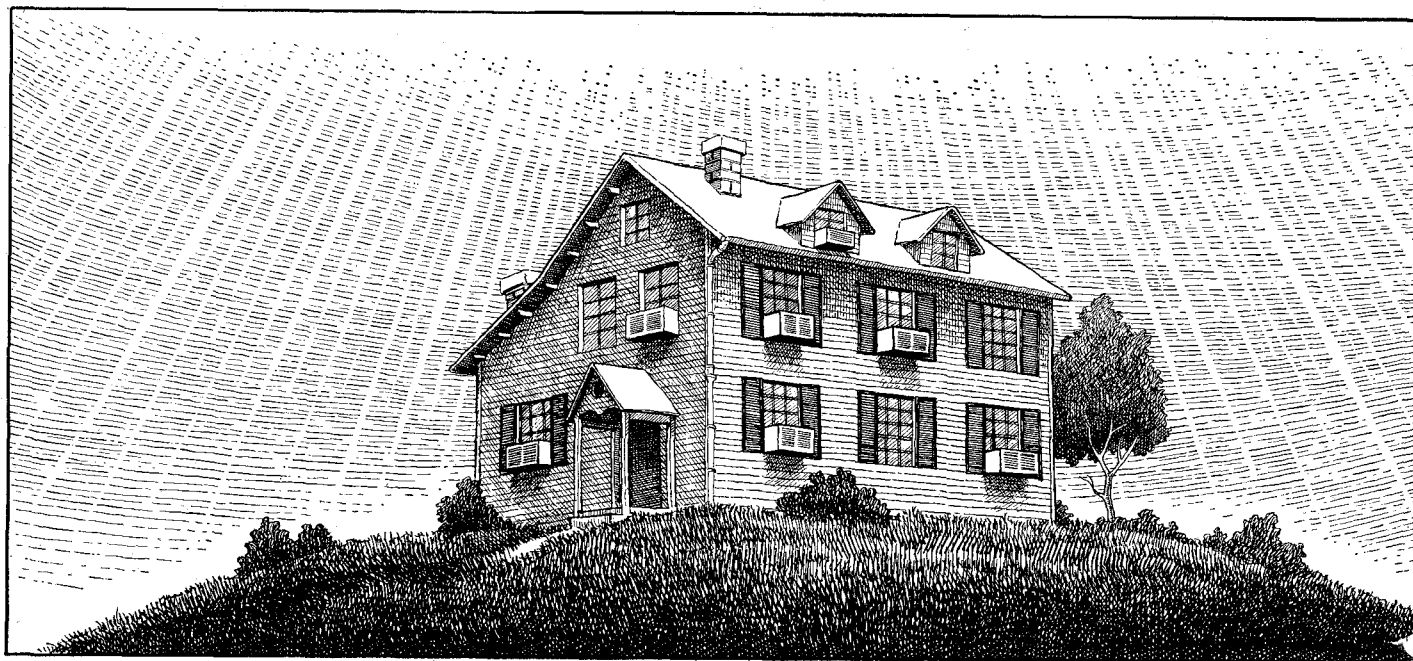
State _____

Zip _____



Recreational Equipment Inc.
Seattle-Portland-Berkeley-Los Angeles-
Anchorage-Minneapolis
"The Original Outdoor Co-op—Est. 1938"
P.O. Box C88127, Seattle, WA 98188

Cooling a house room making ice cubes



Whole-house cooling may be the answer. Here's friendly advice from City's Rheem Division, makers of high-efficiency central air conditioning.

There's one thing air conditioning doesn't really condition you for.

Surprise.

The kind many homeowners experience when they first discover how much it costs to keep their air conditioner humming away during a long, hot summer.

In many parts of the country, in fact, rates go up during the summer as power companies expand capacity to meet the increased demand imposed by air conditioners.

Hence the importance of efficient consumption of energy in determining how to keep your family cool.

The best way to save money on air conditioning, of course, is not to have any.

For some people, this makes sense.

For everyone else, it may take a little

effort to determine the most efficient method of cooling your house.

But it will be effort well spent if it keeps you from getting burned on your investment.

Room units or whole-house cooling?

A room-size unit costs less to buy than a whole-house system, and you can install it yourself.

Then too, room units allow you the flexibility of cooling only a part of your house.

With central air conditioning, on the other hand, you have this advantage.

Just as you save on heating bills in winter by turning down your thermostat, you can save on cooling bills in summer by raising the temperature a few degrees.

by room could be like one at a time.

Remember that it's more likely to be humidity than heat that causes discomfort. Because the air inside your house has been dehumidified, dialing up from 72 to, say, 76 degrees can cut your summer cooling bill significantly.

(Government estimates point to savings of about three percent for each degree you keep the temperature up.)

Which type of cooling is best for your family? Only you can decide.

Cooling a room or two may be all you need. Or all you feel you can afford.

Where people sometimes run into trouble is in adding units room by room, perhaps to keep up with a growing family growing into a large house.

That can be about as efficient as making ice cubes one at a time.

When is whole-house cooling a good idea?

The ideal time to install central air conditioning is when your house is being built. (A good part of Rheem's residential business is tied to housing starts.)

If you now have forced-air heat, whole-house cooling can be added with only modest adaptations.

If you already have central air conditioning, and it's more than eight years old, you may want to consider replacement. Today's equipment is far more efficient, and substantial savings on operating costs are possible.

We should know.

Our Rheem Air Conditioning Division, with its Rheem and Ruud products, manufactures a line of central air conditioning systems that we believe to be the most efficient on the market.

And that's exactly the way they were

designed — to provide effective cooling without making excessive demands on energy.

Our companies profit from good ideas.

The management philosophy behind Rheem guides the profitable growth of all City Investing operations.

In housing, we plan and develop entire communities. We're a major builder of single-family houses and mobile homes.

And our Motel 6 is the nation's leading budget motel chain.

In manufacturing, the talents that have made us world leaders in the production of steel shipping containers and heating and air-conditioning equipment also enabled us to introduce the *Sun Set* and *SunDirector* solar water heating systems.

In insurance, we're a major property and casualty underwriter, specializing in policies tailored to business needs.

Ideas that meet basic needs are central to City Investing operations. And will help us grow to \$5 billion in revenues in 1979. For ideas that may profit you, just clip the coupon.

John Herndon, Vice President,
City Investing Company, Department F,
767 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022

Dear Mr. Herndon:

Please send me:

- ☐ The facts about Rheem high-efficiency central air conditioning systems.
- ☐ More information on City Investing Company.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

NKS-21

City Investing

MUSICAL EVENTS

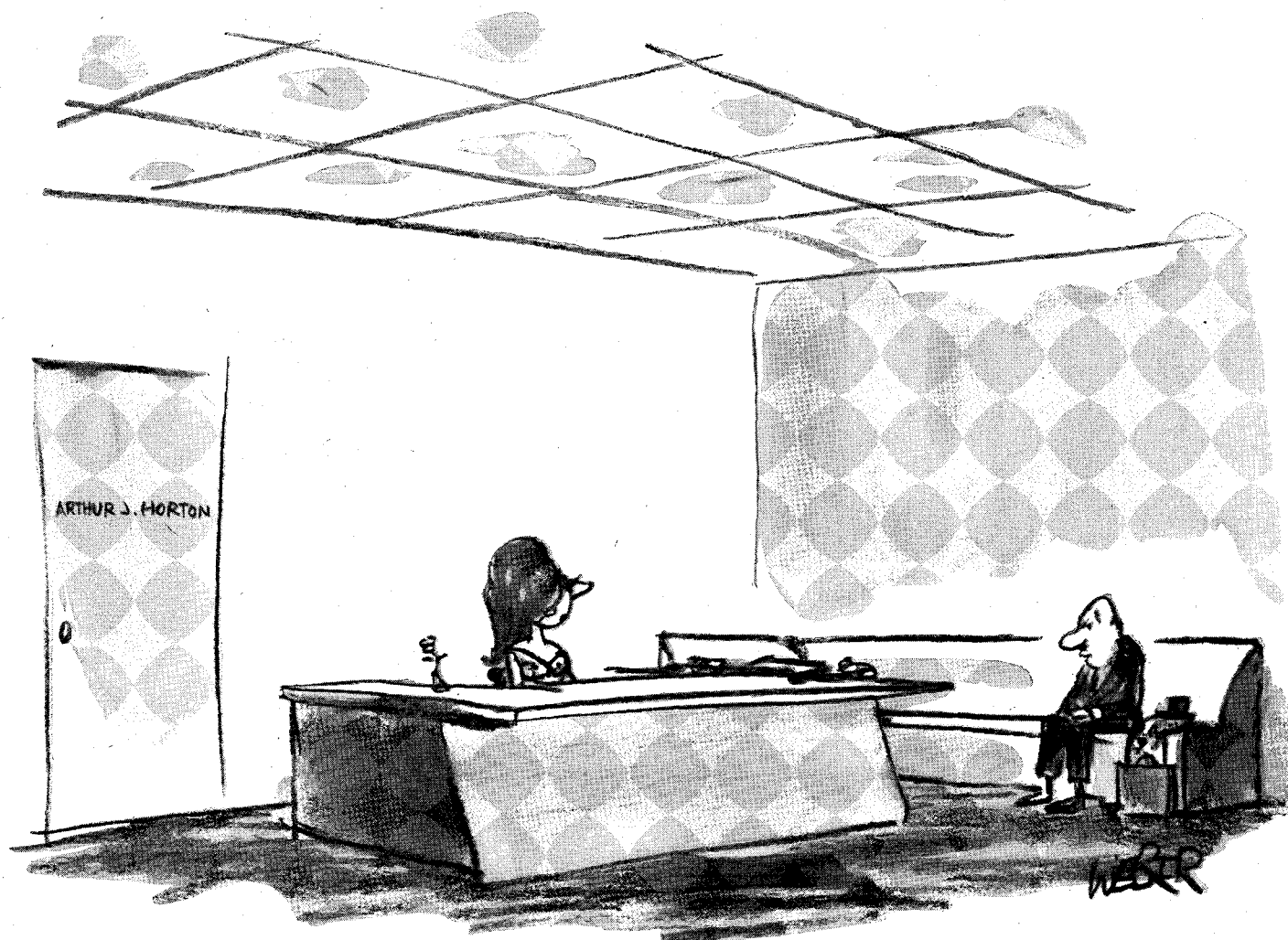
Choirs and Places Where They Sing

EARLY this season, there was a big choral concert in Carnegie Hall to celebrate five centuries of publishing by the Oxford University Press. The program was drawn from music of those five centuries which Oxford has printed. Seven choruses took part—the New York Choral Society, the Cappella Nova, the Canticum Novum Singers, the Sine Nomine Singers, the Oratorio Society (the choir that sang Berlioz's *Te Deum* at the Carnegie inaugural concert, in 1891), the St. Cecilia Chorus, and the Desoff Choirs. They performed individually and, eight hundred strong, joined in massed performances of Walton's *Coronation Te Deum* and Vaughan Williams' "Serenade to Music" (which was originally composed for sixteen soloists). Debarred by a cough from attending the concert, I listened over the air. The event was broadcast by WNYC, and later by other National Public Radio stations. The level of execution ranged from the competent but lacklustre, through the capable and

committed, to vivid Byrd and Josquin from the *Canticum Novum* and vivid Binchois from the *Cappella Nova*. Such a jamboree inevitably loses something over the radio, but the slow, massive sweep of "Spem in alium," Tallis's forty-part tour de force, sung by groups from all the choirs, did not fail to produce a very grand effect. John Alldis, one of Britain's best choral conductors, made his New York debut directing the massed items. This celebration displayed a cross-section of New York choral singing. There follow notes on a few of the season's choral events, large and small.

THE Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine was begun in 1892. Building continued for fifty years, and then broke off. It has now been resumed, and in celebration a performance of Liszt's large oratorio "Christus" was held there on the last Sunday of April. Richard Westenburg, director of music at the cathedral, conducted; Musica Sacra singers and players

formed the bulk of his forces. Admission was free. In 1977, "Christus" provided the climax of the Liszt Festival of London; it was given in Westminster Cathedral, a very resonant building, and aroused great enthusiasm. I heard "Christus" the following year, broadcast from an Albert Hall Prom, and was not overwhelmed. The oratorio was done complete, possibly for the first time since Liszt himself abridged it; writing in these columns, I suggested that he had done well to shorten it. But it was an improper suggestion. "Christus" is long, and many of its numbers are repetitive. But when it is performed in such a building as St. John's, and conducted with the passion and precision that Mr. Westenburg brought to it, its movements do not seem too long. In fact, longer actually seems shorter: the Prom performance was billed as a hundred and fifty minutes of music, while the St. John's performance, paced to cathedral acoustics, lasted twenty minutes more. Incomplete, St. John's already claims to be the largest Gothic church in the world. It is very reverberant, and lends amplitude and grandeur to voices that sing in it. For "Christus," the perform-



"I should think Mr. Horton must like you very, very much."

A REPORT ON THE AMERICAN FOREST

PAUL BUNYAN COULD LEARN A THING OR TWO IN THE LAKE STATES TODAY.

Paul Bunyan was a legend.

But the huge harvest and regeneration of the mighty forests that gave birth to that legend are a fact. More, they're a practical lesson in the *economics* as well as *ecology* of the forest.

The story, spanning 100 years, illustrates the difference between early *logging* and modern *forestry*.

A century ago this was the land of the Big Swedes and rough logging camps. The Great North Woods. Loggers cut what they needed and moved on. At the time this seemed no great evil; after all, "Forests were endless." There was no incentive to stay and replant. Supply greatly exceeded demand.

ENTER CONSERVATION.

But the forests weren't endless. And by the 1920s, some of the best timber in the region was gone.

Then with the arrival of the '30s a new era began, the age of conservation. Now commercial forests* in the Lake States have made an impressive comeback, thanks to nature's resilience and the ingenuity of modern forestry.

It's a good thing. The government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double



Today, Paul Bunyan's forests are still thriving.

by the year 2020. And other demands on the forest are intensifying too. Yet most forests throughout the country are far less productive than they could be. So every acre of commercial forest will have to grow even more wood to meet future needs.

IMPROVING ON PAUL BUNYAN.

Today's rejuvenated Lake States forest is mostly aspen, pine and spruce. It's nurtured by forest products companies who value their stewardship of the land and are alert to its potential. For example, aspen, once considered a "weed tree," is now an important source of wood fiber for paper.

Nearly every part of every harvested tree is used,

right down to the sawdust. And where natural regeneration is slow, foresters hand plant the next generation of trees. They thin and fertilize and grow better trees, faster.

The result: a forest that's actually more productive than Paul Bunyan's.

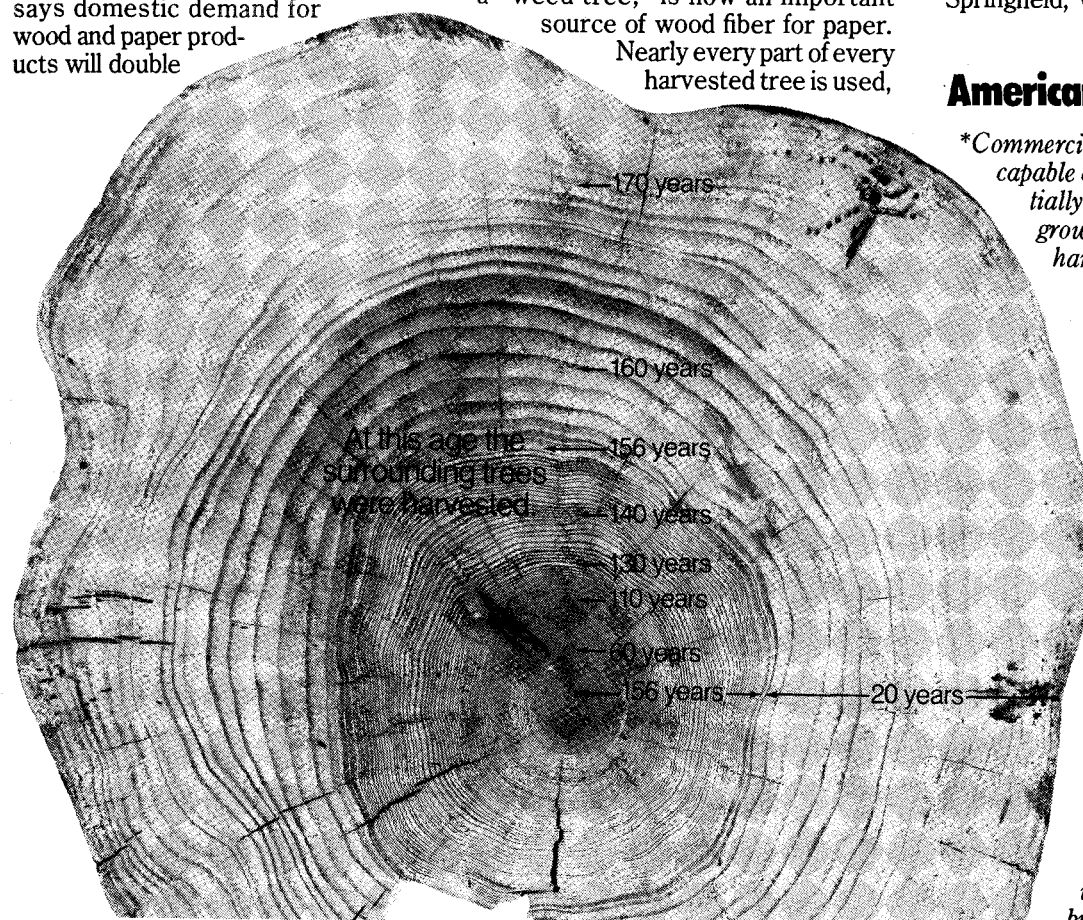
A LONG WAY TO GO.

It's encouraging that forest productivity is increasing in the Lake States and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

For more information write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

American Forest Institute

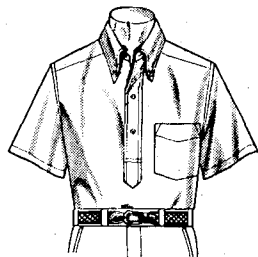
*Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.



After 156 years, this Eastern Hemlock was still too small to harvest when the trees around it were cut down. But with more room to grow, it doubled in size. (Shown here slightly less than 1/2 actual size.) Today, thinning the forests to give each tree more sunshine and nutrients is one way foresters can produce bigger trees faster.



Harbour Town's Clothier
Sea Pines Plantation
Hilton Head Island, South Carolina



THE GREAT OXFORD CLOTH PULLOVER SHIRT

By Gant

100% cotton oxford cloth half sleeve shirt
— Great for business wear with a tie or
for sport open collar —

Available in white, blue, yellow, ecru, pink, blue
candy stripe. Sizes 14½ through 17½
\$20

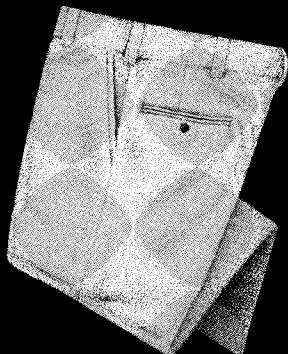
Size _____ Color _____ Qty _____
Check _____ MC _____ BAC/Visa _____ AmEx _____
Card# _____ Expires _____

Mail add \$2.50 shipping/handling — S. C. Residents
add 4% sales tax

Name _____
Address _____ Zip _____

Knickers Box 3089 Hilton Head Island, S. C. 29928
(803) 671-2291

Remember feather-weight Cotton Poplin?



Extremely lightweight trousers of imported
Cotton Poplin (with open bottoms), in Tan, Yellow,
Parchment or White. Waist sizes 30 to 44, in reg.
short or long rise. \$32.50. May be purchased
in our NYC store, or new E. Hampton store.
50 Main St., L.I., NY 11937, (516) 324-5577.

We haven't forgotten.

BURTON Ltd. 475 Fifth Av. (Dept. NY3) NY 10017
(212) 685-3760

☐ Please send brochure.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Waist size _____ ☐ Reg. ☐ Short ☐ Long

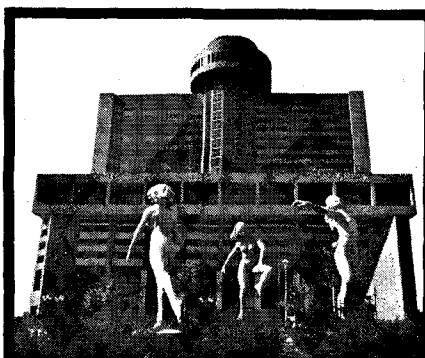
Specify 1st _____ 2nd _____ color choices.

Card No. _____ Expires _____

CK, MC, VISA. Add \$3. postage, plus N.Y.S. tax.

ers were stationed where choir and crossing meet; the listeners sat in the crossing, beneath the immense dome, and in the eastern bays of the tremendous nave. I attended a rehearsal, not the performance, and thrilled to the grandest and most affecting choral tone I have ever heard in this city. The voices of the soloists—Alpha Floyd, Diane Curry, Vincenzo Manno, and Bruce Fifer—rose and rang. Mr. Manno did not abjure emotional portamento. Mr. Fifer sang “Tristis est anima mea,” the Gethsemane scene that opens the third part, with nobility, fervor, and steadiness. In such acoustics, the slow pacing of the harmonies, the long preparations, and the unhurried establishment of each new key attained are essential—and beautiful. In such a building, the repetitions in the score seem kin to the architectural repetitions, bay upon bay, that give a great cathedral its grandeur. Despite the reverberation, the sound was not mushy but firm. One could hear what was happening. The shepherds’ piping, small, pure, and clear, stole through the building. The clarity of the pizzicato strings at the start of the Three Kings’ March was astonishing. During the “Et ecce stella” section of that number—the starry shine of the high strings and the brave peal of the trumpet melody winging out as if beneath a sonic as well as the actual dome—the acoustics revealed the sense of Liszt’s orchestral writing in a way that no concert hall can do.

“Christus” spans a wide variety of styles. The text of the outer sections juxtaposes the Vulgate and medieval hymns; the central section, concerned with Christ’s ministry, includes the Beatitudes, the Paternoster, Christ’s charge to Peter, and a triumphal Entry into Jerusalem. The textures range from chamber ensemble to a full-scale Wagnerian orchestral tempest on the Sea of Galilee, and from choral writing with a minimal organ accompaniment to all the forces in full cry. The styles range from neo-modal harmony to, in the Stabat Mater, a chromaticism like that of early Schoenberg. As the Liszt scholar Robert Collet has written, “the work is significant because it reveals so much of the complexity and many-sidedness of Liszt’s personality, with the significant exceptions of the erotic and the diabolic.” The composer called “Christus” his testament. When I heard this St. John’s performance, I understood why. Here, again, was proof that some scores cannot be fully understood or appreciated until they have been



The sun you've always wanted.

And the facilities to make
every business meeting and
convention seem even brighter.

Predictable, warm and sunny weather, Hyatt’s famous hospitality, and every facility and amenity your business meeting or convention needs are all as close as your fingertip.

Call (602) 257-1110
for complete information.



ONLY AT THE HYATT REGENCY, PHOENIX

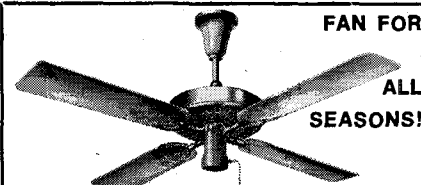
Kirsten



**FREE
COLOR
CATALOG**

Send for our free color catalog showing all of the Kirsten pipes, accessories and tobaccos.

KIRSTEN PIPE CO. INC.
P.O. Box 70526, Seattle, WA 98107
Dept. B



FAN FOR

**ALL
SEASONS!**

Standard of excellence for old fashioned ceiling fans since 1886. The “In” way to cool a room naturally. Adaptable to all ceiling heights.

52" fan with Adaptair \$279

52" fan without Adaptair \$239

36" fan \$179

Light Adapter Kit \$ 12

Send 50¢ for brochure **THE CEILING FAN GALLERY**
14 Indian Neck Lane • Peconic, N.Y. 11958

Discover the Zurich Bargain

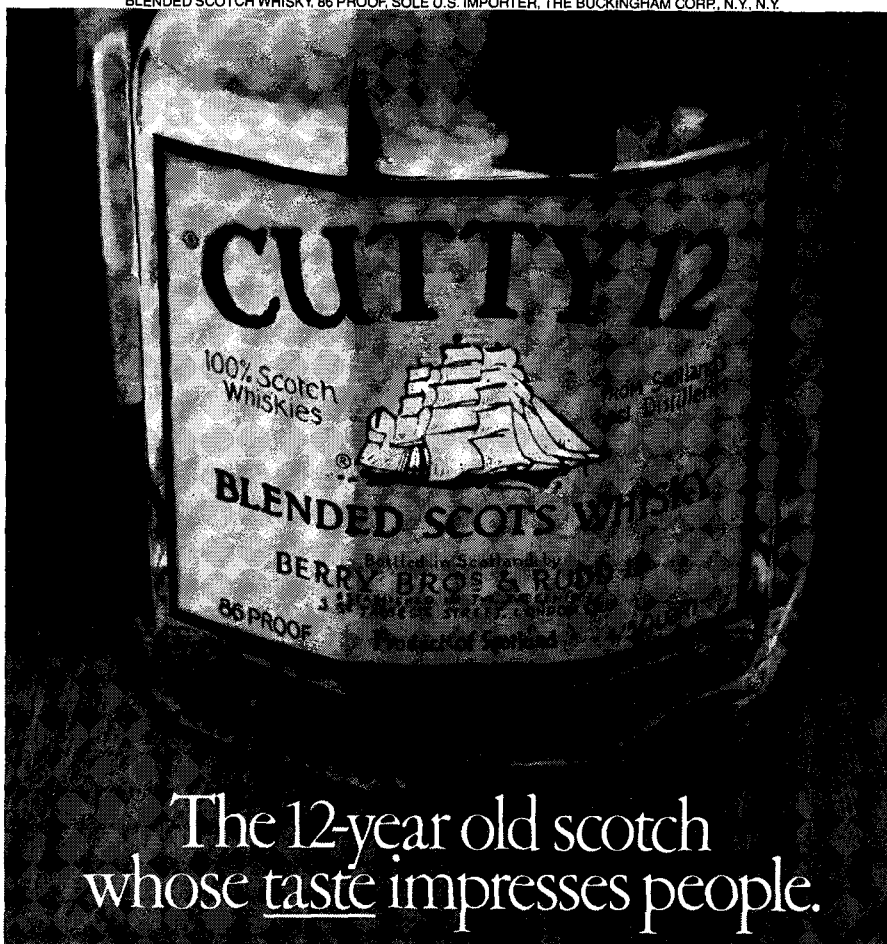
Hotel International, one of Zurich’s leading hotels, now has accommodations for \$30 a day, per person/double occupancy. The 700-bed complex is conveniently located near the airport and the center of town. Rooms are fully air-conditioned and include private bath, radio, telephone and color TV. Facilities include 3 restaurants, bar, roof-top swimming pool and sauna. Convenient banking, car rental and shopping are on the premises. For information or booking, call your travel agent or NADSAM, 212-489-1049. Hotel International Zurich, Am Marktplatz, CH-8050 Zurich, Switzerland.

brought to life in a setting something like that the composer intended. St. John's is the place where New York performances of Berlioz's *Requiem* and *Te Deum* should be held.

THE Cathedral maintains a busy musical life. So do I, and it happens that I have not yet got round to hearing medieval or Renaissance music sung there in the main church (but only in St. James' chapel). And I have never heard Guillaume Dufay's three big papal motets—composed to celebrate Eugenius IV's coronation in 1431, his treaty with King Sigismund in 1433, and his consecration of the Duomo in Florence in 1436—sung in really big buildings. But grandeur can also be achieved in smaller space when the sound is good, and the first two of those motets sounded very splendid when the Elizabethan Enterprise (with guests to bring the ensemble up to nine) did them in Corpus Christi Church early this year. Corpus Christi—on 121st Street just east of Broadway—is a small church, built in the thirties, holding about five hundred. The design is neither medieval nor Renaissance but on late-seventeenth-century lines, with pews and galleries. The sound is very good, warm and resonant, intimate yet open. Here there is held a Sunday-afternoon concert series called "Music Before 1800;" I get to it whenever I can, for it is probably the most reliably rewarding of New York's early-music series.

Early Dufay working at full stretch was an inspired composer. The Elizabethan Enterprise, directed by Lucy Cross, was just a shade too polite in timbre for my taste—if Luca della Robbia's choristers on the Florence Cathedral *cantoria* were modelled from the life, their singing must have poured from open throats—but it showed a fine command of rhythm and phrase and was well tuned. The music breathed, flowered, moved decisively without being driven or straitjacketed. The program, which presented early Dufay in the context of his predecessors and contemporaries—Ciconia, Guillaume Legrant—included the "catalogue motet" of Jean Brassart, "Romanorum Rex." There were three such motets—works in which composers name and honor their colleagues—on the bill of a later Corpus Christi concert given by the Cappella Nova, directed by Richard Taruskin. "Arms and the Man" was its title. It was a composite Mass, whose Ordinary was drawn from five different "L'Homme Armé" Masses (Dufay was represent-

BLENDÉD SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF, SOLE U.S. IMPORTER, THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.



The 12-year old scotch
whose taste impresses people.

Jamaica's Elegant Hideaway.



Just 5 minutes from exciting downtown Ocho Rios nightclubs, shopping and hotels, there's a remarkably romantic little hideaway resort built on hillside terraces and framed by dramatic architecture. And surrounded by tropical flowers, tennis courts and the clear waters Jamaica is famous for. It's near golf, shopping and spectacular sightseeing. And yet it's as intimate and private as a moonlight cruise for two. A small number of luxurious rooms and suites, with every amenity, including personal housekeepers, available. Private beach, superb food, lounges and pools. And an exclusive North Shore setting out of a James Bond movie.

For reservations, contact your travel agent. Or call Ray Morrow Associates, exclusive representatives, toll-free at 800-243-9420 or the Jamaica Reservation Service at 800-327-2054 for more information. (In Florida call 800-432-6550.)

**If you used to think it was
fun to play in a barn,
think how great
it would be to live in one.**

Send \$4 for complete information package to:
Yankee Barn Homes, Drawer NY5-9
Graham, NH 03753

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Phone _____

Where are you planning to build?

Please include your zip code!

Yankee BARN

Designed by Emil Hanslin Assoc.



Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Pure Cotton Terry Jumpsuit \$29

Ideal for lounging, after shower or swim, our good-looking, soft cotton terry cloth jumpsuit is comfortable, cool and quick-drying. Thirsty pure cotton terry is washable, needs no ironing. Fully cut with fly-front styling and self-belt. In white, medium blue or maize. Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), Extra-large (46-48). ☐ Please send catalogue

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. CA 94108 (415) 397-7733
Jumpsuit (79305): Size _____ Colour _____ Qty. _____
Check ☐ Charge: ☐ M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg.
Card # _____ Expir. _____
Add \$2.50 ship., hdlg.; Cal. deliv. add sales tax
Name _____
Address _____ Zip _____

ed by the Sanctus) and Proper from Heinrich Isaac's "Choralis Constantinus." The "honor-roll motets" could be regarded as sung, contemporary program notes on Renaissance composers. (Modern program notes, texts, and translations were also provided.) This sounds too artful an idea, perhaps, but it worked well, producing a coherent tapestry of Renaissance music woven on a firm liturgical frame, not a patchwork. It was particularly enlightening to hear numbers from Isaac's monumental volumes put to use in context (well, more or less; but it was a concert, not a service). His great sequence "Ad laudes salvatoris" almost stole the show. Not quite: at the end, Dufay's "Ave regina," the motet he wanted to hear during his dying moments, was given an impassioned, beautiful, and wonderfully moving performance. The Cappella Nova has twenty singers, who make a good sound. Mr. Taruskin tends to dance around while he directs them, but he elicits nicely athletic, flexible phrasing. And they sing as if they knew what the texts mean; on such a line as "Gaude Virgo gloriosa" the tone became radiant.

GOOD music in its full liturgical context can be caught at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, on West Forty-sixth Street. Indeed, a critic who attends High Mass there is tempted to review the whole production—direction, acting, costumes, lighting, libretto, smoke effects—and not just the music. (The church would be unlikely to object; it bills a special Votive Mass as "our usual—and then some!") Earlier this year, the Mass that Méhul composed for Napoleon's coronation was sung at St. Mary's. For some reason, it was not sung at the imperial coronation, and it was apparently not published before 1879—so although Beethoven (for his C-Major Mass) and Verdi (for his Requiem) both seem to have borrowed ideas from it, coincidence, not influence, must be the reason. It is time some Méhul operas were revived in America—by the campus and small-town companies that so seldom lift their sights beyond "Figaro," "The Barber," "Don Pasquale," "La Bohème," and other staples. He was a good composer. Beethoven admired him. Grove calls him "the man who carried on Gluck's work with more than Gluck's musical skill." And the Mass (done with organ accompaniment, not orchestra) revealed all his neatness, his accuracy in invention, his unaffected seriousness coupled with lively grace.



EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES

SECRET EYE

689 MADISON AVENUE/62ND
NEW YORK 10021 212-888-0788
BROCHURE AVAILABLE

8th Annual Deluxe

Christmas Holiday

Dec. 18
through Jan. 3

Christmas in **Switzerland**

New Year's in **Vienna**

Geneva	Zermatt	Lucerne	Vienna
2 nights	5 nights	2 nights	6 nights

ATTEND:

- ★ The IMPERIAL BALL IN HOFBURG PALACE on New Year's Eve
- ★ Spanish Riding Academy
- ★ Opera ★ Philharmonic Concert
- ★ LAND PRICE—\$2392.00 plus air fare

Fully Escorted!

For Information & Brochure:

TRAVEL TIME

17 N. State Street
Chicago, Illinois 60602
Phone: (312) 726-7197



Send for our informative 120 page full-color "Price Guide & Catalogue of Collectors' Paperweights." 1979 bound edition, \$5.

Antique/Contemporary

Paperweights

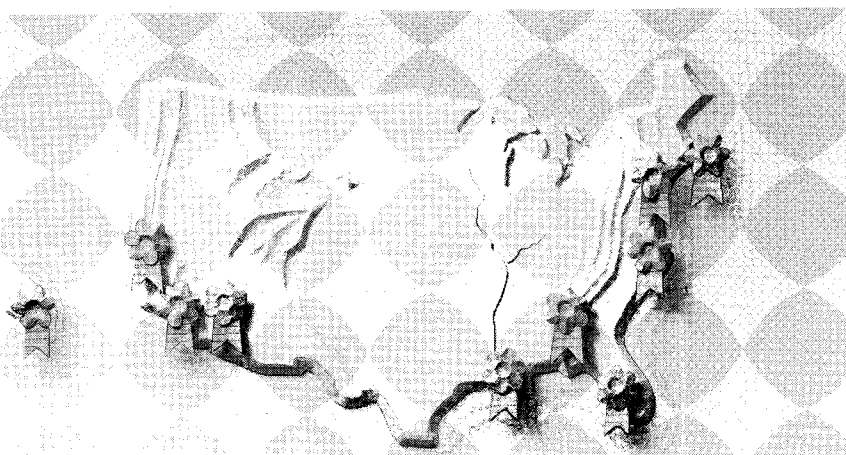


L. H. SELMAN, Ltd.
761 Chestnut St. Suite 26AA
Santa Cruz, California 95060

McNeil Robinson, music director at St. Mary's, led a captivating and dignified performance. St. Mary's, a lofty Gothic building dating from 1895, is shaped like the chancel of a large medieval church. The musicians sing and play in a gallery on the West wall, and fill the space with warm, bright sound. The choir was good, and so were the soloists: Hedi Klebl, Judith Malafronte, Gordon Shannon, and Jan Opalach.

THE Winchester Cathedral Choir, touring North America in celebration of the nine-hundredth anniversary of the new cathedral—one of the longest churches in the world—might have done well to choose a church, and not Carnegie Hall, for its New York appearance, in March. The bill announced a program of church music from John Taverner (born about 1500) to John Tavener (born in 1944), with Mozart's F-Minor Fantasia for clockwork organ as an interlude. Carnegie Hall is an admirable place, but it is hardly numinous. It has excellent concert-hall acoustics but not the reverberation of a great cathedral. Although the light there is often far too dim, it's not a dim *religious* light. Moreover, at concert time the Carnegie organ, a synthetic, electronic instrument, wouldn't start, and three works that had particularly drawn me to the concert—S. S. Wesley's noble cantata "The Wilderness," Britten's Antiphon, and Taverner's Little Requiem—couldn't be performed. A new program was improvised, with unaccompanied or piano-accompanied music to fill the gaps. James Lancelot, the cathedral suborganist, moved from console to Steinway keyboard; Martin Neary, organist and master of the music, introduced the pieces. The occasion became informal. Stanford's fine unaccompanied motets "Justorum animae" and "Coelos ascendit," smoothly and sensitively sung, were a bonus. Mr. Neary's choir is a body of "professionals," able to pull pieces from its repertoire and at short notice perform them on a high level. Taverner's "Dum transisset" and Purcell's "Jehovah, quam multi sunt," prepared as part of the original bill, were done in a polished fashion. Britten's difficult "Hymn to St. Cecilia" was not quite polished.

Britten's War Requiem was composed for the new Coventry Cathedral, which rises beside the ruins of the cathedral destroyed, as most of the town was, by the Germans. I heard it



America's foremost travel writer picks 10 favorite American hotels.

Horace Sutton lives in hotels for a living. Which makes him harder to please than the average traveler. So we're especially proud to be included in his list of personal favorites: "Hotels that for reasons of decor, management, service, cuisine, and special appointments have given me extra pleasure."* If you'd like a copy of

Mr. Sutton's comments about us and his 9 other favorites, just drop us a note. We'll enclose our handsome brochure as well and, if you specify an interest in our highly unusual weekend packages, we'll send along a copy of our Big Apple Weekend Catalog. Because we'd like to make your list of personal favorites, too.



UNITED NATIONS PLAZA HOTEL

One UN Plaza (44th Between 1st & 2nd Aves.) New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 355-3400
A UNDC project managed by Hyatt International Corporation.
(800) 228-9000 gets you Hyatt world-wide and toll-free.

* Courtesy Field Newspaper Syndication.

AFRICA can be a world of difference when you Travel the World of Lindblad

★ We spend tremendous time on research and preparation when planning our expeditions.

★ We are pioneers in destinations, the first to be there.

★ We travel in smaller groups, enabling us to give members more individual attention.

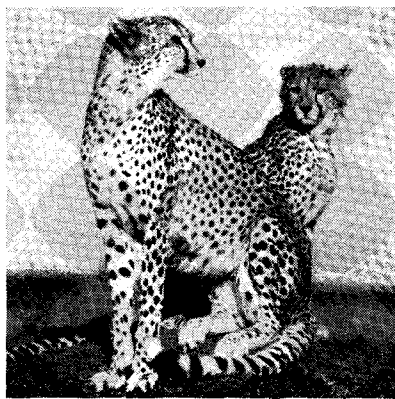
★ We prepare you for your experi-

ence with lectures and reading material.

★ We offer a variety of "in-depth" programs.

Those are only a few of the reasons why Africa with Lindblad can be a world of difference. Ask your Travel Agent. He knows. Or write for our Africa brochure.

You'll fly to Africa in utmost comfort with British Airways.



LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.

133 East 55th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300

Please send us your brochure on AFRICA.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

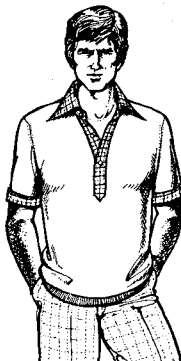
State _____ Zip _____

My Travel Agent is _____

NY5-21

11 Savile Row
Huntsman

**LONDON W1X 2PS ENGLAND
TAILORS AND BREECHES MAKERS
SHIRTMAKERS**



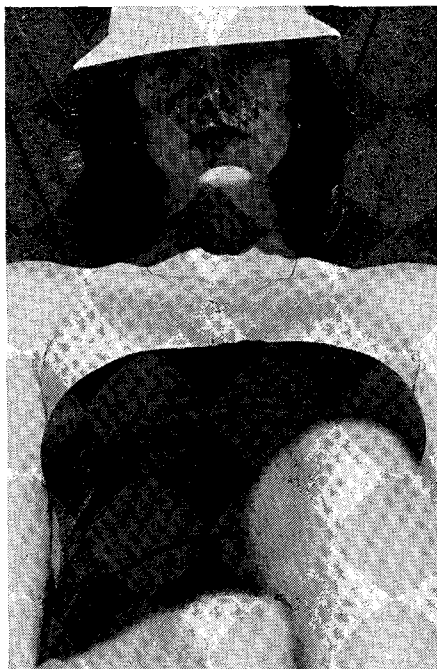
**cool shirt
with a
hot
pedigree**

We have adapted our traditional *Hunting Shirt* to keep you cool and crisp in the heat of the chase!

Soft knitted Sea Island cotton with Tattersall check trim. Colours white, Hunting yellow or Cambridge blue. Sizes 38" to 46". Price, including Air Parcel despatch (but not domestic customs duty) within 21 days, \$60 for one, \$175 for three.

H. HUNTSMAN & SONS LTD, 11 SAVILE ROW, LONDON W1, ENGLAND.
Please send to me: *Quantity*
Colours
Sizes *Cheque enclosed for \$*
Name
Address
Zip

Tick here if you require itineraries of our regular visits to the U.S. to take your tailoring and shirtmaking orders ☐
Tick here if you would like details of our shirt range with cuttings and measurement form for ordering by post ☐



Look Forward to Thinking Back.
For a vacation you'll long remember by heart, get away to Sawgrass.
Twenty miles south of Jacksonville.
Unsurpassed golf, beach, tennis, fishing, swimming.
Delicious dining and total relaxation.
Call 1-800-874-7547. Or write Dept. NY,
P.O. Box 600, Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida 32082.
Sawgrass. A complete ocean resort,
with a commitment to excellence.

Sawgrass
An Arvida Resort Community

there, and had heard it only in very large churches before the Carnegie Hall performance with the National Symphony under Mstislav Rostropovich, earlier this year. (In New York, three of its previous performances were in St. Bartholomew's.) Resonance, space, and distance effects are intended to play a part in the score, and associations have played a part in listeners' experience of it: apt associations in Coventry, which, like the Requiem, is dedicated to peace and reconciliation; ironic—but still apt—associations in abbeys and cathedrals where faded banners hang as proud memorials of battle. (In this specifically pacifist work, the opening prayer of the Latin Mass, bell accompanied, yields to Wilfred Owen's "No mockeries for them from prayers or bells;" the "Quam olim Abrahae" phrase of the Offertory is followed by Owen's poem that ends, "Offer the Ram of Pride instead of him./But the old man would not so, but slew his son,—/And half the seed of Europe, one by one.") In Carnegie Hall, imagination had to work hard to supply the associations. The boys' choir was stationed in the second gallery, but that provided only an approximation of the effect intended at the end—an "In paradisum" stealing in from afar. The performers were eloquent. The War Requiem should have had a Russian, an English, and a German soloist at its first performance, in 1962, but, in the event, Galina Vishnevskaya could not attend. She sang the soprano part in Carnegie with shining, soaring tone, better controlled, steadier than I have heard from her in years. Peter Pears, in his original role, was profoundly moving, and so was John Shirley-Quirk, in music originally written for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau. The finale is a tender dialogue, set between the "Libera me" and "In paradisum," for a dead English soldier and the German soldier he killed, and it is one of Britten's high inspirations. The chorus was the Choral Arts Society, and the boys' choir that of the Washington Cathedral. Rostropovich, a conductor often more emotional than shapely, here led an intense but not uncontrolled performance.

WOMEN are but a poor second best in music written for boys. The women of the Elizabethan Enterprise and the Cappella Nova subdued their femininity—perhaps even too much so, for although they were clear, pure, and steady, they seldom caught the tangy, passionate timbre of trebles in full cry. At the Met and the City

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has a serving pantry.

Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay in the fashionable heart of the city, just off Park Avenue.

**Elegant
Quiet
Secure**

The Lombardy
HOTEL

Single, \$65 to \$70; Double, \$75 to \$80
Two-Room Suite, \$120 to \$150.
Also by the week or month.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

**Graduated
net method used
— if necessary.**

Just try keeping your eye on the ball. Tennis against a White Mountain backdrop is sheer pleasure, whatever your level of play. Dip in our pool, or feel like a kid again in our 'ol swimming hole. Superb food, tastefully appointed rooms. Authentic New England atmosphere.

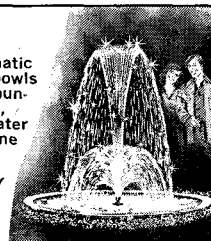
the Franconia Inn

Innkeepers: Dwight & Magle Blakeslee
Easton Rd., Rt. 116, Franconia, N.H. 03580
603-823-5542

**"Showers of Diamonds"®
Fountains by RAIN JET®**

Extremely beautiful prismatic Fountain Assemblies in bowls up to 8-ft. with lights, or Fountain Heads only. Patented, energy-saving design—water recirculates. Write or phone for Full-Color Literature.

Dealer Inquiries Invited.
RAIN JET CORP., Dept. NY
301 S. Flower St., Burbank, CA 91503
Toll-free 800-423-2379
Calif.: 213-849-2251 Coll.



BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

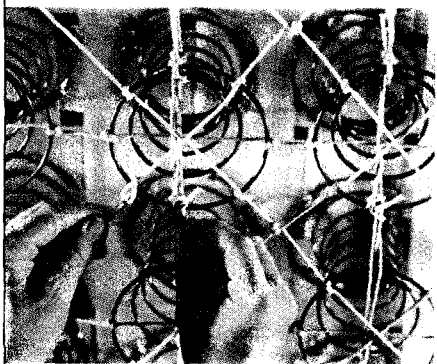
Elegance is: Upholstery by Heritage.

For those who desire more personalized features than offered in our regular Heritage upholstery collection, we present the Custom Design Program.

Highlighting the wealth of custom features is a breathtaking array of nearly 1000 fabrics. From regal silks and damasks to fine imported English prints, like the one featured.



Painstaking detail is essential to Heritage style and comfort. Notice how this intricate pattern is matched to flow perfectly from the arm and cushion to the skirt.



For long-lasting comfort and shape-ness your Heritage upholstery is constructed using tempered steel springs and tightly woven webbing. Each coil is hand-tied and knotted eight ways.



The graceful contours of a finely crafted frame. The marvelous comfort of luxury cushioning. The perfectly matched patterns of masterful hand tailoring. These are among many lasting pleasures you and your family will enjoy with our distinctive Heritage custom design upholstery program.

The choices are impressive. Seven frame styles in five lengths. One dozen pillow and cushion options. And nearly 1000 fabrics. Combined with outstanding Heritage craftsmanship, this

assures you a wise and beautiful investment that will preserve its value for years to come.

For your nearest Drexel Heritage dealer, call toll free 800-243-6000 (in Connecticut 1-800-882-6500). For Heritage brochures and a room-planning kit, send \$1 to: Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc., Dept. 21-5-79 Drexel, N.C. 28619.

Heritage 

Craftsmanship in the grand tradition

© Drexel Heritage Furnishings Inc., 1979

DUBONNET. THE FRENCH IDEA OF A COCKTAIL.



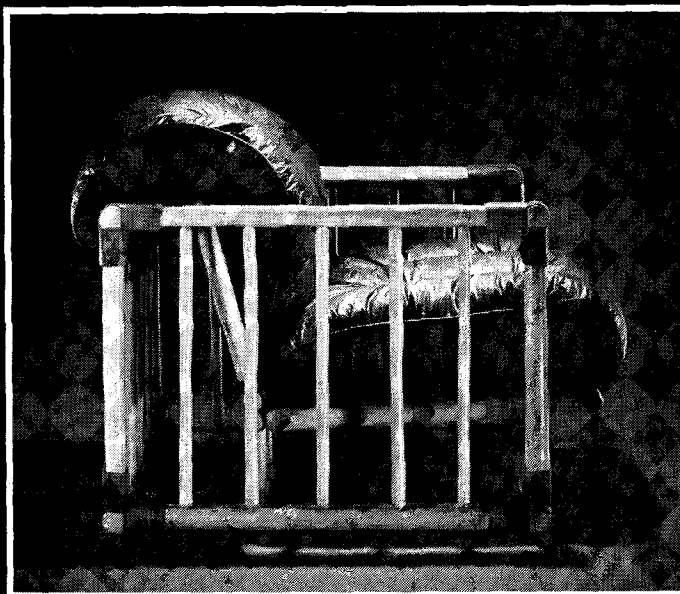
In 1846, the French created Dubonnet. For the way they drank then.
And there's Dubonnet today. For the way America drinks now—light and easy.
"Parlez-vous Dubonnet?"

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE. PRODUCT OF U.S.A. © 1979 DUBONNET CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Opera, America seems to have the best boys in the world: little Yniolds, Fyodors, shepherd lads in "Tosca," and Mileses in "The Turn of the Screw" who sing the prima donnas off the stage. So far as I know, there are five New York churches where boys sing regularly on Sundays: St. Thomas's (where sometimes they sing on weekdays, too), the Church of the Transfiguration, Grace Church in Manhattan, Grace Church in Brooklyn Heights, and St. Luke in the Fields. The women of the Sine Nomine Singers, conducted by Harry Saltzman, sounded too womanly in Morley's Burial Service and Purcell's G-Minor Evening Service, the substantial items in a concert entitled "In Praise of Music" given in Tully Hall in March. The first half was a patchwork of sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century items in praise of music. Twenty-three voices seemed rather too many for the madrigals. Tully Hall, unflattering to voices, cruelly revealed some patches of off-pitch singing. The editor of the program book overrated the audience's ability to follow sung Latin without the original words before it.

Singing more discordant than one expects to hear at a public concert came from Vox Humana, conducted by Sandra Goodman, in a complete performance of the Elizabethan madrigal collection "The Triumphes of Oriana" given at St. John's Church in the Village in March. There were fifteen singers, deployed in various formations. There should have been a lute, virginals, or a harpsichord at hand to help them maintain pitch. In the "Triumphes," the poetry matters almost as much as the music, but in this performance all words, even of such lines as "Ere beauty's splendour all their eyes had dazed" and "To see such bright stars blazing," were given much the same weight, intensity, and tone. Clear, intelligible pronunciation is not the same thing as bringing words to life. I'm delighted that Harry Plunket Greene's splendid "Interpretation in Song" has been put back into print (by Da Capo Press), with a new, enthusiastic introduction by Dorothy Uris, whose own "To Sing in English" is another necessary primer on the subject. Let the word "stately," Plunket Greene says, be uttered "as though the speaker acknowledged a curtsy." Let Vox Humana remember this next time it gets to the line "You stately Nymphs draw near," in Morley's "Arise, awake." Thomas Hunt's "Hark! did ye ever hear so sweet a singing?" came

**BROWN JORDAN
RATTAN**



Magnum.

From the Hermosa Rattan® collection.

Excellence in hand-formed pole rattan.
Design. Craftsmanship. At a price that reflects its quality.

Through leading stores and interior designers. Write for a free brochure and the address of your nearest dealer.
Brown Jordan Rattan, Dept. NY-3, Box 5688, El Monte, California 91734.

Sotheby Parke Bernet

Founded 1744 The world's leading firm of art auctioneers

FINE PERSIAN RUGS AND CARPETS

including a large selection
of room size and oversize carpets

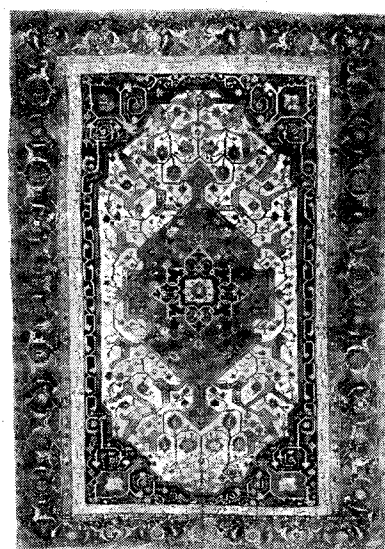
Auction: Saturday, June 16 at 2 pm

**On view from Saturday, June 9 to
Thursday, June 14, 5 pm**

**Illustrated catalogue \$8, order by
sale no. 4265 to Sotheby Parke
Bernet, Dept. ER**

**Inquiries: Michael Grogan or
Evelyn Ryan 212/472-3451 or
8421. Consignments are
currently being accepted for the
next sales to be held in October.**

**The standard commission charged to
Sellers is 10%. All property sold is subject
to a premium of 10% payable by all Buyers
as part of the purchase price.**



Heriz carpet. 18 feet 6 inches x 13 feet 2 inches

980 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK 10021

Leave Your Hands Free!

Lug books, odds-n-ends in an EMS Book Bag. It's cut to hold two fat loose leaf binders, couple of heavy readers, in main compartment; lunch, etc. in pocket, both with zippers. Capacity: 730 cu. in. Shoulder straps, hang-up loop. Heavy-duty 8 oz. waterproof nylon duck. Colors: blue, rust, green. Only \$10.95. Comes with free EMS catalog crammed with outdoor clothing and gear for the hiker, camper and mountaineer.



- ☐ Send your FREE outdoor catalog.
☐ Please send _____ EMS Book Bags,
 @ \$10.95 ea. color _____. Paid by:
☐ Check ☐ AMEX ☐ MC ☐ VISA

Card # _____
 Signature _____ Exp. Date _____
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

Eastern Mountain Sports, Inc.
 13405 Vose Farm Road
 Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458
 Retail Stores: Boston, New York, Buffalo,
 Hartford, St. Paul, and Denver



BOOST YOUR CONFIDENCE

(Or his). Put this reminder on your wrist. Golden hand-polished brass \$10 including postage & handling. Send check or money order to...

Creative Products
 Dept. M, Box #34, Lodi, NJ. 07644

Please send _____ bracelets to:

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 N.J. res. add tax.

by *Lionne Cole*

LINCOLN

Quality lighting for every decor in the largest showroom in the East.
169 Main Street, White Plains, N.Y.
 In New York: 761 Tenth Ave.

off best; the group rose to the challenge of the strong clashes and cross-accents.

THE choral singing of the Temple University Choir was just about the most accomplished feature of the Beethoven Ninth that, preceded by the "Egmont" Overture, formed the first of three concerts given by the Los Angeles Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall this month. The orchestra is touring with its new music director, Carlo Maria Giulini. Although Giulini came to prominence as a Verdi conductor—at Covent Garden's new productions of "Don Carlos," "Falstaff," "Il Trovatore," and "La Traviata," between 1958 and 1967, and an annual Requiem with the Philharmonia—he also made a mark in the German Romantic repertory: a notable "Freischütz" at La Scala; strong, supple Schumann symphonies with the Philharmonia. But he has not—on the evidence of this concert—matured into an inspiring conductor of the Ninth. The interpretation stayed on the surface. It showed a kind of simple piety—all the obvious things were sincerely and reverently done—but the result remained prose. Orchestras, like pianos, are often shaken out of tune by travel; the Los Angeles woodwind chording was woefully inharmonious. The soloists formed an ill-matched, unbalanced quartet.

—ANDREW PORTER

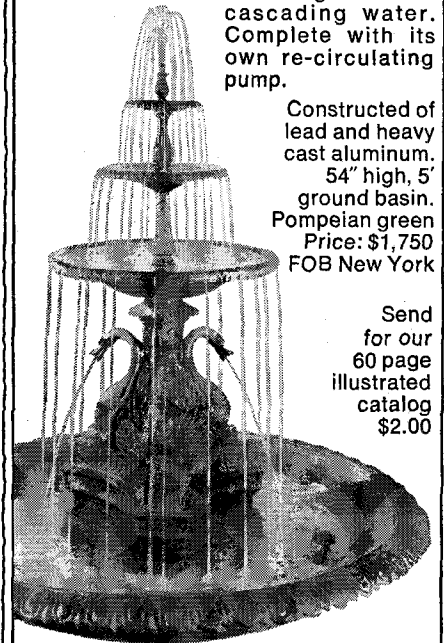
25TH ANNIVERSARY

There is something I want to tell you beyond love or gratitude or sex, beyond irritation or a purer anger. For years I have hoarded your small faults the way I might hoard kindling toward some future conflagration; and from the moment you broke into my life, all out of breath, I have half expected you to break back out. But here we are like the married couple from Cerveteri who smile from their sixth-century sarcophagus as if they were giving a party. How young we were in Rome, buying their portraits on postcards, thinking that we, too, were entangled already beyond amputation, beyond even death, as we are, as we are now.

—LINDA PASTAN

SWAN FOUNTAIN

An imposing 3-tier fountain that puts a swan lake in your garden, with the cool refreshing sound of cascading water. Complete with its own re-circulating pump.



Constructed of lead and heavy cast aluminum. 54" high, 5' ground basin. Pompeian green. Price: \$1,750 FOB New York

Send for our 60 page illustrated catalog \$2.00



florentine craftsmen inc.

654 First Ave. (37th St.) • New York, N.Y. 10016
 (212) 532-3926

7 miles at sea ... an island of pleasure

Martha's Vineyard

A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf and tennis nearby. Famous Navigator Restaurant and Boathouse Bar. Color TV in every room. Season May to October.

For Color Brochure or Reservations
 Telephone (617) 627-4321



Harborside Inn

EDGARTOWN, MASS. 02539
 Master Charge • Bank Americard
 American Express

Forest Seclusion

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms. Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

Discover the rare, simple, village character of
Mary's
 212-741-3387
 Open 7 Days — Noon to Midnight
 42 Bedford Street Greenwich Village NYC

DANCING

Enigma Variations

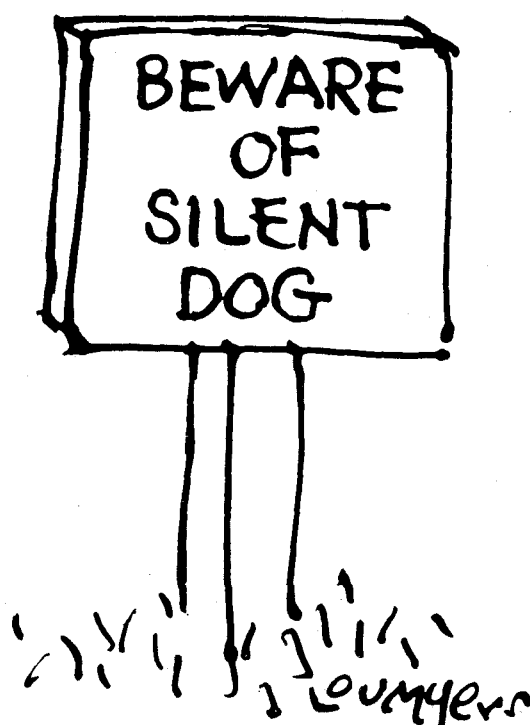
ANTONY TUDOR's new ballet "The Tiller in the Fields" has all the earmarks of a sequel to his last piece, "The Leaves Are Fading," which was also produced by American Ballet Theatre: the music is by Dvořák, the scenery is by Ming Cho Lee, and the ballerina is Gelsey Kirkland. But except for its authoritative shaping of dance sequences and dance images and its inimitable musical elegance, "The Tiller in the Fields" turns out to have nothing in common with the earlier work. "The Leaves Are Fading"—it was done in 1975 and is still in repertory—is a romantic pastorella, a shade too extended and exquisite for its own good. "Tiller" is a folk ballet that seems to run itself deliberately into a wall. Tudor may feel that he has dropped a bombshell in the way he ends the ballet—with the heroine sidling out onto the stage and opening a huge sweater to reveal that she's pregnant. In the last few seconds, the hero reconciles himself to the situation, and the two run off happily together. But if that's what the ballet is about, why didn't it tell us sooner?

Like the oranges that spill onto the stage at the end of "Undertow," Kirkland's pregnancy arouses our curiosity at the last minute and leaves it unsatisfied. In "Undertow," though, Tudor has provided an experience full enough that the oranges don't matter. Once past the seduction scene, "Tiller" doesn't crest again until we get to that rounded belly, and then it's over. The ballet might almost be a danced preamble to an opera; instead of running off, its characters might usefully burst into song and start analyzing their condition in the manner of "Je-nûfa." The choreography has its beauties; the accents are always fresh and challenging, the phrase shapes unpredictable. The leading male role, danced at the première by Patrick Bissell, is technically meaty and full of forthright vigor. There's a male sextet that improves on a similar number in "The Leaves Are Fading." The new ballet has Tudor's eye and ear, but what on earth can be on his mind? It's not as if he forewarned us by striking a particular tone. The seduction is not a comic seduction; it isn't even erotic—nothing about the ballet is. The painted scenery evokes a Slavic

Happy Valley where peasants cavort in an endless round of grape harvests and village fêtes. Kirkland's allure appears at first to be entirely in keeping with this sugary setting—it's oddly pubescent. But Tudor sees her as the strange wild girl of the village who drives the hero mad with delight. Bissell, of course, is twice as tall and heavy as Kirkland, and she bobs like a paper doll at the end of his arm. (The disparity recalls Kirkland's duets with Jacques d'Amboise in Balanchine's "Firebird" of 1970.) She wears a head scarf and a shapeless chemise that hangs down in points. When she's racing around in this getup (by Dunya Ramirova, who costumes the rest of the cast in straight ballet-peasant dress), Kirkland looks like a crazy baby. Tudor isn't in control of the effect he creates with Kirkland in this role. Yet he appears to have more decided ideas about her than about anything else in the ballet—decided but not developed. We never learn whether the strangeness is the girl's real nature or only the boy's view of her. We never see the other villagers react to her, although Tudor uses these other dancers in pairs as a suggestive counterpoint to the love duets. A spark flickers through those duets—a sense of the erotic fear and excitement that a young man might feel on falling in love for the first time with someone who's really original and different. But this idea burns bright only for a moment or two; it isn't

worked out in the ballet. Tudor, it turns out, is more interested in creating an aura of sprightly mysticism around the Kirkland character. He projects into the role (traditionally the gypsy seductress) the dated charm of those dear little Central European sparrows who enchanted the English theatre forty or more years ago. Kirkland becomes Elisabeth Bergner or Luise Rainer; she's a mystical waif. We have no one in our theatre at the moment who's like this. The sensibility to project such an image is long gone. Tudor pushes a half century of evolving feminine archetypes aside. Crucial to waifhood is a lack of sexual vitality. My first thought when Kirkland pulled open her sweater was: Can a baby become pregnant? Kirkland isn't Lolita; she's Tudor's constant nymph.

WHEN the curtain goes up on "Apollo" at the New York City Ballet, Baryshnikov is standing in the middle of the stage in a relaxed tendu-front pose, one arm raised, the other holding a lute against his hip. He swings the free arm in circles, as if drawing music from the lute. This gesture signals the start and the end of Apollo's first solo, but it occurs in the current, "revised" production only once, and it's at the end: the whole solo has been cut. After the arm-circles, Apollo turns slowly in attitude, holding the lute before him, and the three Muses enter. From there on, the choreography is much as it was six years ago, the last time the complete ballet was performed by the New York City Ballet. Except that, with the prologue also missing, the setting has been reduced to a kitchen stool on a bare stage, and the way the apotheosis is done now, the dancers walk single file into a path of light which shines from the wings and there take up the famous "peacock" pose: Apollo braces three arabesques raised in an arc or halo behind him. This luminous incident has been moved from its place earlier in the apotheosis. Repositioning it not only leaves a blank in the progression of the dance; it forces our admiration in a way that seems alien to the spirit of "Apollo." The pose, one of the casual wonders of the ballet, used to float into view and dissolve, leaving its light to irradiate the events that followed: the Muses' act of self-dedication, when they throw themselves in mighty lunges to the floor, and the abrupt decline into humility with which the ballet





Folds—Rolls Up—Reshapes in No Time. A rough, practical hat for the outdoorsman who wants a hat he doesn't have to fuss with. When it's not perched on top of your head...it rolls, tucks or folds into duffel, tackle box or

WOOL FELT CRUSHER

pocket and comes back out looking good with a quick slap on your leg. Colors: Red, Green, Tan. Sizes: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$. #1946 Wool Felt Crusher \$4.95 ppd.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$_____ (Add sales tax where applicable).

Please RUSH my #1946 Wool Felt Crusher.

Size _____ Color _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send me my FREE color catalog of quality outdoor apparel and equipment.

Eddie Bauer

Dept. ZN2, Fifth & Union, Seattle, WA 98124

Mosques, Myths & Monuments

14-day cruises to the eastern Mediterranean and the Greek Islands, with a stop at Haifa, all in the luxury of the Navarino.

Karageorgis introduces thirteen unique cruises—the first on May 19, the last on November 3—to the most fascinating, history-filled cities in Italy, Greece, Israel, Turkey and Yugoslavia, plus four of the most popular Greek Islands—all in the luxury of the Navarino with all first-class cabins with private facilities, and the finest food the world has to offer. Fares from \$1,100 and we guarantee our published prices. See an expert—your travel agent—or, for more information, contact Karageorgis Lines and we'll send you our colorful 36-page brochure.



Karageorgis Cruises

Classical cruises in classic style.

Karageorgis Lines Dept. NYR 5-21
1350 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019



*The Queen Anne Inn
in Chatham on Cape Cod*

Fine dining and accommodations in a Victorian setting. All rooms with private bath. Golf, other activities and transfers from Hyannis or Boston gladly arranged.

70 Queen Anne Rd., Chatham, MA 02633 (617) 945-0394

ends. Swift pain followed by the enduring sweetness of a pain that can cut no more—that was "Apollo" in its final moments, and all the dancers did was draw themselves erect and walk (an ad-lib walk, not even a regulated one) to the back of the stage, then up some steps to a promontory. There, posing in profile, they faced the future as the curtain descended. It's very difficult to gauge the effect of novel arrangement of a classic, but my feeling is that this new look of climactic exaltation is more impressive to those who have never seen the ballet before than to those who have.

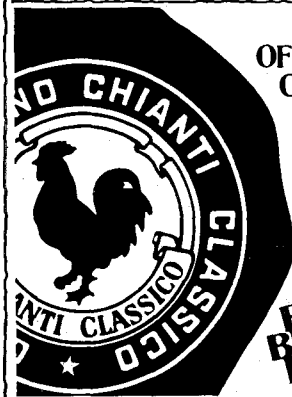
Baryshnikov dances an incomplete role, yet his performance is not incomplete. I first saw him in the part a year ago, in Chicago. His dancing combined primitive force and elegance; it was about as clear an expression of Balanchine's intention as I could have hoped to see. That same force and elegance are to be seen in Baryshnikov's current performance but as qualities less lavishly and carelessly exposed. The scope of the role has been compressed into fifteen tight minutes. All the dance values have been refocused, and the dynamics have been heightened so as to bring out even more of their radical intensity. The choreography of "Apollo" is about dancing inventing itself at Creation's first dawn, and the growth of the god is traced in the maturation of his art. Baryshnikov preserves those meanings. Much as we need to see him in the full ballet, we're bound to admire the gifts of concision and integration that this edited version brings out. The performance is a synoptic miracle; it's as if everything that we don't see had been taken into account in everything that we do see. Well, almost everything. The extended pirouette by which Apollo frees himself of his swaddling clothes in the prologue has no counterpart in later portions of the ballet, and extended pirouettes are a Baryshnikov specialty. Yet the performance is so organically composed that we don't miss a thing. This Apollo would be Apollo if he were forced to dance the role in a phone booth. Heather Watts, Bonita Borne, and Elyse Borne are stiffly conscientious as Terpsichore, Caliope, and Polyhymnia. This is not a cast that can rise to the challenge of a Baryshnikov. The look-alike Borne sisters lend a pictorial symmetry to the ensembles which the casting of Patricia McBride as Terpsichore might have enhanced. The Borne is McBride "types," whereas Watts is more in the Suzanne Farrell line. Her frame is the right size and heft for Baryshnikov, but

no nonsense.

Miramar Beach Hotel, the famous Barbados resort, makes a luxury summer vacation affordable. No nonsense special includes a welcome drink, airport transfers and air conditioned accommodations for 7 nights, from \$165 to \$210 per person, double, meals not included. Sightseeing, shopping tours, scuba diving and more available at your option. This superb vacation value is available only through your travel agent, from Caribbean Holidays, island specialists since 1932. For brochures, write I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc., Deer Run, Walkkill, New York 12589.

Miramar

BEACH HOTEL
BARBADOS, WEST INDIES



OF ALL THE GREAT ITALIAN CHIANTI, THE BLACK ROOSTER MEANS THE BEST.

BRavo BLACK ROOSTER

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa

in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

Yousuf Karsh

Steal 5 days to Bermuda.



Write or call:
DAVID MITCHELL & CO.
777 THIRD AVE., NY, NY 10017
TEL. (212) 371-1323

There is a quality about a Southwick that makes it instantly recognizable. It is a phenomenon that is readily, if not intuitively, understood by the Southwick customer. He may not be able to put it into words, but he has found Southwick to be the perfect way to express himself.

And even though the question is often asked, there can really be no doubt. For gentlemen who insist on the natural shoulder tradition, it can only be a Southwick.

"It must be a Southwick"



NEW YORK, N.Y. Paul Stuart, Inc.
Akron, Ohio M.S. Waters, Ltd.
Albany, N.Y. Dall's Ltd.
Amarillo, Texas Brent's
Andover, Mass. Andover Shop
Ann Arbor, Mich. Van Boven, Inc.
Asheville, N.C. Bell's Traditionals
Atlanta, Ga. H. Stockton-Atlanta
Augusta, Ga. The Oxford Shop
Baltimore, Md. Eddie Jacobs
Berkeley, Calif. George J. Good
Bethlehem, Pa. Tom Bass
Birmingham, Mich. Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass. Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo. Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y. Pelier & Mure
Cambridge, Mass. Andover Shop
Chaparral, N.Y. Family Britches
Charleston, S.C. Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N.C. Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va. Elio's
Chattanooga, Tenn. The Gentry, Ltd.
Chevy Chase, Md. Arthur A. Adler
Chicago, Ill. Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, Ohio Burkhardt's
Clarksburg, W. Va. Kates, Ltd.
Cleveland, Ohio Bunce Brothers
Concord, N.H. Solomon's for Men
Dallas, Texas Culwell & Sons

Dayton, Ohio D.H. Pear, Ltd.
Denver, Colo. Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa Reichardt's
Detroit, Mich. Van Boven, Inc.
Fairfield, Conn. Fairfield Store
Flint, Mich. James, Inc.
Fort Wayne, Ind. Heider, Inc.
Fresno, Cal. Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich. MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greenwich, Conn. Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N.J. Roots
Harrisburg, Pa. C.J. Crego & Son
High Point, N.C. Arnold Craven Clothiers
Houston, Texas Norton Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind. Roderick St. John
Jackson, Miss. Owens, Ltd.
Knoxville, Tenn. M.S. McClellan & Co.
La Jolla, Cal. Ascot Shop
Lake Forest, Ill. Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa. Filling's
Lexington, Ky. Leonard Cox & Co.
Little Rock, Ark. Bauman's
Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Wick's
Los Angeles, Cal. Gary's & Co.
Louisville, Ky. Schupp & Snyder
Lynchburg, Va. S.H. Franklin Co.
Marina Del Rey, Cal. Gary's & Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc. MacNeil & Moore

Minneapolis, Minn. Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N.C. Lazarus
Morristown, N.J. Roots
Nashville, Tenn. The Oxford Shop
New Canaan, Conn. Family Britches
New Haven, Conn. White, Inc.
New London, Conn. Benoit's
New Orleans, La. Terry & Juden
Newport Beach, Cal. Atkinson's
Newport News, Va. Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
Northbrook, Ill. Brittany, Ltd.
Omaha, Nebr. Sir Winston
Palo Alto, Cal. Tearney's
Pasadena, Cal. Atkinson's
Peoria, Ill. Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa. Jacob Reed
Phoenix, Ariz. Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa. Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass. 1888 Shop
Portland, Oregon Albert, Ltd.
Providence, R.I. Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa. John Mazze
Red Bank, N.J. Roots
Richmond, Va. Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va. Davidson's
Rochester, N.Y. The Red Barn
Salt Lake City, Utah Village, Ltd.
San Francisco, Cal. Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.

San Marino, Cal. Bill Winn
Santa Barbara, Cal. W.A. King
Savannah, Ga. Men's Quality Shop
Seattle, Wash. Albert, Ltd.
Springfield, Ill. Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass. A.O. White
Stamford, Conn. Van Driver, Inc.
State College, Pa. Jack Harper
Summit, N.J. Roots
Tarrytown, N.Y. John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, Ohio Neil's Men's Shop
Torrington, Conn. Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz. Mills-Touche
Tulsa, Okla. B. Hall & Long
Washington, D.C. Arthur A. Adler
Wellesley, Mass. Ara's
West Hartford, Conn. Allen Collins
Westport, Conn. Ed Mitchell
Williamsburg, Va. Beecroft & Bull, Ltd.
Wilmington, Del. Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn. The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N.C. Arnold Craven Clothier

For stores in other cities write:
Southwick
1290 Avenue of The Americas
New York, New York 10019



taste Sheraton

(a Sheraton Showplace has taste)

If you haven't been to a Sheraton lately, try one next time you travel.

You'll be delighted with our rooms, our service, the tasteful way we wine, dine and entertain you.

We're the hospitality people of ITT, out to make Sheraton the hotel company of the 80's.

We'll knock ourselves out to make your stay a pleasure, so you'll want to keep coming back for seconds.

For a taste of Sheraton, call
800-325-3335
In Missouri: 800-392-3500
Or have your travel agent call.


Sheraton
HOTELS & INNS, WORLDWIDE

her wiry line and rigid upper back were not made for Terpsichore.

Balanchine's attitude toward "Apollo" has long puzzled admirers of the ballet. It has survived inadequate casting in the past, but the new "concert" version may not be so lucky. State Theatre audiences were comparatively cool toward "Apollo" when it was moved there from the City Center, and they never really warmed to it. It is a chamber ballet, and its proportions as well as its delicacy and restraint are not helped by the big stage. Cutting it down and depriving it of a set aggravate the problem. And, whatever his reasons for suppressing sections of his choreography, it is certainly odd of Balanchine to cut the Stravinsky score. "Apollo" is the first of those masterpieces by which the world came to know the name of Balanchine. It is the fountainhead of his repertory and of that moral elation with which he was the first, after Petipa, to invest classical dancing. The allegorical text of the ballet shows how poetry, mime, and dance fuse with music to create classicism. The peacock shows that fusion taking place. The image of harmony breaks, and now the pact of harmony is sealed: that's the meaning, as I read it, of those long legs extending in lunges—forward, ever forward—and those reaching hands gathered and gripped like reins in Apollo's single hand. From there, all four turn and walk to the end of the ballet. The apotheosis shows us the martyrdom of the artist, but though its mood is solemn, it isn't oppressive or gloomy. Maybe the most profound of the ballet's numberless revelations is in the freezing simplicity of this ending, as if it contained the voice of God saying to the artist, "Thou art the most mortal of men."

THE gala benefit as given by our large ballet companies seems designed to use up excess energy—energy that belongs to dancers and spectators alike. The appeal of the gala rests on the theory that we will pay a lot to see dancers in roles they ordinarily do not dance. Because their enormous Balanchine-Robbins repertory both consumes and defines them, putting New York City Ballet dancers in unaccustomed roles is generally a mistake. Miscasting can come about in the normal course of repertory; for example, when Farrell does McBride's role in "Who Cares?" Having her do it on last week's gala program, and having McBride do the ballerina role in "Stars and Stripes," to which she's no longer suited, underlined the inherent mean-



As Graceful as the Water Lilies...

Exquisite candleholders executed in the finest glass by the craftsmen of **iittala of finland**

5 1/4" diameter.
2", 3 1/4" and 4" high.
Nest the three or more like a lily pad across your dining table or use individually.



3 1/4" high
18.00

4" high
20.00

2" high
16.00

From the iittala Collection at

SCHREIBMAN'S

Pepper Pike OH 44124 (216) 831-4082 Kamm's Corners 44111 Fairview Park 44126

Please include sales tax where applicable and \$3.00 for postage and handling.



The English Muffin Table

Our English delicacy is a hand-crafted reproduction of a small and charming accent table dating back several centuries. Philippine mahogany with a lovely finish. 17" high, 11 1/2" x 8 1/2" top.

Enticingly priced directly from our factory at \$15. \$29 for two. Please add \$3 each for shipping and handling. Your delight is absolutely guaranteed. To expedite your order, telephone us or send check or money order or charge AE, VISA, MC or DC. Please include your exp. date. Send \$2 for our color catalogue.



\$15.

The Bombay Company

P.O. Box 53323 - Dept. NY

New Orleans, Louisiana 70153 - Showrooms: Uptown Square
Call Toll Free 1-800-621-5809 (In Illinois call 1-800-972-5858)

24 hours, 7 days a week

Don't get on the road without it. . .

UNIVERSAL OUTDOOR TOOL

This must be the most practical tool to carry in your automobile and for any outdoor activity — picnic or camping trip. First of all, it's a fine shovel, blade measuring 6½x4½", with 14" overall length. But there is much more: one side of blade is formed as saw, the other as hatchet. And you also get a hammer, can opener, nail puller and wrench — all built right into this clever tool. Bright orange, vinyl-covered handle, vinyl sheath with snap button. Whatever befalls you on the road or on the trail, Universal Outdoor Tool will get you out of it. Don't be caught without it — order yours today!

\$9.95

M 0054

henniker's

779 Bush St., Box 7584,
San Francisco, CA 94120

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120
YES, I want to be prepared. Subject to 2-wk return, please send **Universal Outdoor Tools @ \$9.95 ea.**

- ☐ My check for this amount, plus \$1 for post./insur. (plus sales tax for CA delivery) is enclosed.
☐ Charge my BA/MC account: YN0521

_____ exp. _____

or for fastest service call **TOLL FREE (800) 648-5311**
(IN NEVADA (800) 992-5710) IN SF BAY AREA CALL 433-7540

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ St. / Zip _____

Shaving Brushes Are Back!

- FOR FATHER'S DAY
- FOR GRADUATION

A gift he'll remember every day
Give him the traditional, natural comfort & economy of a Brush Shave. Badger brushes are softest & most durable. Ours is THE FINEST LIGHT TIPPED PURE IMPORTED BADGER. Classic styling and quality workmanship make this a sound value.

4½", Ivory tone solid handle

\$19.95

Made especially for **The Shaveworks**

Mail Orders: The Shaveworks, P.O. Box 476,
Huntington Sta. N.Y. 11746 (10 Day Deliv)

Check ☐ M.O. ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa ☐

Card # _____ Expir. Date _____

Add \$2.50 Ship. & Ins. N.Y. Deliv add Sales Tax

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Zip _____

Save Time Phone 24 hrs. (212) 582-2800

MEN'S WIDE SHOES

EE to EEEEE • Sizes 5 to 13

More than 100 styles for every purpose. Top quality. Sensible prices. Not sold in stores. Send for FREE CATALOG.



HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69F, Hingham, MA 02043

inglessness of galas. Farrell is comically engaging in the solo, but she gives much too soulful a reading of the pas de deux, and she's too big a woman for Jacques d'Amboise to partner comfortably in the upside-down split-lifts. There were further problems with this excerpt from "Who Cares?"—problems the company shouldn't be reminding us of at a gala—such as the threadbare technique of nearly everyone in it except Farrell and Merrill Ashley. D'Amboise has become the Cheshire Cat; he's down to nothing but his famous grin. (His son Christopher, who appeared in "Interplay," is Arthur Miller's Salesman, riding on a smile and a shoeshine.)

At American Ballet Theatre, there are always plenty of extracurricular pas de deux and things that its dancers want to show off, and the guest-star policy allows for more novelty. New dancers in familiar roles are as welcome as familiar dancers in new roles. But A.B.T. runs into contradictions, too. At this year's gala, there were fewer guests than there have been in years past, and the company's own stars got to dance more, in "outside" choreography. Some of it was even good choreography. The audience went away saying that it had been a most reasonable gala. But reason seems antithetical to the whole idea of a gala. If the dances are good, why aren't they part of the regular rep? If they're not good, why do them at all? A gala program must not, if it is to succeed on its own terms, ever raise questions of this sort. While guest stars may be just as intensely themselves as they like, beloved local stars must use the occasion not to assume new roles but to step outside their normal ones. They must perform in the spirit of masquerade, take on an exotic air, camp it up, do stunts, let off steam. The English are very good at this sort of nonsense. Anthony Dowell, who qualifies this season as a Ballet Theatre star, danced a simulated soft-shoe to Irving Berlin's "Top Hat, White Tie, and Tails," choreographed by Peter Gennaro. His partner was the skating star John Curry. The two had performed a similar act on a similar occasion in London last year, when they did "Popular Song" from Ashton's "Façade." The Gennaro turn was agreeable camp, though not very good dance; when Curry did one of the double axels he normally does on ice, it came off looking like bad ballet. The quality choreography on the bill was mostly by George Balanchine, and one wanted to see the dancers—Bujones, van Hamel, Bissell, Makarova, and Kirkland—perform it more often. A genuine gala number,

The charm of Old Jamaica.



Manicured green lawns and gardens. A quiet, private beach. Tennis, sports and activities. Dining and dancing under the stars. Impeccable service.

When people say, "This is the life," this is the life they're talking about.

For reservations or information see your travel agent.

For brochures write 1570 Madruga Avenue, Suite 406, Coral Gables, FL 33146.

The Royal Caribbean Hotel

The charm of Old Jamaica.
A Jamaica Resort Hotel. The best choice in Jamaica.

"AIR POLLUTION ATTACKS US ALL"

AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION
The "Christmas Seal" People
GPO Box 596, NY, NY 10001

ROYAL HOTEL
COPENHAGEN

"The personal touch that means so much"

For information and reservations please contact: SAS Sales Offices or Steigenberger Reservations tollfree: (800) 223-5652 or Robert Warner Inc., New York (212) 687-5750

or directly:
AN **SAS** HOTEL A. Kappenberg man. dir.

ARTIST/PUBLISHER'S charming (circa 1761) center hall colonial with original wide plank floors, panes, fireplaces. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Rustic fences, tall pines and inground pool. On 2.6 riverfront acres with stream and mountain views. Includes separate professional studio facility, ideal for business or apartment conversion. \$89,500. Additional 2 acres available. 914-895-2029 or L. Dillon, Box 248, Wallkill, NY 12589.

though quite serious in tone, was given by Cynthia Gregory, who danced her own choreography to Bach's Air for the G String. As a choreographer, Gregory seemed to understand what the music wanted; as a performer, she knew how to provide it. It was a simple, direct statement, marred only by a fulsome costume.

The N.Y.C.B. gala was organized around the music of American composers. Both galas offered Balanchine's "Tarantella," to Gottschalk. The N.Y.C.B. program note calls the ballet a "witty, brilliant pas de deux." The adjectives are inadequate. Robert Weiss (who appeared with McBride) was less effective in it than Danilo Radojevic (with Kirkland). Though the awesome male role is built for classical technique, it is better performed by a genuine character dancer than by a classical dancer *manqué*. As if in exchange for all the Balanchine choreography performed the week before by A.B.T. dancers, the N.Y.C.B. feature attraction was a staging of the variations for the three sailors in "Fancy Free," the Robbins-Bernstein ballet that has always been in the repertory of Ballet Theatre. Baryshnikov danced the second, "romantic" variation, Peter Martins wriggled through the Astaire-like rumba variation (see the movie "You Were Never Lovelier"), and Jean-Pierre Frohlich soared in the opening dance, which appears to have been based on "The Red Poppy." Recognizing the derivations in the last two dances increases rather than detracts from our enjoyment of Robbins' choreography. I've often wondered about the inspiration for the second variation. After watching it for two decades, it still strikes me as one of Robbins' purest yet most evocative compositions. Baryshnikov danced it charmingly, with sly accents and a surging line. Martins was possibly even more charming, more like himself in "Union Jack" than like Astaire, and funnier than ever. The two girls who sat looking on, wearing street clothes that they'd personally selected for the occasion, were Sara Leland and Stephanie Saland—perfect choices for a full-length production if one is ever done for this company. Most likely, one won't be, and not only because the tradition of "Fancy Free" is being creditably kept up at A.B.T., where a few nights later I saw the sailors danced by Radojevic, Charles Maple, and Kirk Peterson. In its "Fancy Free" excerpt the N.Y.C.B. has perfect gala material. The energy drain is minimal, and that's something that couldn't be claimed for, say, "Giselle," Act II.

—ARLENE CROCE



Rioja wines from Spain. The most exciting discovery on a wine list.

The wines from the Rioja are not ordinary wines...for they possess breeding, character and nobility which is truly unique. The Rioja is Spain's most celebrated wine region, and it produces some of the world's finest red, white and rose wines. Look for the different Rioja labels on every wine list; it's your first step to making an exciting wine discovery.

TASTE A RIOJA AND YOU TASTE A WINE ENHANCED BY TIME.

Send stamped, addressed envelope for free Rioja wine booklet:

The Rioja Wine Information Bureau, Box NR, 770 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C. 10021



A title on the door...rates a **Bigelow** on the floor.

Whether it's a title on the door, or taking title on a house, be sure it's a Bigelow Carpet on your floor. For Residential Carpet information: send for our "Great Beginnings" Booklet. For Contract Carpet information: send for our "Proven Performers" Booklet. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., P.O. Box 3089, Greenville, SC 29602.

A SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Young Man in Love

IF, as I believe, it's a good rule for writers not to write about writers, I believe with equal fervor that it's a good rule for moviemakers not to make movies about moviemakers. The exceptions to these twin rules are, of course, mighty ones—Proust and Joyce, say, among writers, and Fellini and Truffaut among moviemakers. Michael Ritchie's "An Almost Perfect Affair" is a pleasant enough little movie, but it suffers from a meagreness of emotion that I blame in large part on the accursed auto-cannibalism of its subject matter. For the story concerns a young American who has come to Cannes in order to display at the festival there a movie he has made. In the day-and-night hurly-burly of the festival, he meets and falls in love with the wife of an Italian movie producer. She is a woman of a certain age, perhaps more beautiful now than she was in her first youth; intelligent and good-hearted, she has earned the respect and trust of her husband, who is many years older than she. Now, there are few situations in the world more delightful than that in which an attractive middle-aged woman instructs a

callow youth in the art of making love and, with luck, of loving. In this case, the woman is played by Monica Vitti, who is, in a word, enchanting, and the youth is played by Keith Carradine, who is, in a word, Amurrican. In the age-old fashion of bystanders observing such affairs, we are quick to understand what he sees in her and slow to understand what she sees in him. Our difficulty is heightened by the fact that we must take it on trust that he has made a wise choice of a career; we never see his movie, and we know of it only that when his mistress fails to praise it as highly as he had expected her to, in anguish he hurls the steel cans containing it into the Mediterranean.

Mr. Ritchie and his screenwriters, Walter Bernstein and Don Petersen, may have hoped to hold our attention by contrasting the commercial grubbiness of the Cannes festival, shot in documentary style, with the lyrical purity of the "almost perfect" affair. If so, their hope has been in vain, because Cannes is by now too familiar a metaphor for that purpose; we shrug off its vulgarity as a mere tiresome necessity

in an industry that has never been known for fastidiousness. The most interesting character in the movie might well have been the cuckolded husband, played by Raf Vallone; alas, he has been so lightly sketched in that his unexpected, unspoken consent to his wife's adventure remains a provocative enigma.

"FIREPOWER," starring Sophia Loren and James Coburn, is a Michael Winner thriller, which is to say that it rushes along at breakneck speed from start to finish, with more turns and twists of plot than you could shake a stick at, if shaking sticks at plots is something you're given to doing. I cannot pretend to be able to tell you what happens between one murder and the next; every time it seemed to me that the roller-coaster-like succession of bloody deeds on land and sea was at last coming to an end, a new and yet more terrifying complication would be hurled into place and my heart would again start pounding. Mr. Winner and his screenwriter, Gerald Wilson, are wantonly sadistic, but in so cheerful a fashion that we find ourselves continually forgiving them: boys will be boys. As far as I can recall, every single person in the movie is sinister and will stop at nothing to achieve his goal; from time to time, we learn that the world is at the mercy of an international financier combining the most dangerous aspects of Howard Hughes, H. L. Hunt, and almost any other notable eccentric of the past half century.

It is in the nature of most such thrillers that there isn't much for a woman to do except stand around and look beautiful, which Miss Loren does to perfection. She and the hero, played by Mr. Coburn, make love just once, offscreen; "Firepower" is as chaste as "Blossom Time" and just as implausible. In the large cast are O. J. Simpson, George Grizzard, Vincent Gardenia, Tony Franciosa, and Eli Wallach, and now I'm afraid of all of them.
—B.G.

EDITORS' NOTE: For reasons of health, Penelope Gilliatt is taking a leave of absence as one of *The New Yorker's* film critics. She will work on other assignments for *The New Yorker*. The above column was written by Brendan Gill, who will also write the film column for the next five weeks. Other writers will review films for us in the months that follow. For a period of six months beginning with the December 3rd issue, our film criticism will be written by Roger Angell.



"Now you're home, right?"

"Right."



The Espresso Machine. Invented by Louis Rabout in 1822. Perfected by Lewis Salton in 1978.

Introducing the Café Salton!™

A remarkable new espresso machine that also makes cappuccino and filter coffee. Why remarkable?

Because of a unique system that forces the water up through the coffee grounds instead of letting it drip down. A system that completely saturates the coffee to give you the taste of perfection in each cup.

And it's all done automatically.

You just set the dial and the Café Salton does the rest.

The Café Salton also has safety features you may not find in other espresso machines. Very important when you have guests in the house and kids in the kitchen. Our new espresso machine joins ranks with the Salton Hot Basket,™ Salton Hotray,® Salton Yogurt

Maker™ and other notable inventions.

And what would Mr. Rabout have to say to Mr. Salton about his new espresso machine after 156 years?

"Please pass the sugar, Lewis."

THE CAFÉ SALTON™

For a complete catalogue of Salton products, write Salton, Inc., 1261-G Zerega Av., Bronx, N.Y. 10462.

LET THE SUN SHINE THROUGH THE IRISH MIST.



There's nothing quite as pleasing as a little liquid sunshine, that delicious combination of one part Irish Mist and three parts orange juice.

Delightfully imbued with a sparkling disposition all its own, a touch of liquid sunshine brings you the legendary taste of Irish Mist shimmering through a blush of orange juice.

And, if truth be known, it's as pleasing as a rainbow anytime, anyplace, anywhere...Liquid Sunshine.

IRISH MIST. THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT.

Imported Irish Mist® Liqueur, 80 Proof. © 1979 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. U.S.A.

BOOKS

Un Pé Pourrie

V. S. NAIPAUL, an Indian born in Trinidad in 1932, has become the outstanding male writer of his generation resident in England, where he has lived since coming to Oxford in 1950. The so-called Third World has produced no more brilliant literary artist; but the propagandists and official spokesmen for the underdeveloped nations will find little to encourage them in Naipaul's cold-eyed fictional descriptions and journalistic reports. Where they would proclaim a decent hope and a revolutionary indignation, he sees stagnation, futility, and a sinister darkness as opaque as that which confounds Conrad's Mr. Kurtz and Greene's burnt-out case. His view of native possibilities in lands unregulated by white men seems no less dim than Evelyn Waugh's, though Naipaul's farce awakens fear sooner than laughter, and is informed not by a visitor's quizzical amusement but by a pained, partial identification. Born into a racial minority within a tropical colony, Naipaul has enlarged his cosmopolitan education with wide and deliberate travel. His last decade's books include "India: A Wounded Civilization" (1977), a despairing study of his ethnic homeland; "The Loss of El Dorado" (1969), an ironical meditation upon Trinidad's early history; "In a Free State" (1971), a shapely collection of journal entries and short fiction dealing with exile and disenfranchisement; and "Guerrillas" (1975), a novel concerned with political and sexual agitation on a nameless Caribbean island. His new novel, "A Bend in the River" (Knopf; \$8.95), takes place within an also nameless black African nation that strongly suggests Zaire, and proves once more that Naipaul is incomparably well situated and equipped to bring us news of one of the contemporary world's great subjects—the mingling of its peoples.

"A Bend in the River" struck me as an advance—broader, warmer, less jaded and kinky—over the much-praised "Guerrillas," though not quite as vivid and revelatory as the fiction of "In a Free State." There, in the two short stories "One Out of Many" and "Tell Me Who to

Kill," the cataclysmic inner adjustments forced upon those of the world's poor who immigrate to Western metropolises are sketched with a fond accent and a gaiety of invention rare in Naipaul's rather stern later fiction. A man of the servant class from Bombay, though prosperously transplanted to Washington, D.C., misses the friendly nights of sleeping on the pavement, the flow of preordained events, and the security of caste. He tells us:

I was once part of the flow, never thinking of myself as a presence. Then I looked in the mirror and decided to be free. All that my freedom has brought me is the knowledge that I have a face and have a body, that I must feed this body and clothe this body for a certain number of years. Then it will be over.

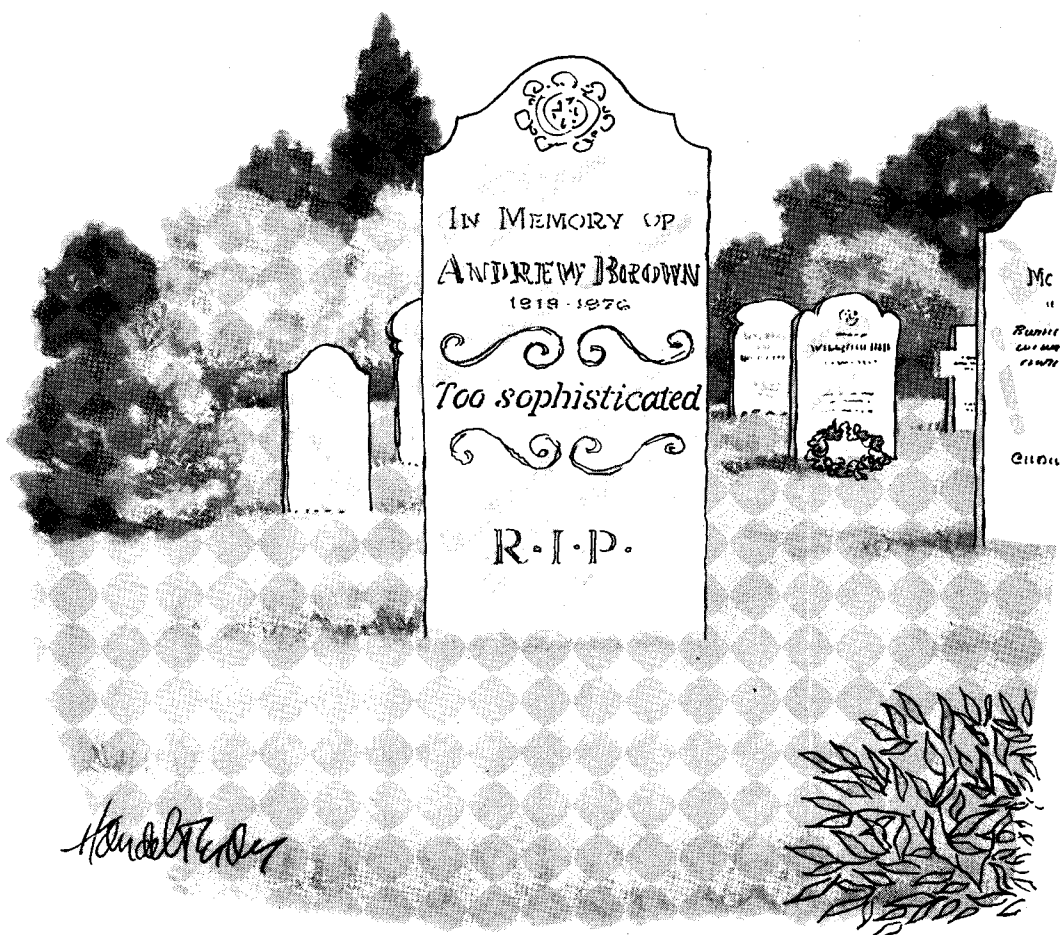
And a West Indian transplanted to London, where a succession of disappointments and harassments have driven him to murder, is brought from jail to attend his brother's wedding to a white girl. He looks at his in-laws and thinks:

O God, show me the enemy. Once you find out who the enemy is, you can kill him. But these people here they confuse me. Who hurt me? Who spoil my life? Tell me who to beat back. I work

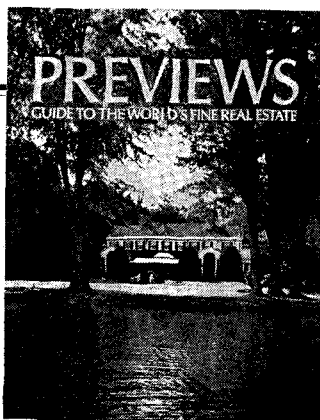
four years to save my money, I work like a donkey night and day. My brother was to be the educated one, the nice one. And this is how it is ending, in this room, eating with these people. Tell me who to kill.

In the novella from which "In a Free State" takes its title, two white people, a homosexual bureaucrat and the promiscuous wife of an official in the post-colonial government of a turbulent African "free state," drive from the capital to their compound in a southern province, through four hundred miles of beautiful landscape, bickering conversation, automotive incident, and gathering menace as they reach the area where the president's army is suppressing an inconvenient tribe. The accruing tension and complexity of this trip are extraordinary; Naipaul has written little that is better, and little better has been written about modern Africa. "A Bend in the River" is carved from the same territory—an Africa of withering colonial vestiges, terrifyingly murky politics, defeated pretensions, omnivorous rot, and the implacable undermining of all that would sustain reason and safety.

The hero, Salim, comes from one of the Muslim families of Indian origin



WORLD FAMOUS



New 1979/80 Previews Guide
to Fine Real Estate

NOW IN COLOR! More beautiful than ever! A glamorous book of 256 pages with hundreds of the finest properties described . . . 500 photographs, many in full color. Luxurious estates, award-winning contemporaries, historic colonials, private islands, mountain and waterfront retreats, huge ranches and investment properties.

Previews inc.

International Real Estate Marketing Realtors

51-C Weaver Street
Greenwich, CT 06830

Please send me the 1979/80 Guide; enclosed is \$9.00. Conn. residents add 7% sales tax. Allow 4 weeks delivery.

Name _____

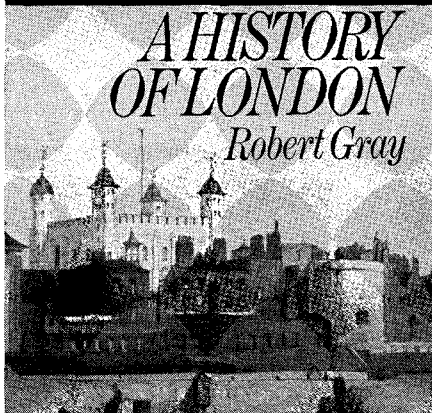
Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

TAPLINGER PUBLISHING CO.



For all those who love London or for anyone planning a trip there, this witty, engagingly written book is a must.

At bookstores \$9.95 cloth, \$5.95 paper

TAPLINGER PUBLISHING CO.

GOOD USED BOOKS

Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, Literature, Fiction, Sports, Military, Science, Art, many other subjects. Send a dollar for classified listings of 20,000 titles and prices.

Editions, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

that have been living and trading on the east coast for centuries. A friend sells him a shop in another country, far inland, "at the bend in the great river," in a settlement that had been nearly destroyed by the country's "troubles after independence." He travels to the interior and takes possession of an empty shop amid the ruins:

After my anxiety to arrive, there was little for me to do. But I was not alone. There were other traders, other foreigners; some of them had been there right through the troubles. I waited with them. The peace held. People began coming back to the town; the *cité* yards filled up. People began needing the goods which we could supply. And slowly business started up again.

The novel describes the seven or so years of Salim's life while peace holds, before chaos and destruction again visit the bend in the river. He has his Indian friends: one young couple preen on their good looks and married happiness, and add to their happiness by acquiring the town's Bigburger franchise; then, there is an older couple who "didn't seem to know where they were. The bush of Africa was outside their yard; but they spoke no French, no African language, and from the way they behaved you would have thought that the river just down the road was the Ganges, with temples and holy men and bathing steps." Salim deals with such native traders as the witchlike Zabeth, and agrees to keep an eye on her son Ferdinand, a tall adolescent of mixed tribal origins who enlists at the local lycée. Salim acquires a servant, Ali, who had been a slave with his family on the east coast and who here is given the new name of Metty (from *métis*, "someone of mixed race"); and he makes friends with a white couple, Raymond and Yvette. Raymond is "the Big Man's white man," the dictator's personal friend. He runs a kind of university in the Domain, new buildings erected in what had been the white suburb of the town. Salim seduces Yvette, with good results: "The body on the bed was to me like the revelation of a woman's form. . . . The sexual act became for me an extraordinary novelty, a new kind of fulfilment, continuously new. . . . I felt blessed and remade." Their passionate affair dominates the private level of the novel, while the public level provides a superb oblique portrait of deterioration, of sinking dreams and rising terror, of a liberation army seeping in from the bush and a counterthrust of megalomania in central government and extortion and torture in local government, of con-



Come for a week or weekend to our unique resort in the cool Green Mountains of Vermont. Where the people are real, not plastic, and you'll relish the superb mealtime conversation as well as our superb international cuisine, featuring homemade breads, soups and pastries. Poolside dining. Enjoy what you will . . . our six tennis courts, nearby golf, summer theater, antiques, auctions, fishing, sailing and interesting people who return every year. All rooms have breathtaking views. For our color brochure write Summit Lodge, 226 Killington Road, Killington, VT 05751. Or call (802) 422-3535.

THE SUMMER GETAWAY



The Lodge
at Killington

SWIM SNEAKS

ALL RUBBER
Bathing & Shower Shoes



Outdoors and indoors, you'll want high quality Italian imported rubber bathing shoes . . . with thick treaded bottoms and built-in inner soles. Sure-footed protection on shoreline rocks, pool or boat decks, and shower floors. Eliminate sore feet on sharp rocks, shells, or hot sand. Styled for comfort and good looks. Flexible, light-weight, easy on and off. Great in and out of water. Available in white, blue and red. Complete range of men's, women's and children's sizes. Specify shoe size and width. \$9.98 per pair. Add \$2.00 per order for postage & handling. Free catalog with order. MC & Visa welcome. Call (201) 967-0373. DORSAY, 240 Kinderkamack Rd., Dept. NYK, Oradell, N.J. 07649



Unusual small lodge offering outstanding accommodations, dining and wine cellar. Pool, tennis, golf, hiking trails, Marlboro Music Festival and much more. Brochure.

ON-THE-ROCKS-LODGE
Wilmington, Vermont 05363

NEW
1979
5.95
at bookstores
or direct
from Box 1

Country Inns and Back Roads

North American Edition

Berkshire Traveller Press
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS 01562

fused cruelties in the face of the essentially ungovernable. Salim's once-flourishing business is confiscated, and the black "Citizen" who as new owner instantly hires Salim as his manager explains:

"The revolution had become"—he fumbled for the word—"un pé pourrie. A little rotten. Our young people were becoming impatient. It was necessary... to radicalize. We had absolutely to radicalize. We were expecting too much of the President."

Much is written of corruption in African governments, but it takes a novelist like Naipaul to show exactly how it works, and to trace its spread to a pervasive fear, beginning with the Big Man's fear of losing power. To keep power, he must make it ever more arbitrary—"The President issued a statement, just to let everybody know that what the Big Man gives the Big Man can take away. That's how the Big Man gets them." The officials under him—Ferdinand rises to become one—are kept therefore in a state of uncertainty: "These men, who depended on the President's favour for everything, were bundles of nerves. The great power they exercised went with a constant fear of being destroyed. And they were unstable, half dead." The officials under *them*, as the contagion of instability is felt, frantically seek greater bribes: "Everyone had become more greedy and desperate. There was this feeling of everything running down very fast, of a great chaos coming; and some people could behave as though money had already lost its value." A frenzy is the result, felt equally by prisoners and warders, torturers and victims. Salim himself, driven to smuggling ivory and gold, is placed in jail, and there experiences a kind of recognition of the Africans he has long lived among:

Those faces of Africa! Those masks of child-like calm that had brought down the blows of the world, and of Africans as well, as now in the jail. I felt I had never seen them so clearly before.... There was, with the prisoners as well as their active tormentors, a frenzy. But the frenzy of the prisoners was internal; it had taken them far beyond their cause or even knowledge of their cause, far beyond thought.

Rage—"such blank and mindless rage that his own anger vanished in terror," as the hero of "In a Free State" observes—is perhaps the deepest and darkest fact Naipaul has to report about the Third World, and in this novel his understanding of it goes beyond that shown in "Guerrillas." There it was somewhat cavalierly linked to sexual malaise and social in-

THE DREAMS OF DONALD ROLLER WILSON

by DONALD ROLLER WILSON



Haunting, hilarious, unpredictable, undefinable—the work of an authentic American master of surrealism. Admirers of Dali or Magritte, or anyone who takes a slightly different view of the world will enjoy this beautiful, oversized paperback. 64 illustrations, 57 in full color. \$9.95, paperback.

HAWTHORN BOOKS 260 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

The first major collection of essays by Bruno Bettelheim SURVIVING

This book brings together, for the first time, the great psychoanalyst's most important essays through three decades—24 in all, ranging over the entire spectrum of his concerns from his earliest writings about the Nazi experience to his famous *New Yorker* polemic on Lina Wertmüller's *Seven Beauties*, from the education of children to sexuality in our day. These writings chart Bettelheim's profound and caring vision of man and society. Their appearance at last, in a book, is a major event.

434 pages • \$15 • Just published by Knopf



If you want:

- ☐ a new subscription
☐ to give a gift subscription
☐ to renew your subscription
(Please attach mailing label)

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

- ☐ 1 Year (52 issues) \$24
☐ 2 Years (104 issues) \$40

Additional Postage:
Canada & Mexico \$4.00 per year; other foreign \$8.00 per year.

☐ My check for \$ _____ is enclosed.

Or, ☐ American Express
☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa

Acc't # _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Gift to _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Gift card to read

From _____

- ☐ 1 Year ☐ 2 Years

Mail to:
THE NEW YORKER
Subscription Dept.
25 W. 43rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10036

Or, call: toll-free
800-223-0200
(212-840-3800 in N.Y. State)

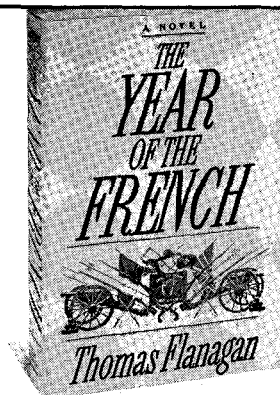
4219

security of a personal sort; here it is traced to social insecurity in the drastic sense of governments that cannot govern, of imported cultures that have destroyed but not replaced the tribal cultures. "The rage of the rebels was like a rage against metal, machinery, wires, everything that was not of the forest and Africa." In "A Bend in the River," the alien observer—white bureaucrat or Asian trader—is drawn closer into the rationale of the riots and wars that seethe in the slums or the bush beyond his enclave. The novel might be faulted for savoring a bit of the visiting journalist's worked-up notes: its episodes do not hang together with full organic snugness; there are a few too many clever geopolitical conversations and scenically detailed car rides. But, just as the love affair between Salim and Yvette (though it ends badly; love affairs in Naipaul's fiction tend to culminate in some shocking abuse of the female, with furious attention to her genitals) is relatively tender and healthy, so the author's embrace of his tangled and tragic African scene seems relatively hearty as well as immensely knowledgeable. Always a master of fictional landscape, Naipaul here shows, in his variety of human examples and in his search for underlying social causes, a Tolstoyan spirit, generous if not genial. "A Bend in the River" is the most genuinely exploratory novel about tropical Africa written by a non-African since Joyce Cary's "The African Witch."

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE WIND, by Dorothy Scarborough (Texas; \$10.95). A grim tale, first published in 1925, of west Texas during the drought of the eighteenthies, and of a young woman driven mad by the terrific winds that harass that region. Letty is an orphan who is sent to a cousin's desolate west-Texas cattle ranch after her family's Virginia homestead has been sold to pay off debts. Persuaded to marry a persistent cowboy, she spends her days trying to keep the dust out of their ramshackle cabin; to make matters worse, she is hounded by a city slicker who met her on the trip West and who predicted, correctly, that the wind would soon coarsen her blond curls and turn her delicate skin to leather. As the drought persists and the cattle starve to death, Letty's dread of the wind increases, alternating with ecstatic daydreams about Virginia's wild flowers. Made into a movie in



"THE GREATEST NOVEL IN YEARS"

—P. Albert Duhamel,
The Boston Herald American

"This is a stupendous work of fiction. It arises out of a magical and deep awareness of the Irish past and its poetry."

—GEORGE DANGERFIELD

\$12.95

A MAIN SELECTION OF THE
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Holt, Rinehart & Winston



FOR GREAT RUSSIAN
FOOD AND
DRINK...
**THE
RUSSIAN
TEA
ROOM.**



SLIGHTLY TO THE
LEFT OF CARNEGIE
HALL & 6 MINUTES &
23 SECONDS FROM
LINCOLN CENTER

150 WEST 57th
New York, N.Y.
CO 5-0947

THE ARION PRESS Moby-Dick

Folio, handset type, 100 wood engravings by Barry Moser, printed by letterpress on handmade paper, bound in goatskin, limited to 250 copies at \$1,000. Send \$2.00 for prospectus.

ANDREW HOYEM, PRINTER
566 Commercial St., San Francisco, CA 94111

Complete
Bookbinding
Services
in Leather
or Cloth.
Brochure
25¢

**THE CLASSIC
BINDERY**

P.O. Box 339-0 Mendham, N.J. 07945

1928, "The Wind" was given a happy ending, but the novel ends in catastrophe. Its original publication (anonymous, for commercial reasons) caused an uproar among west Texans, who felt that the author had maligned everything from prairie lingo to prairie dogs. Today, a more objective reader will be impressed by Dorothy Scarborough's depiction of emotional and geological erosion, even if the symbolism of wind, wild horses, and wooing cowboys seems somewhat heavy-handed.

LET THE LION EAT STRAW, by Ellese Southerland (Scribners; \$7.95). An unusual story, composed in lilting dialect, of a strong and patient black woman. As a small child, Abeba (an African word meaning "flower") adores the midwife who has raised her in a poor black hamlet in North Carolina, and she hides her distress when her real mother returns from New York City, where she has found a husband and set up house, to reclaim her. Abeba is quiet, obedient, bright, and pretty, and everyone in her Brooklyn neighborhood (including, unfortunately, a lustful uncle) grows to love her, except her envious mother. By the time Abeba graduates from high school, she has become a promising pianist, but instead of making a career of it she marries a man who shares her interest in African history (but not her mental equilibrium) and who eventually becomes a Baptist minister; she bears him fifteen children, to whom she gives African names. Near the end of her life, she plays the piano while her family, dressed in African garb, sings "the hymn of Ancient Black Egyptians, Psalms of David" before an enormous congregation in Harlem. When the midwife reappears to lead Abeba out of life and to watch over her funeral, it is clear that Ellese Southerland's own dreams and memories, as well as her literary style, are imbued with African folklore, making her story seem less a novel than a myth.

GENERAL

THE MEDUSA AND THE SNAIL, by Lewis Thomas (Viking; \$8.95). Lewis Thomas's first book, "Lives of a Cell," came as a surprise to most readers. The sheer elegance and poetry of its language, as well as its shrewd, optimistic, and gentle perceptions of the human situation, were not what one expected to find in a scientific text, and especially a text that made no compromises

"A truly wonderful book."

—SUSAN SONTAG

"Subtle and beautiful...evocative...extraordinary and haunting."

—JOAN DIDION, front page,
N.Y. Times Book Review

"A gem of contemporary literature, a very moving work written in prose as beautiful as we have read in years."

—FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Sleepless Nights

THE NEW NOVEL BY
**ELIZABETH
HARDWICK**



A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate
RANDOM HOUSE \$8.95, now at your bookstore



Photo: Thomas Victor



CAREFREE COUNTRY LIVING IN A SMALL COLLEGE TOWN

Rowell Hill offers a casual, economical lifestyle, yet with superb cultural and recreational activities close at hand - a unique combination. Large wooded or open homesites, easy-living floor plans, protective covenants and custom maintenance and security services.

For complete information, please write Rowell Hill, Dept. N., New London, N.H. 03257, or phone 603-526-6642

Offer void where prohibited by law.

ROWELL HILL

— a good place to settle down to the good life —

PARTISAN REVIEW

Coming:

Isaiah Berlin on Nationalism
"Levitation," a story by Cynthia Ozick
Peter Brooks on Susan Sontag
An Interview with Robert Motherwell
Irving Howe on "George Eliot and the Jews"
And Much More

Partisan Review
128 Bay State Rd., Boston, MA 02215
☐ 1 year—\$10 ☐ 2 years—\$19 ☐ 3 years—\$27
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Please bill me
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BOOKS ON TAPE

Listen to Full-Length
Readings of Best Sellers
on Cassettes While
Driving or Relaxing
Classics/Fiction/Non-Fiction
History/Travel/Adventure

\$6.50 and up
Rental Charge

Mail Order Delivery & Return
Write or Phone for Free Catalog

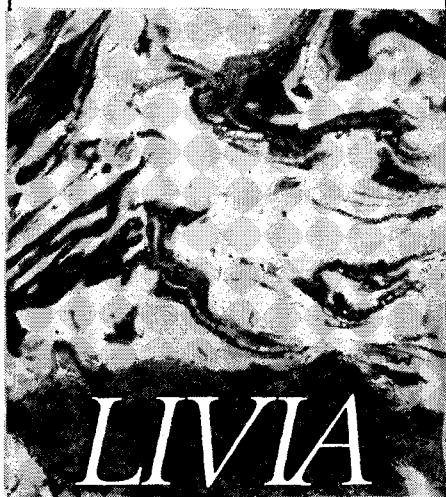


Books on Tape, Inc., Dept. N, P.O. Box 71405
Los Angeles, CA 90071 Phone: (213) 627-5719

Name _____
Street _____
City, State, Zip _____

711 W. 17th St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627

"Durrell remains an
irreplaceable master of
English and European
literature.*



*Or
Buried Alive*

A NOVEL BY

**LAWRENCE
DURRELL**

author of
The Alexandria Quartet
and *Monsieur*

"A glowing tapestry of
Provence and Paris in the
'30s: olive groves and
brothels, lily ponds and
crowded cafes, gypsies and
writers. And what figures
appear in the tapestry!
... His characters may be
worldly, even world-weary
but they are never empty or
brittle or predictable. They
burn with individuality and
passion.... Dazzling."

—*Chicago Tribune Book World*

"The sense of place in
Durrell's poetry and prose is
always wonderfully strong
and well-wrought. In *Livia*,
Avignon is given a
connoisseur's celebration."

—**The New York Times Book Review*

\$10.95

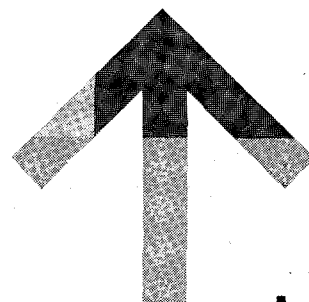
THE VIKING PRESS

625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

about the level of the science being presented. This book, also a collection of essays, is every bit as good and every bit as fresh and unexpected. Dr. Thomas, although he is the chief administrative officer of a medical enterprise that deals with the most dreaded of all diseases—cancer—simply does not accept the fact that disease is an inevitable part of the human condition. For him, disease is a biological mistake, and a correctable one. He has little patience with the notion that we can all jog ourselves into good health and longevity. What is needed is real understanding of the biological mechanics of disease—the kind of understanding that can come only from serious basic research. These and other matters are presented here with lucidity and wit.

THE SECRETARY, by Jochen von Lang, translated from the German by Christa Armstrong and Peter White (Random House; \$15.95). Martin Bormann, though never well known, either in Germany or abroad, was one of the most powerful men in Nazi Germany, because, as Hitler's secretary and head of the Nazi Party chancellery, he guarded access to the dictator. Bormann vanished in May, 1945, and in later years was often reported alive and in hiding, but in 1972 the author, a German magazine editor, helped discover Bormann's remains, which had been buried in Berlin. In this well-translated, absorbing biography, von Lang brings us not only his subject but the whole Nazi machine in its ascent, heyday, and decline. Bormann resembled the majority of the early Party members in that he was a loser, an also-ran: he had difficulty in school, got on badly with his family, and had no trade, skill, or profession. But, unlike many of his colleagues, Bormann was capable of enormous diligence. Gradually, his office work and record-keeping, combined with his sycophancy and conniving, made him indispensable to Hitler, whose own administrative style was inspiration, muddle, and bad temper.

THE MAN-EATING MYTH, by W. Arens (Oxford; \$9.95). In the course of preparing a lecture on human cannibalism for a course in anthropology, the author discovered that in all the literature on man-eating there exists no reliable first-hand account of cannibalism as an accepted practice within any social group. Except for those instances of men being driven to eat their



**gershwin
garbo
and poe
to go**

at your library

American Library Association

**Find the Path Not Beaten
in The London Observer's
Guide to the Real London...
VILLAGE LONDON**

Well-known Londoners share the delights and idiosyncracies of their neighborhoods in this unique guide. Discover 21 "villages" within London and their special shops, restaurants, amusements, and sights. Illustrated. \$4.95 paper, very portable. At bookstores or



Thames and Hudson Inc.
500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 10036

**A Guide to Music
Festivals in America**

4.95
at bookstores
or direct
from Box 1

Berkshire Traveller Press
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS 01262

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Box 195-NY-79.

BOOKS-ON-FILE

UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087

or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

fellows in order to survive, Mr. Arens could find no eyewitnesses to anthropophagy in any part of the world—not in Africa, not in New Guinea, not in South America—and he eventually came to the conclusion that man-eating as a cultural practice is a myth. He found that, beginning as far back as Herodotus, who told of a dread race of Androphagi dwelling beyond some remote desert, the reputed man-eaters were always described as living somewhere else—across the mountains, on the other side of the forest. He also found that the accusation of cannibalism was a favorite alibi of conquerors, like the conquistadores of Mexico, and colonizers, like the British in Africa, to explain why the people they subjugated had to be saved from themselves. The book is a model of disciplined and fair argument.

MARGARET SANGER: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE CHAMPION OF BIRTH CONTROL, by Madeline Gray (Marek; \$15). We have had a fair amount of biography on the public Margaret Sanger—the youthful radical with some nurse's training who, before the First World War, embarked on her own battles with church and state and the legal and medical professions to insure women the right to information about contraception. Her own mother, suffering from tuberculosis, had eighteen pregnancies and, after years of invalidism, died at the age of forty-nine; Mrs. Sanger, as a visiting nurse on New York's lower East Side, found the same kinds of distress—poverty, disease, early death—connected with unwanted pregnancies. In those years, information on family planning was available only to the well-to-do, so that Mrs. Sanger's campaign was on behalf of the poor as well as on behalf of women. In her long life (1879-1966), she did everything one can think of for her cause—organization, publicity, education, funding, writing, lecturing, lobbying, suing. While she lived, there were many reasons to conceal her personal deficiencies; now that she and most of the figures in her life are dead, candor is no longer impolitic, and Madeline Gray can show Mrs. Sanger as an egocentric, who refused to share credit or power; as a selfish wife and mother; and as formidably unchaste (one of her lovers was H. G. Wells) and equally prodigal with money. Her energy and her desires were spectacular. Perhaps her-

"Sanjo is a novel that arrives like a sweet unexpected gift.

Like its heroine, it insists on being loved—winningly, even triumphantly."—SUSAN SONTAG

"Sanjo (for Sandra Joanne) is a mentally retarded young woman of 30, the catalyst in this unique first novel by a psychologist...Beautiful in its humane look at a sensitive subject...unsentimental, funny and wise."

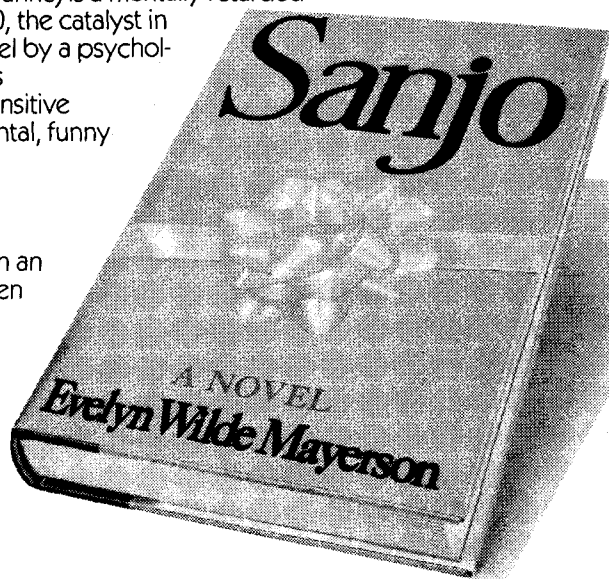
—Publishers Weekly

"An unusual novel on an unusual topic, written by a writer with an unusual talent."

—ISAAC B. SINGER

\$8.95 at bookstores now

Lippincott
J.B. Lippincott Company



This summer we repeat our popular program for travelers who enjoy outdoor things:

Discover the Hebrides

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST
AND SEPTEMBER 1979

These are unique and fascinating one-week cruises of the Scottish Hebrides, aboard a comfortable sailing trawler, accompanied by her owners—three brothers who are sailors of seamanship and great charm and who know the islands well.

Detailed brochures are available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC.
55 WEST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036
TELEPHONE (212) 354 6634



Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

The Silent woman

RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE MAINE

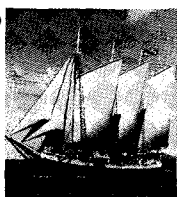
VICTORY CHIMES

No smoke, no dust, no noise, nothing but the music of wind and sea.

New England's outstanding windjammer vacation. Largest passenger schooner under U.S. flag. Excellent food — comfortable staterooms. U.S. Coast Guard inspected. Write for Free color folder.

Call 207-596-6060 or 326-8856.

Capt. Frederick B. Guild
Box 368L, Rockland, Maine 04841



Swat with Style



Thwart that fly with style and proudly display your new weapon! Wood handle and rugged leather flyswatter. 23k gold monogram. \$6.95 ppd.

Send check or Money Order to:
FUELLER LEATHER Peddler's Village, Lahaska, Pa. 18931

Pa. Res. add 6% tax. _____ MONOGRAM

Ship to: _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

BA/AE/MC Card # _____ Exp. Date: _____



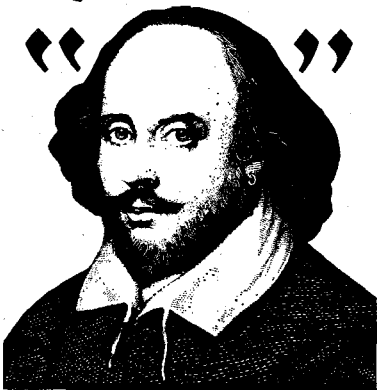
Fueller Leather
PEDDLER'S VILLAGE, LAHASKA, PA. 18931

If You Love Words,

you'll love **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send \$5.00 (U.S.) or \$5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.

VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668QX
ESSEX, CT. 06426 U.S.A.

THE FOLGER BOOK OF Shakespeare Quotations



This classic work brings together all the quotable passages from the plays and poems, organized alphabetically by subject in one compact, thoroughly indexed volume. 770 pp., \$16.95 cloth.

I enclose a check for \$16.95 per copy, plus \$.75 per copy to cover postage and handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____



Folger Books

Published by the
Folger Shakespeare Library
201 East Capitol St.,
Washington, D.C. 20003

Study Humpback Whales Glacier Bay, Alaska August-September

Sail on the 144' barquentine REGINA MARIS' Expedition #16 to Glacier Bay, Alaska and study recently documented "bubble-net" feeding method and conduct environmental and acoustic research. Depart Juneau, Alaska, 6 August and terminate in Seattle, Washington, 9 September. Tuition \$2,000. All expedition members (21) assist as crew members on the largest privately operated U.S. square-rigger. (Staff & crew 16.) College credit.

Ocean Research and Education Society
64 Commercial Wharf N Boston, Massachusetts 02110
(617) 523-3455



A non-profit organization.
The REGINA MARIS
is a U.S. Registered Vessel
and Lloyd's of London inspected.

A GREAT PLACE IN HISTORY

Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.

The Colonial Inn

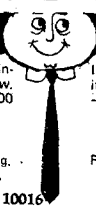
on the Green - Concord, Mass. 01742
David N. Benoit, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family

YOUR SOILED TIES CLEANED

Skilled tie crafters refinish ties like brand new. Restore brightness. \$2.00 ea/min. 3 ties.

MAIL ORDERS:
Add \$1.50 for
UPS, insurance, handling.
tiecrafters

116 East 27th St. N.Y. 10016



YOUR WIDE TIES SLIMMED

It pays to refashion favorites. Like buying new ties - for a lot less! \$4.00 WE SHORTEN OR LENGTHEN, TOO! Allow two weeks. Free folder 'Tips on Ties.' (212) 867-7676

oines are not necessarily ladylike, any more than heroes are genteel.

NOTE: "Senator," Elizabeth Drew's report on ten days in the life of Senator John C. Culver, Democrat of Iowa, has been published by Simon & Schuster (\$8.95). All the contents first appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

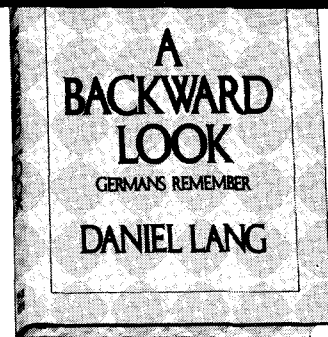
THE EIGHTH DWARF, by Ross Thomas (Simon & Schuster; \$9.95). Mr. Thomas's new novel—about the ransacking of Occupied Germany by fiercely conspiratorial British, Russian, and American agents who are searching for a young German-Jewish concentration-camp survivor turned avenging angel—has almost every virtue expected of its genre. It is quick with the speed of sleight-of-hand, bright and witty, intelligent in form and content, elaborately and cleverly conceived, and, as always with Mr. Thomas, marked by a strong sense of the picaresque in character (most notably here by a charmingly unreliable Rumanian dwarf) and an unlabored feel for time and place.

DAY OF JUDGMENT, by Jack Higgins (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$8.95). A melodrama of the richest purple ("His rage was terrible to see") that tells how a little band of British, American, and West German heroes rescues a militant Irish priest from brainwashing incarceration in an impregnable castle in East Germany, thereby saving President Kennedy from embarrassment on his first visit to Berlin. There is a wicked psychologist with a twisted smile ("a Chinese bayonet in the face at Koto-ri in Korea in the winter of 1950..."), a dauntless fighter pilot (with "insolent blue eyes" and "a white scarf wrapped around his neck"), a girl who looks "absurdly young with great, sunken eyes," and the magnificent priest himself, who, alone in his icy cell, senses that "a hand reached out to take his" and "it was as if it were the third day and he were waiting for the stone to roll aside." A selection of the Literary Guild.

George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), known for his swings from depression to mania, composed his majestic *Messiah* oratorio in only six weeks. If he were living today, lithium would probably control his symptoms.—*Adv. from Miles Laboratories in Psychiatric News.*

And he would give us his deathless "Bye Bye Blues."

HOW DO GERMANS REMEMBER THE NAZI PAST?



"A bright gem of a book... which stayed with me long after I had put it down."

—MICHAEL HESKETT,
Houston Chronicle

"The writing is superb. Lang raises important questions and... gives them force and immediacy."

—*Chicago Sun-Times*

"It will be hard to beat... Lang's book is most effective... superior reportage."

—*Boston Globe*

"Lang has a gift for the significant, the heart-crushing detail." —ALFRED KAZIN

"Elegant... perceptive."
—*N.Y. Review of Books*

\$8.95 at bookstores

MCGRAW-HILL 79

Nearly all of the text appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.



THE FROG FAMILY \$83.

Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.

SCULPTURED BY AYNsLEY®

The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family

Camden, Maine

A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Enjoy this magic and beauty at a historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits, tennis, sailing, boat cruises or quiet contemplation. Daily plane and direct bus service from New York and Boston.



Whitehall Inn

Box NY, Camden, Maine 04843

FANNY'S

WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM

Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

1601 Simpson St.

CRISTAL LALIQUE

ARGOS
decanter and glasses

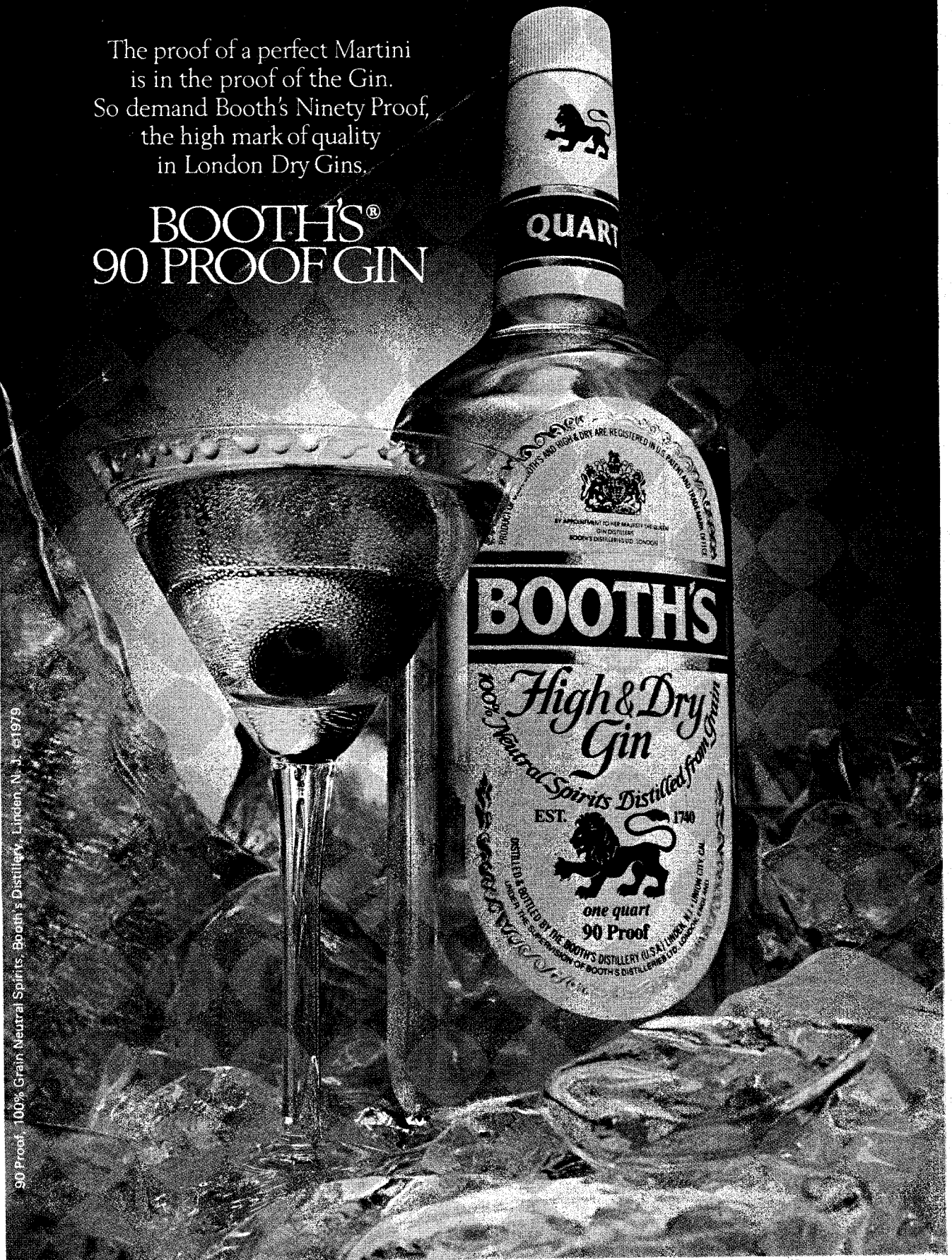
photographs

For descriptive brochure and name of nearest dealer, write to Lalique, Dep't NA, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

DEMAND PROOF

The proof of a perfect Martini
is in the proof of the Gin.
So demand Booth's Ninety Proof,
the high mark of quality
in London Dry Gins.

BOOTH'S®
90 PROOF GIN



90 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. Booth's Distillery, London, N. J. ©1979